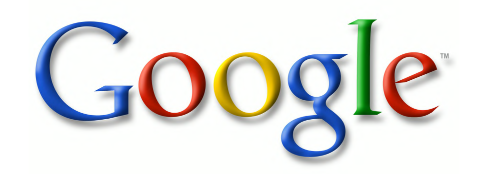


JONSON

MASQUES
AND
ENTERTAINMENT



THE

CARISBROOKE LIBRARY.

IX.

THE TENTH VOLUME

OF THIS LIBRARY,

IRELAND UNDER ELIZABETH AND JAMES,

Will be Published on the 25th of July 1890.

VOL.

XIV. **Butler's Analogy of Religion. Voltaire's Candide. Johnson's Rasselas. Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.** [A.D. 1736 to A.D. 1766.]

XV. **Sterne's Tristram Shandy. Two Speeches on Conciliation with America,** and Two Letters on Irish Questions by **Edmund Burke. Sheridan's Plays.** [A.D. 1759 to A.D. 1779.]

XVI. **The Two Parts of Goethe's Faust (with Marlowe's Faustus), Schiller's Poems and Ballads,** translated by Edward, Lord Lytton. [A.D. 1780 to A.D. 1831.]

XVII. **Tales of Terror and Wonder, by M. G. Lewis. Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, Thomas de Quincey. Essays of Elia,** Charles Lamb. [A.D. 1800 to A.D. 1824.]

XVIII. **Southey's Life of Nelson. Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft. Coleridge's Table-Talk.** [A.D. 1813 to A.D. 1834.]

XIX. **Stories of Ireland, by Maria Edgeworth. Popular Songs** of Ireland, collected by **Thomas Crofton Croker; Traditional Tales** of the English and Scottish Peasantry, by **Allan Cunningham.** [A.D. 1800 to A.D. 1839.]

XX. **Praed's Essays. Walker's Original; and Cobbett's Advice to Young Men.** [A.D. 1821 to A.D. 1835.]

XXI. **Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. Essays, Representative Men and Society and Solitude,** by **R. W. Emerson. A Miscellany** (containing Richard of Bury's Philobiblon, The Basilikon Dōron of King James I., Monks and Giants, by John Hookham Frere; The Cypress Crown, by De la Motte Fouqué; and The Library, by George Crabbe).

THE

CARISBROOKE LIBRARY

continues the work of its predecessor, in half-crown volumes, with some changes of form and method. The volumes are published in alternate months.

VOL.

I. **The Tale of a Tub, and other Works,** by Jonathan Swift.

II. **Tales of the Seven Deadly Sins, being the "Confessio** Amantis" of John Gower.

III. **The Earlier Life and the Chief Earlier Works of Daniel** Defoe.

IV. **Early Prose Romances.**

V. **English Prose Writings of John Milton.**

VI. **Parodies and other Burlesque Pieces by Canning, Ellis,** and Frere.

VII. **Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered,** translated by Edward Fairfax.

VIII. **London under Elizabeth: being the "Survey of London,"** by John Stow.

IX. **Ben Jonson's Masques.**

X. **Ireland under Elizabeth and James.**

THE

UNIVERSAL LIBRARY

In 63 volumes, price 1s. each, or in parchment binding, 1s. 6d. May now also be had with the books arranged in historical order, and uniformly bound in 21 volumes, price 3s. 6d. each. For the complete set, £3, 13s. 6d.

LIST OF THE VOLUMES.

VOL.

I. **Homer's Iliad. The Plays of Æschylus and Sophocles.** [B.C. 800 to B.C. 405.]

II. **The Plays of Euripides.** [B.C. 455 to B.C. 408.]

III. **Three Plays of Aristophanes. The Politics of Aristotle. Virgil's Æneid.** [B.C. 425 to B.C. 19.]

IV. **Hitopadesa. Mediæval Tales. The Chronicle of the Cid.** [A.D. 1100 to A.D. 1473.]

V. **The Divine Comedy and the Banquet of Dante. Boccaccio's Decameron.** [A.D. 1300 to A.D. 1350.]

VI. **Thomas à Kempis. Cavendish's Life of Wolsey. Ideal Commonwealths** (namely, Plutarch's Life of Lycurgus, More's Utopia, Bacon's New Atlantis, and Campanella's City of the Sun). [A.D. 1425 to A.D. 1630.]

VII. **Machiavelli's Prince. Rabelais' Gargantua and Pantagruel.** [A.D. 1513 to A.D. 1553.]

VIII. **Plays and Poems by George Peele. Drayton's Barons' Wars. Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity:** Books I.–IV. [A.D. 1584 to A.D. 1603.]

IX. **Bacon's Essays. Plays and Poems by Ben Jonson. Herrick's Hesperides.** [A.D. 1597 to A.D. 1648.]

X. **Don Quixote. Burlesque Plays and Poems** (namely, Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, Buckingham's Rehearsal, John Philips's Splendid Shilling, Fielding's Tom Thumb, Henry Carey's Chrononhotonthologos, Canning Ellis and Frere's Rovers, Rhodes's Bombastes Furioso, H. and J. Smith's Rejected Addresses, Thomas Hood's Odes and Addresses. [A.D. 1605 to A.D. 1825.]

XI. **Hobbes's Leviathan. Harrington's Oceana. Famous Pamphlets** (namely, Milton's Areopagitica, Sexby's Killing no Murder, Defoe's Shortest Way with the Dissenters, Steele's Crisis, Whately's Historic Doubts relative to Buonaparte. [A.D. 1644 to A.D. 1795.]

XII. **Butler's Hudibras. Izaak Walton's Lives of John** Donne, Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, and George Herbert. **Plays from Molière** by English Dramatists. [A.D. 1663 to A.D. 1753.]

XIII. **Two Treatises on Civil Government, by John Locke.** Sir Robert Filmer's Patriarcha. **Life of Thomas Ellwood. Defoe's History of the Plague Year.** [A.D. 1680 to A.D. 1722.]

MASQUES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

BY

BEN JONSON.

Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MASQUES

AND

ENTERTAINMENTS

BY

BEN JONSON

EDITED BY

HENRY MORLEY, LL.D.

EMERITUS PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, Limited
Broadway, Ludgate Hill
GLASGOW, MANCHESTER, AND NEW YORK
1890

INTRODUCTION.

MASQUES are said to have been unknown in England before 1512–13, when they were first added to the luxuries of the English Court by King Henry VIII. as a new fashion out of Italy. Edward Hall the chronicler reports, that in that year, "on the day of the Epiphany, at night, the king with eleven other were disguised after the manner of Italy, called a Mask, a thing not seen afore in England. They were apparelled in garments long and broad, wrought all with gold, with visors and caps of gold; and after the banquet done these Masquers came in with six gentlemen disguised in silk, bearing staff-torches, and desired the ladies to dance. Some were content, and some that knew the fashion of it refused, because it was a thing not commonly seen. And after they danced and communed together, as the fashion of the Masks is, they took their leave and departed; and so did the Queen and all the ladies." The novelty was not in the disguising, but in the fact that the persons disguised were the King and gentlemen of his Court, who opened a masqued ball.

Disguisings and ingenious machinery had already been introduced at the Court of young Henry the Eighth, for in the first Christmas he kept, 1510, the disguisings cost £584, 19*s.* 7*d.*, and in the next Christmas, 1511, there was a costly pageant that may be placed in the direct line of the ancestry of decorations described in this volume of Ben Jonson's Masques. "Against the Twelfth Day, or the day of the Epiphany, at night," says Hall, "before the banquet in the Hall at Richmond, was a pageant devised like a Mountain, glistering by night as though it had been all of gold and set with stones; on the top of the which mountain was a tree

of gold, the branches and boughs frysed with gold, spreading on every side over the mountain with roses and pomegranates: the which mountain was with vices brought up towards the King, and out of the same came a lady apparelled in cloth of gold, and the children of honour, called the henchmen, which were freshly disguised and danced a morris before the King, and that done re-entered the mountain: and then was the wassail or banquet brought in, and so brake up Christmas." Here the dancing was not by the King and his nobles, but by their henchmen or pages. At the same festival the minstrels also danced in disguises, but the King and his lords entered the Hall in a car upon wheels, which was pulled to pieces by the people in rough scramble for its finery. The King desired his nobles, after dancing, to tear the gold letters from their dresses and throw them to the crowd; but the crowd broke in and stripped the King "to his hosen and doublet, and all his companions in likewise."

The King's guard had to interfere. This closing scramble for a largess from the decorations was a part of the old custom, arising, like it, from the Carnival; and when Henry the Eighth and his nobles entered the room at Christmas 1511, in a fine decorated car, and danced with the ladies, they had gone very far in the direction of the masque of 1512–13, which first brought the word "masque" into use by the side of the old word "disguising." The disguisings were furnished with costly dresses, often with addition of machinery, but they were presented by the children of the chapel and other players of interludes. In design, the following interlude, described by Hall as part of the pomp of Henry the Eighth's Court in May 1527,—set forth in a costly banqueting house designed and built for the occasion,—differs no otherwise from the general conception of a masque in James the First's reign than in being acted for amusement of the company by children of the chapel. "There entered eight of the King's chapel with a song, and brought with them one richly apparelled; and in likewise at the other side entered eight other of the said chapel, bringing with them another person likewise apparelled. These two persons played a dialogue, the effect whereof was,

whether Riches were better than Love, and when they could not agree upon a conclusion, each called in three knights all armed. Three of them would have entered the gate of the arch in the middle of the chamber, and the other three resisted; and suddenly, between the six knights, out of the arch fell down a bar all gilt, at the which bar the six knights fought a fair battle, and then they were departed, and so went out of the place. Then came in an Old Man with a silver beard, and he concluded that Love and Riches both be necessary for Princes; that is to say, by Love to be obeyed and served, and with Riches to reward his lovers and friends; and with this conclusion the dialogue ended."

The Italian masque grew out of the Carnival, and was at first especially associated with the Feast of the Epiphany, old Christmas Day, our Twelfth Day. The English custom of drawing Twelfth Night characters, that came down into this century, was in some sense a survival from the customs out of which our early masques arose. Before its general limitation to a few days before Ash Wednesday, Carnival began on the day after the Feast of Epiphany, and lasted until midnight on Shrove Tuesday, Lent beginning with Ash Wednesday. This whole time was, among the rich, a time of feasts. The rich began at Epiphany their season of festivity; while those who had to earn their livings were content with their own limitation of the costly season to the last week before Lent.

There was at Carnival time in the Italian cities, more especially in Venice and in Florence, an almost unvaried form of song and dance by women habited to represent the Virgin. This early usage was developed into many forms of song and dance, associated with many new inventions classical and mythological. The costly continuation of the outdoor masquing by the men of highest rank in their own palaces, to close the day after their banqueting, was developed with great ingenuity at Florence at the Court of Lorenzo de' Medici. The renaissance gave prominence to classical mythology. Emblems and allegories were in highest favour. "Emblem," said Francis Bacon, "deduceth con-

ceptions intellectual to images sensible, and that which is sensible more forcibly strikes the memory, and is more easily printed than that which is intellectual." Thus the dolphin and anchor device of the Aldine press was made to suggest on title pages union of quickness with weight and stability, and in the decoration of a masque such emblem work abounded. Masques were presented at the Court of Queen Elizabeth, although the Queen herself was not among the masquers; and there is record of the planning of a masque, in September 1589, by order of the Queen, to grace the marriage of King James VI. of Scotland, who was to succeed her as James I. of England.

King James was married in that year to Anne, second daughter of King Frederick II. of Denmark and Norway, the Queen Consort whose name frequently occurs in association with Ben Jonson's Masques. She was the good genius who gave him his prosperity as a masque writer. On occasion of her marriage, compliments from England were to be spoken by gentlemen of Elizabeth's Court, who took with them for the purpose this array of frippery, provided by Her Majesty's command, as signified to the office of the Revels by the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Vice-Chamberlain:—"A mask of six coats of purple gold tinsel, guarded" (trimmed) "with purple and black cloth of silver striped. Bases" (short garments like kilts that hang from the waist to the knees) "of crimson cloth of gold, with pendents of mailed" (net worked) "purple silver tinsel. Two pair of sleeves to the same, of red cloth of gold, and four pair of sleeves to the same, of white cloth of copper, silvered. Six partlets" (neck ruffs—the hen was called Dame Partlet from her ruff of neck feathers) "of purple cloth of silver knotted. Six head pieces, whereof four of cloth of gold, knotted, and two of purple cloth of gold, branched. Six feathers to the same head pieces. Six mantles, whereof four of orange cloth of gold, branched, and two of purple and white cloth of silver, branched. Six visards, and six faulchions, gilded.

"Six cassocks for torch-bearers of damask; three of yellow, and three of red, guarded with red and yellow damask counter-

changed. Six hats of crimson cloth of gold, and six feathers to the same. Six visards.

"Four haires" (sylvan goats' hair dresses) "of silk, and four garlands of flowers, for the attire of them that are to utter certain speeches at the showing of the same mask."

Such entertainment sent from England would have been well pleasing to James and his bride. King James was given to luxurious pleasures, and Anne of Denmark, second child in a family of seven, as a lively Queen Consort, was afterwards found to delight much in masques and revels. She was a beautiful dancer, at a time when dancing was regarded as a Fine Art, and had also a beautiful handwriting. The name of Anna, by which she is known in Ben Jonson's Masques, is the form of her name which she herself preferred, and used in signatures. A foolish tradition says that she was so tenderly cared for at home that she was nine years old before she was allowed to move on her own feet. When she was but eleven years old, and King James twenty, the Danish Court had, through a great embassy about the restitution of the Orkney Islands, opened a question of marriage, with suggestions that such an alliance between Denmark and Scotland would cause the claim upon the Orkneys to be set aside. After many delays, the marriage was settled, and on the 20th of August 1589, Anne of Denmark was married by proxy at Copenhagen, and soon afterward set sail for Edinburgh. Queen Elizabeth's Masque was to make part of the rejoicing after her arrival, but a storm drove her ship to the coast of Norway, where she was detained, waiting for favourable winds. The storm that drove her aside on her way to King James "was allegit to have been made be the witches of Denmark, be the confession of sindre of them, when they were brunt for that cause." As the Queen did not arrive at the expected time, there was no use for the six coats of purple tinsel and the bases of crimson cloth of gold.

The winds that were against leaving Norway favoured voyage to its coast. King James, therefore, sailed off to find his bride. They met at Upslo (where Christiania afterwards was built by

Christian IV.), and were there married on the 23rd of November, in Scottish form, but French language, by a Scottish minister.

The wind still was against passage to Scotland. The bride and bridegroom wintered, therefore, in Denmark, and were again married, according to Danish rites, at Kronenborg. They landed at Leith on May Day in 1590, Queen Anna being then a girl of sixteen. She had a brilliantly fair skin and yellow hair, but no great beauty of feature.

Her eldest son, Prince Henry, was born at Stirling on the 19th of February 1594. Her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, was born on the 15th of August 1596. A second daughter, Margaret, who died in infancy, was born on the 24th of December 1598. Her second son, Charles, afterwards Charles the First, was born at Dunfermline on the 19th of November 1600. A fifth child was a son, Robert, born in 1601, who died in infancy. The sixth and last was a daughter, Mary, born in 1605, who died in 1607.

Appended to the Masques in this volume are several "Entertainments" by Ben Jonson, which differ from the Masques in presenting emblems, disguises, and verses of compliment either as pageants for the street, or as interludes intended to pay honour to the King and Queen. First we have Ben Jonson's part in the arrangement of inscriptions, emblems, allegorical groups, and Speeches of Gratulation for the pomp of King James's passage through the streets of London to his coronation on the 25th of July 1603. Jonson was joined in this work with Thomas Dekker, who produced more than half the designs for the occasion, each poet publishing his own part of the work. When the time came for display of the pomps, carefully prepared by poet and machinist, joy had been turned into mourning by the entry into London of a Pestilence. Eight hundred and fifty seven persons died of the plague in London in the week of the coronation of King James the First. For safeguard against spread of infection, the Londoners were forbidden by proclamation to come to Westminster and see the pageants there.

The "Maximus Rex" of the inscriptions was a man of thirty-



seven, who represented the results of a high culture of barren soil, for he would have been little better than a cunning idiot, strong in fleshly appetites, if George Buchanan and other good scholars, careful of his education, had not succeeded in producing early in life the few changes necessary to transform an idiot into a pedant. His Majesty's consort, the "tanto vix minor Anna viro," was a Queen of nine and twenty, whose progress to London, before the coronation there, had cost two thousand pounds for the mere charges of the lords and ladies in attendance on her.

During that progress, when Her Majesty had reached Northampton, and was entertained by Sir Robert Spencer at Althorpe, there was produced for her pleasure the entertainment of "The Satyr," which here follows the record of Ben Jonson's part in the Coronation pageants and his "Panegyre" upon the King's first going to open Parliament. Ben Jonson's entertainment of "The Satyr" (presented at Althorpe) is known also as the "Masque of the Fairies," or the "Masque of Oriana," from the song in it which celebrates the Queen in her progress as Oriana;—*quasi oriens Anna*, says its author in a note. This piece was placed by Ben Jonson among the Entertainments written by him, not among the Masques, because it was a fairy disguising, planned to be shown in a spinet (a little wood) at Althorpe, through which the Queen and her eldest son, Prince Henry, then a boy in his tenth year, were to be brought, and in the course of which a jewel was to be presented to her in remembrance of her visit to Althorpe. That Saturday entertainment, with the Monday's morris-dancing, the speech of Nobody, and the parting words from young gentlemen of the place, which will be found following one another on pages 408 to 417 of this volume, differed from the true Masque, like the next following Entertainment of "The Penates," in the conditions under which it was presented.

"The Penates,"—presented on May Day in the house and garden of Sir William Cornwallis near Highgate,—was written for occasion of a visit paid to Sir William by King James with his Queen and Court, after Her Majesty had come to London. May herself sat in her bower, the birds, the flowers, and the morning breeze

sang welcome, and Pan offered his cup of greeting from a fountain that ran wine.

The two remaining entertainments were both written for Theobalds. Theobalds in Hertfordshire was a beautiful house inherited by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, from his father, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Robert Cecil had been knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1591, at an entertainment given by Lord Burleigh to Her Majesty at Theobalds. After the accession of James I., Robert Cecil, who inherited great wealth, was made Lord High Steward to Queen Anne of Denmark, and, following other advancements in titular rank, he was created in May 1605 Earl of Salisbury and Knight of the Garter. In July 1606 the Queen Consort's brother, Christian IV. of Denmark, visited England, and King James delivered himself up with his brother-in-law to a round of hospitable feastings. For a feast given to the two kings at Theobalds by Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, Ben Jonson planned the entertainment that will be found on pages 426–7 of this volume. History says that on this occasion the two kings went to bed drunk. King James had to be carried to bed in the arms of his courtiers, and King Christian blundered into the bed-chamber of the wife of the Lord High Admiral. Sir John Harrington, who was present, reports, in his *Nugæ Antiquæ*, that on the same occasion "men who had been shy of good liquor before, now wallowed in beastly delights; the ladies abandoned their sobriety, and were seen to roll about in intoxication." Queen Anne of Denmark was not of the company.

King James liked himself so well at Theobalds that in the following year, 1607, he offered Robert Cecil the Queen's dower house of Hatfield in exchange for it. The Earl of Salisbury,—whom the King called his pigmy, because his height was under five feet three, through bodily deformities,—could not refuse the offer of his King, and the last of Ben Jonson's Entertainments (pages 428–30),—except two written for receptions of Charles I. in 1633 and 1634 at Welbeck and Bolsover,—was that written to be presented to King James and Queen Anne on the 22nd of May 1607, when possession of Theobalds was formally delivered

to the Queen. There is, under loyal readiness, in the words spoken by the Genius of the place, a touch of the regret with which Lord Salisbury gave up his father's house for Hatfield. But the King's good-will must be preserved. In May of the next year he succeeded the Earl of Dorset as Lord Treasurer. He never lived at Hatfield, but began there the palatial building that was not completed when he died in May 1612, leaving a debt of about £38,000 to be cleared by sale of part of his estate.

King James himself spent lavishly upon his pleasures, and Queen Anne was never out of debt. She spent on progresses—one royal progress of hers to Bristol is said to have cost thirty thousand pounds—on buildings, dresses, jewels, and on the production of these costly Masques. In 1611 she owed nine thousand pounds to her jeweller, and when she died of dropsy, in March 1619, her jewellery—much of it received in gifts—was valued at £400,000. It was also estimated that King James saved £60,000 a year by being freed from the expenses of his consort and her Court. But he missed her; for her liveliness had made her a pleasant companion. Her luxury made her a patroness, in her own way, of poets and architects. To Ben Jonson especially, but not exclusively, she looked for the invention of her masques, and to Inigo Jones, the great architect, not only for the planning of their costly machinery, but also for the direction of her building works at Greenwich and elsewhere.

Inigo Jones was the son of Ignatius Jones, a clothworker in London, and he was of about the same age as Ben Jonson—one born in 1572, the other in 1573. He was apprenticed to a joiner, but showed genius as an artist. This won for him patrons, by whom he was sent to study art in Italy. The reputation he acquired at Venice, as an architect, caused Anne of Denmark's brother, King Christian, to invite him to Copenhagen, and established him there as his chief architect. King Christian of Denmark, like his sister, had a turn for building works. He put it afterwards to good use when Opslo, the old capital, was destroyed by fire, and he replaced it in 1624 with the modern city of Christiania. When King Christian visited England in 1606, Inigo Jones came with him,

and was easily persuaded by King James's consort to remain in his own country and transfer his services as builder from her brother to herself. Ben Jonson's entertainments at Althorpe and elsewhere had commended him to the Queen's notice as a deviser of masques, and he had already produced at Court *The Masque of Blackness* in the year before Inigo Jones returned to England.

The chief composer of the music for Ben Jonson's Masques was Alfonso Ferrabosco, son of a famous Italian musician of like name, who had a pension granted to him by Queen Elizabeth in 1567, and who, twenty years later, went back to Italy and took service with the Duke of Savoy. Alfonso Ferrabosco, the younger, must have gone with his father to Italy, whence he returned to England. He was appointed under James I., on the 22nd of March 1605, extraordinary groom of the Privy Chamber and teacher of music to Prince Henry, with a pension of £50 a year. Other members of the Ferrabosco family were distinguished as professional musicians, and the son of Alfonso the second carried the credit of the Ferraboscos as Court musicians into the third generation, when he was appointed, on the 19th of March 1628, musician to His Majesty, Charles I., for the Viols and Wind Instruments, in place of his father, then lately deceased. The genius of the second Ferrabosco, who furnished music for Ben Jonson's Masques, is said to have been especially well suited to dramatic expression. He joined in a reaction against the more learned work, such as that on madrigals and motets, and was of a new school that cultivated rather a light, easy monody. He published "Airs" in 1609, many of them set to words from the Masques which he had illustrated with his music, chiefly arranged for the accompaniment of song with lute and viol. The viol was six stringed, with the position of the fingers marked on the finger board by frets; and it was used in different sizes, for treble, mean, counter-tenor, tenor, and base. Music of stringed instruments played without a bow was known as "broken music," because that manner of playing could not produce long and sustained notes.

The famous lutenist and composer, John Dowland,—who took



the degree of Bachelor of Music at Oxford together with Thomas Morley in 1588,—had been much abroad, and was lutenist to the King of Denmark at the beginning of King James's reign. In 1605 he dedicated to Anne of Denmark *Lachrymæ, or Seven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans.* In 1609 he had left Denmark, and was living in Fetter Lane. He became lutenist to Lord Walden, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, but found no encouragement at Court, for all his skill as a composer and his "heavenly touch upon the lute."

A chief inventor of the dances in Ben Jonson's Masques was Thomas Giles, aided by Jerome Herne. Thomas Giles may have been a kinsman of Nathaniel Giles, a religious and learned musician, who died in 1634. Nathaniel Giles wrote church music that was in very high esteem, and had a son who became canon of Windsor and prebendary of Worcester. Fame is not to be won at the point of the toe, and the name of Thomas Giles the dance-master is no longer inscribed in the temple of Fame. But much thought was spent in his days upon the invention of concerted pieces of dance, apart from the lively movement of the galliarde and la volta that had come in from Italy by way of France, whither they had been brought by Catharine de' Medici. Sir John Davies, who was King James's Attorney-General for Ireland, and who died in 1626, inscribed to Prince Charles, in 1622, his *Orchestra,* an unfinished poem, "expressing the Antiquity and Excellency of Dancing in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers." Sir John Davies had Court Masques in mind when he told the Prince that he gave his mind to all he did—

"And hence it is that all your youthful train
In activeness and grace you do excel;
When you do courtly dancings entertain,
Then dancing's praise may be presented well."

The world, said Sir John Davies, is called the world for being whirled round in a dance. The sun

"Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight,
Both back, and forth, and sideways, passing light."



The moon dances thirteen measures every year; and

> "What are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
> But dancings of the air in sundry kinds."

Ben Jonson's first Masque, *The Masque of Blackness*, was produced on Twelfth Night in 1605, at the beginning of the old Carnival time, the usual date for the beginning of such Revels. The four year old Prince Charles, then a sickly child, who had been brought to England from Dunfermline in the preceding summer, was on that day formally installed as Duke of York. It was the time also of the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert to the Lady Susan Vere. It had pleased the Queen's fancy, by way of change from her fair ivory skin, to masquerade on that occasion with eleven of her ladies, as negresses. She danced, it is said, with the Spanish ambassador, who, when he kissed Her Majesty's hand, was not sure what might become the colour of his lips. The Princess Mary, who died in her childhood, was born on the 7th of the next following April. The masque of the preceding year had been furnished by Samuel Daniel as *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, when the Queen had appeared as Pallas, the Countess of Suffolk as Juno, Lady Rich as Venus, the Countess of Bedford as Diana, the Countess of Derby as Proserpine, Lady Walsingham as Astræa, Lady Elizabeth Howard as Thetis, and Lady Susan Vere as Flora. There were only four ladies in Ben Jonson's masque who had not been seen the year before in Daniel's. Among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum is a copy of *The Masque of Blackness* in Ben Jonson's handwriting. The machinery of the masque was thus described by Sir Dudley Carlton: "There was a great engine at the lower end of the room which had motion, and in it were the images of sea-horses, with other terrible fishes, which were ridden by the Moors. The indecorum was that there was all fish, and no water. At the farther end was a great shell, in the form of a scallop, wherein were four seats. On the lowest sat the Queen with my lady Bedford: on the rest were placed the ladies Suffolk, Derby, &c. On St. John's Day we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert

and Lady Susan performed at Whitehall with all the honours that could be done a great favourite." Next year came Inigo Jones to London, who provided the machinery for Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, 1606, the *Hymenæi* for the marriage of young Robert Devereux, third Earl of Essex, who, by desire and arrangement of the King's, was married at the age of fourteen to Frances Howard, younger daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. That was the unhappy marriage ended in 1613 by a divorce and the lady's marriage to the King's favourite, Robert Carr, who was created Earl of Somerset. *The Barriers* followed on the night after *The Masque of Hymen.*

The Masque of Beauty, produced at Court in Christmas 1608, met the Queen's wish for a sequel to *The Masque of Blackness*, after which, therefore, it is placed.

The next masque in the series, *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*, was presented at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday 1608, with especial pomp, upon the marriage of Sir John Ramsay, who was at the beginning of the reign the King's chief favourite. It was he who had, as the story went, being then his henchman, searched for King James in Gowrie House, found him in the clutch of Alexander Ruthven, rescued him, and stabbed the aggressor. For the aid then given, to which Ben Jonson refers in the masque (page 94 of this volume), the King made Ramsay Viscount Haddington, and he was now married, by the King's desire, to "the Maid of the Red Cliff"—Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex. Towards the end of James's reign Ramsay was made an English peer as Earl of Holdernesse.

The Masque of Queens is, like *The Masque of Blackness* (which is there called only *The Twelfth Night's Revells*), to be found in Ben Jonson's own handwriting among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, where it includes the Dedication to Prince Henry. This masque was presented at Court on the 2nd of February 1609 (New Style). In a brief official note of extraordinary payments at Court to the end of the year 1609, there is an entry of £4215 for the cost of masques. On the 4th of June 1610, Prince Henry, then in his sixteenth year (he was born on

the 19th of February 1595), was formally created Prince of Wales, and on the night of the following day there was a Court Masque on the occasion, of which Ben Jonson was not the author. It was the *Tethys Festival* of Samuel Daniel. Daniel, who, in 1600, became tutor to Lady Anne Clifford, then in her eleventh year, had some office at Court as a licenser of plays, and was in the Queen's service as Groom of the Privy Chamber. In verses to the Queen, he speaks of himself as I who

> "By that most blessèd hand sustained,
> In quietness do eat the bread of rest."

Already he was living much at his farm, called Ridge, near Beckington, in Somerset, to which he finally retired, and where he died in 1619. Besides his *Vision of the Twelve Goddesses*, already mentioned, Daniel had produced for the Queen's pleasure a "pastoral tragi-comedy," *The Queen's Arcadia*, presented to Her Majesty and her Ladies by the University of Oxford at Christ Church in August 1605. *Tethys Festival, or the Queen's Wake*, produced in 1610, at the Creation of Prince Henry, Prince of Wales, was followed by only one more piece from Daniel,—not a masque, but another "pastoral tragi-comedy," in five acts,—*Hymen's Triumph*, acted at Court on occasion of the marriage of Lord Roxburgh.

Ben Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*, preceded by *The Barriers*, was written for Prince Henry, and produced on the 1st of January 1611 (New Style). At the same Christmas time, Ben Jonson's masques of *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*, and *Love Restored*, were produced for the Queen. John More, writing to Sir R. Winwood on the 15th of December 1610, records of the preparation of these pieces for the coming festivities: "Yet doth the Prince make but one masque, and the Queen but two, which doth cost Her Majesty but £600; neither do I see any likelihood of any further extraordinary expense that this Christmas will bring." In the course of the next year the *Challenge at Tilt* was produced at Court.

In October 1612 the Elector Palatine of the Rhine came to

be married to the Princess Elizabeth. Prince Henry, at the age of nineteen, died of typhoid fever on the 6th of the next following November. The days of mourning for the death—a mourning which Prince Henry's character had made sincere and national—clouded the first weeks of rejoicing for the marriage. There were no masques till Shrove Tuesday, when the Court produced a masque by Dr. Thomas Campion, *The Lords' Masque*. There was a masque also written by George Chapman, produced by the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, with another by Francis Beaumont, produced by the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn, Inigo Jones providing the machinery and decorations for all three.

Ben Jonson's *Irish Masque* was presented at Court on the 29th of December 1613, three nights after a masque by Campion on the marriage of Carr, Earl of Somerset, with the Countess of Essex, who had by a majority of seven to five obtained a decree of nullity of marriage with young Robert Devereux on the 25th of September. Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, on the marriage of Lord Roxburgh to Mrs. Drummond, followed at Court on the 3rd of February 1614. A Court Masque by Ben Jonson was produced on Twelfth Night 1615, *Mercury Vindicated from the Alchemists*. Inigo Jones, who was in Italy from 1612 to 1615, did not design the machinery. Then followed *The Golden Age Restored*, twice acted, on New Year's Day and Twelfth Day 1616 (New Style); *The Masque of Christmas*, on Twelfth Night 1617, repeated on the 19th of January; and *The Masque of Lethe*, for the entertainment of the French Ambassador, on the 22nd of February 1617.

In March 1617 King James set out for Scotland, and reached Edinburgh in May. He took with him the children of the chapel, with other players and singers, for his entertainment. The Scots were surprised at his pleasure in shows, and he was surprised at the Scots' want of wit for the invention of them. At Linlithgow they entertained him with a hollow red lion in plaster, that had a schoolmaster inside, James Wiseman, who spoke for the beast in manner following:—

"Thrice royal sir, here I do you beseech,
Who art a lion, hear a lion's speech—
A miracle, for since the days of Æsop
No lion till these times his voice dared raise up
To such a Majesty. Then, King of Men,
The King of Beasts speaks to thee from his den,
Who (though he now be here enclosed in plaster),
When he is free, is Lithgow's wise schoolmaster."

His father, no doubt, was a joiner, and his name was Snug; he is in Shakespeare's Chronicle.

On Twelfth Night 1618 (New Style), *The Vision of Delight*, called also *The Prince's Masque*, was produced, and repeated on Shrove Tuesday. Prince Charles was a chief actor in it, and it was his "first exercise in that kind." Queen Anna's days of health were gone. She died on the 2nd of March 1619, and after long lying in state, was buried on the 13th of May. Ben Jonson's next masque, *Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, was produced on Twelfth Night 1619, and repeated on Shrove Tuesday, when it had a new Introduction written as Antimasque, *The Honour of Wales*. The *News from the New World in the Moon* also was presented twice before King James, on Twelfth Night and Shrove Tuesday 1621; and it was followed in 1621 by the *Masque of Gipsies Metamorphosed*, in which His Majesty found great delight. It was presented to him twice in August at Burleigh on the Hill, and Belvoir Castle, and once in September at Windsor. In October of this year, 1621, King James, by letters patent, granted to Ben Jonson the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, to be held for life, "from and after the death of Sir George Buc and Sir John Ashley, or as soon as the office should become vacant by resignation, forfeiture, or surrender." A letter written by Joseph Mead, on the 15th of September 1621, shows that at this time Ben Jonson, by the help of friends whom he got to beg him off, narrowly escaped being knighted. On the three next following Twelfth Nights, Ben Jonson produced at Court his three next following Masques—*The Masque of Augurs*, on Twelfth Night 1622, repeated on the 6th of May; *Time Vindicated*, of which the production was postponed from Twelfth Night to Sunday, the

19th of January 1623, when the French Ambassador was present; and *Neptune's Triumph on the Return of Albion.* Albion was "Baby Charles," the Prince of Wales, who, on the 17th of February 1623, had gone off with Buckingham as John and Thomas Smith, disguised in beards—"sweet boys," as the King called them, "and dear venturous knights, worthy to be put in a new romanse"—to see the Spanish Infanta, Donna Maria. Neptune restored them safely to land at Portsmouth on the 5th of October. Ben Jonson's masque was not acted on Twelfth Night because the King was absent. It was deferred till the next Sunday, the 9th of January.

There was one more masque of Ben Jonson's, *Pan's Anniversary*, presented before King James. It was in the last year of the King's life. James died at Theobalds on the 27th of March 1625, and at the court gate of that house Charles the First was proclaimed King. King Charles lived much at Theobalds, which was about twelve miles from London, north of the road to Ware. Under the Commonwealth the whole house, except the room in which James I. died, and a few rooms near to it, came to be broken up for building material. What had been left standing in 1650 was cleared away in 1765, and new houses were built upon the site.

In 1625 Ben Jonson had a stroke of palsy, from which he recovered enough to produce in 1626 the antimasque of Jophiel with the masque of *The Fortunate Isles.* Neglect at Court and failing health then caused him to be silent until 1630. In January 1630, after having ceased to write plays for the theatre since the year of Shakespeare's death, 1616, he produced the play of *The New Inn.* It fell on evil times. But King Charles sent him a hundred pounds as a present, and in March 1630 turned marks into pounds in the renewal of King James's pension of a hundred marks to Ben Jonson, and added to it an annual tierce of canary. The King had also commissioned him to work again with Inigo Jones in the production of a Masque at Court, the result being *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, produced on Twelfth Night, and followed on Shrove Tuesday, 1630, by *Chloridia.* That was

his last masque. His wife was dead, his children were dead, and he was "sick and sad." Only, he said, there was no palsy in his brain. He produced on the public stage another play, *The Magnetic Lady*, in October 1632, and his last play, *The Tale of a Tub*, in 1633. He died on the 6th of August 1637.

A COMMENT ON

BEN JONSON'S MASQUES

By William Gifford.

The Masque, as it attained its highest degree of excellence in the hands of Jonson, admitted of dialogue, singing, and dancing. These were not independent of one another, as in the entertainments of the old court, but combined, by the introduction of some ingenious fable, into an harmonious whole. The groundwork was assumed at will; but our author, to whom the whole mythology of Greece and Rome lay open, generally drew his personages from that inexhaustible treasury of elegance and beauty. Having formed the plan, he called in the aid of the sister arts: for the essence of the masque was pomp and glory, and it could only breathe in the atmosphere of a court. Thus, while the stage was in a state of absolute nudity, movable scenery of the most costly and splendid kind was lavished on the masque, the most celebrated masters were employed on the songs and dances, and all that the kingdom afforded of vocal and instrumental excellence was employed to embellish the exhibition.

Thus magnificently constructed, the masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and by princes it was played. The prime nobility of both sexes, led on by James and his Queen, took upon themselves the respective characters; and it may be justly questioned whether a nobler display of grace and elegance and beauty was ever beheld than appeared in the Masques of Jonson. The songs in these entertainments were probably entrusted to professional men; but the dialogue, and above all, the dances, which were adapted to the fable, and not acquired without much study and practice, were executed by the court themselves. The skill with which

these ornaments were designed, and the inexpressible grace with which they were executed, appear to have left a vivid impression on the poet's mind; and there is, accordingly, no part of his description in which he seems to labour so much for adequate language to mark his admiration as that of the dances.

"In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring, at first, was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thus did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk,
Nor pressed a flower, nor bowed a stalk."

It is after witnessing the "measures" here so beautifully delineated that Aurora thus interrupts the performers—

"I was not wearier where I lay,
By frozen Tithon's side, to-night,
Than I am willing now to stay
And be a part of your delight:
But I am urgéd by the Day,
Against my will, to bid you come away."

While Jonson thus laboured to perfect the more elegant parts of these gay fancies, he did not forget to provide amusements of another kind, which he called Antimasques (parodies, or opposites of the main Masques), borrowed, it would seem, from the old masquerade, and already familiar to the people. These were calculated to diversify the entertainment, and to afford a breathing-time to the principal performers. The poet was here tied to no rules; he might be as wild and extravagant as he pleased: the whole world of fancy was before him. "Satyres, Fooles, Wildemen, Antiques, Ethiopes, Pigmies, and Beastes," as Lord Bacon has it (with an eye perhaps to our author), came trooping at his call. These were probably played by the menials of the palace, assisted by actors from the regular theatres. In this part of the plot Jonson stands almost alone: his antimasques are not, like those of his contemporaries, mere extravagancies, independent

of the main story. Generally speaking, they serve to promote or illustrate it, however fantastic they appear, and are not unfrequently the vehicle of useful satire, conveyed with equal freedom and humour. Whatever they were, however, they were the occasion of much mirth: they were eagerly "hearkened after," as the cook says in *Neptune's Triumph*, and always received with pleasure.

In these devices, as has been already observed, our author took great delight, and during the life of his royal patron, never failed to exert his best faculties on the composition of them. "Had nature," says Cumberland, "been as liberal in her gifts to Jonson as learning was in opening her stores to his acquirements, the world might have seen a poet to whom there had been nothing since the days of Homer, *aut simile aut secundum.*" But nature had been no stepmother to Jonson; and when the critic adds, that the poet "stocked his mind with such a mass of other men's thoughts that his imagination had not power to struggle through the crowd," he does not perceive that he has taken up a different question, and proved no part of what he supposed himself to have decided. But, omitting the consideration of this, whatever may be the case of the poet in his severer studies, in his Masques his imagination is neither oppressed nor obscured. In these, he makes his appearance like his own DELIGHT, "accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter." If, as the critic will have it, he was a "literary behemoth," it must be granted that here, at least, he *writhed his lithe proboscis* with playfulness and ease. His unbounded learning is merely an adjunct to his fancy. His mythological personages, amid the most scrupulous preservation of their respective attributes, move with elasticity and vigour; and while the dialogue is distinguished by a masculine strength and freedom, the lyrical part of these gay pastimes is clothed with all the richness and luxuriance of poetry. Araspes, the friend and confidant of Cyrus, could only account for his perfidy to the man whom he loved and revered, by supposing that he had two souls, one prompting him to evil, the other to good. A notion of a similar kind will

sometimes suggest itself to the reader of Jonson. In his tragedies he was cautious and strict, tremblingly apprehensive of starting from the bounds of regularity, and constantly rejecting every idea which was not supplied by the authorities before him. In some of his comedies too, and in several of his longer poems, the same hardness and severity are displayed; he perseveres in the ungrateful task of compression till the finer parts of his machinery are deprived of play, and the whole stiffened, cramped, and impaired; but no sooner has he taken down his lyre, no sooner touched on his lighter pieces, than all is changed as if by magic, and he seems a new person. His genius awakes at once, his imagination becomes fertile, ardent, versatile, and excursive; his taste pure and elegant; and all his faculties attuned to sprightliness and pleasure.

CONTENTS.

Masques.

Entertainments.

BEN JONSON'S MASQUES.

THE MASQUE OF BLACKNESS,

PERSONATED AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL, ON THE TWELFTH-NIGHT, 1605.

Salve festa dies, meliorque revertere semper.—OVID.

THE honour and splendour of these spectacles was such in the performance, as, could those hours have lasted, this of mine, now, had been a most unprofitable work. But when it is the fate even of the greatest and most absolute births, to need and borrow a life of posterity, little had been done to the study of magnificence in these, if presently with the rage of the people who, as a part of greatness, are privileged by custom to deface their carcasses, the spirits had also perished. In duty therefore to that Majesty, who gave them their authority and grace, and no less than the most royal of predecessors deserves eminent celebration for these solemnities, I add this later hand to redeem them as well from ignorance as envy, two common evils, the one of censure, the other of oblivion.

Pliny,[1] Solinus,[2] Ptolemy,[3] and of late Leo[4] the African, remember unto us a river in Æthiopia famous by the name of Niger; of which the people were called Nigritæ, now Negroes, and are the blackest nation of the world. This river[5] taketh spring out of a certain lake, eastward; and after a long race, falleth into the western ocean. Hence, because it was Her Majesty's will to have them blackmoors at first, the invention was derived by me, and presented thus:

First, for the scene, was drawn a landtschap (landscape) consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place

---

[1] Nat. Hist. l. 5, c. 8.

[2] Poly. Hist. c. 40 and 43.

[3] Lib. 4, c. 5.

[4] Descrip. Afric.

[5] Some take it to be the same with Nilus, which is by Lucan called Melas, signifying Niger. Howsoever Pliny in the place above noted, hath this: *Nigri fluvio eadem natura, quæ Nilo, calamum, papyrum, et easdem gignit animantes.* See Solinus above-mentioned.

filled with huntings; which falling, an artificial sea was seen to shoot forth as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature. In front of this sea were placed six tritons,[1] in moving and sprightly actions, their upper parts human, save that their hairs were blue, as partaking of the sea-colour: their desinent parts fish, mounted above their heads, and all varied in disposition. From their backs were borne out certain light pieces of taffata, as if carried by the wind, and their music made out of wreathed shells. Behind these, a pair of sea-maids, for song, were as conspicuously seated; between which, two great sea-horses, as big as the life, put forth themselves, the one mounting aloft, and writhing his head from the other which seemed to sink forward; so intended for variation, and that the figure behind might come off better: upon their backs, Oceanus and Niger were advanced.[2]

Oceanus presented in a human form, the colour of his flesh blue, and shadowed with a robe of sea-green; his head grey, and horned,[3] as he is described by the ancients: his beard of the like mixed colour: he was garlanded with alga, or sea-grass; and in his hand a trident.

Niger, in form and colour of an Æthiop; his hair and rare beard curled, shadowed with a blue and bright mantle: his front, neck, and wrists adorned with pearl, and crowned with an artificial wreath of cane and paper-rush.

These induced the masquers, which were twelve nymphs, negroes,

---

[1] The form of these tritons, with their trumpets, you may read lively described in Ov. Met. lib. 1, Cæruleum Tritona vocat, &c.; and in Virg. Æneid. l. 10, Hunc vehit immanis triton, et sequent.

[2] Lucian in PHTOP. Διδασ. presents Nilus so, equo fluviatili insidentem. And Statius Neptune, in Theb.

[3] The ancients induced Oceanus always with a bull's head: Propter vim ventorum, à quibus incitatur, et impellitur: vel quia tauris similem fremitum emittat; vel quia tanquam taurus furibundus, in littora feratur. Euripid. in Orest., Ὠκέανος ὃν ταυρόκρανος ἀγκαλαις ἑλισσων, κυκλεῖ χθονα. And rivers sometimes were so called. Look Virg. de Tiberi et Eridano. Georg. 4, Æneid. 8, Hor. Car. lib. 4. ode 14, and Euripid. in Ione.



and the daughters of Niger, attended by so many of the Oceaniæ,[1] which were their light-bearers.

The masquers were placed in a great concave shell, like mother of pearl, curiously made to move on those waters and rise with the billow; the top thereof was stuck with a cheveron of lights, which, indented to the proportion of the shell, struck a glorious beam upon them, as they were seated one above another: so that they were all seen, but in an extravagant order.

On sides of the shell did swim six huge sea-monsters, varied in their shapes and dispositions, bearing on their backs the twelve torch-bearers, who were planted there in several graces; so as the backs of some were seen; some in purfle, or side; others in face; and all having their lights burning out of whelks, or murex-shells.

The attire of the masquers was alike in all, without difference: the colours azure and silver; but returned on the top with a scroll and antique dressing of feathers, and jewels interlaced with ropes of pearl. And for the front, ear, neck, and wrists, the ornament was of the most choice and orient pearl: best setting off from the black.

For the light-bearers, sea-green, waved about the skirts with gold and silver; their hair loose and flowing, gyrlanded with sea-grass, and that stuck with branches of coral.

These thus presented, the scene behind seemed a vast sea and united with this that flowed forth; from the termination or horizon of which, being the level of the state which was placed in the upper end of the hall, was drawn by the lines of prospective, the whole work shooting downwards from the eye; which decorum made it more conspicuous, and caught the eye afar off with a wandering beauty: to which was added an obscure and cloudy night-piece, that made the whole set off. So much for the bodily part, which was of Master Inigo Jones's design and act.

By this, one of the tritons, with the two sea maids, began to sing to the others' loud music, their voices being a tenor and two trebles.

---

[1] The daughters of Oceanus and Tethys. See Hesiod. in Thegon., Orph. in Hym., and Virgil in Georg.



SONG.

Sound, sound aloud
The welcome of the orient flood
Into the west;
Fair Niger,[1] son to great Oceanus,
Now honoured thus,
With all his beauteous race:
Who, though but black in face,
Yet are they bright,
And full of life and light,
To prove that beauty best
Which not the colour but the feature
Assures unto the creature.

Ocea. Be silent, now the ceremony's done,
And, Niger, say, how comes it, lovely son,
That thou, the Æthiop's river, so far east,
Art seen to fall into the extremest west
Of me, the king of floods, Oceanus,
And in mine empire's heart, salute me thus?
My ceaseless current, now, amazéd stands
To see thy labour, through so many lands,
Mix thy fresh billow with my brackish stream;[2]
And, in the sweetness, stretch thy diadem
To these far distant and unequalled skies,
This squaréd circle of celestial bodies.
Niger. Divine Oceanus, 'tis not strange at all
That, since the immortal souls of creatures mortal
Mix with their bodies, yet reserve for ever
A power of separation, I should sever

---

[1] All rivers are said to be the sons of the Ocean; for, as the ancients thought, out of the vapours exhaled by the heat of the sun, rivers and fountains were begotten. And both by Orph. in Hym. and Homer, *Il.* ξ, Oceanus is celebrated tanquam pater, et origo diis, et rebus, quia nihil sine humectatione nascitur, aut putrescit.

[2] There wants not enough, in nature, to authorise this part of our fiction, in separating Niger from the ocean, (beside the fable of Alpheus, and that, to which Virgil alludes of Arethusa, in his 10 Eclog.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labêre Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.)

Examples of Nilus, Jordan, and others, whereof see Nican. lib. 1, de flumin., and Plut. in vita Syllæ, even of this our river, as some think, by the name of Melas.

My fresh streams from thy brackish, like things fixed,
Though, with thy powerful saltness, thus far mixed.
Virtue, though chained to earth, will still live free;
And hell itself must yield to industry.
Ocea. But what's the end of thy Herculean labours,
Extended to these calm and blessèd shores?
Niger. To do a kind and careful father's part,
In satisfying every pensive heart
Of these my daughters, my most lovèd birth:
Who, though they were the first formed dames of earth[1]
And in whose sparkling and refulgent eyes
The glorious sun did still delight to rise;
Though he, the best judge, and most formal cause
Of all dames' beauties, in their firm hues draws
Signs of his fervent'st love, and thereby shows
That in their black the perfect'st beauty grows;
Since the fixt colour of their curlèd hair,
Which is the highest grace of dames most fair,
No cares, no age, can change, or there display
The fearful tincture of abhorrèd grey;
Since Death herself (herself being pale and blue)
Can never alter their most faithful hue:
All which are arguments to prove how far
Their beauties conquer in great beauty's war;
And more, how near divinity they be
That stand from passion or decay so free.
Yet, since the fabulous voices of some few
Poor brain-sick men, styled poets here with you,
Have, with such envy of their graces, sung
The painted beauties other empires sprung;
Letting their loose and wingèd fictions fly
To infect all climates, yea, our purity;
As of one Phaëton,[2] that fired the world

[1] Read Diod. Sicul. lib. 3. It is a conjecture of the old ethnics, that they which dwell under the south, were the first begotten of the earth.
[2] Notissima fabula, Ovid. Met. lib. 2.

And that, before his heedless flames were hurled
About the globe, the Æthiops were as fair
As other dames; now black, with black despair:
And in respect of their complexions changed,
Are eachwhere, since, for luckless creatures ranged;[1]
Which, when my daughters heard, (as women are
Most jealous of their beauties) fear and care
Possessed them whole; yea, and believing them,[2]
They wept such ceaseless tears into my stream
That it hath thus far overflowed his shore
To seek them patience: who have since, e'ermore
As the sun riseth,[3] charged his burning throne
With vollies of revilings; 'cause he shone
On their scorched cheeks with such intemperate fires,
And other dames made queens of all desires.
To frustrate which strange error, oft I sought,
Tho' most in vain, against a settled thought
As women's are, till they confirmed at length
By miracle, what I, with so much strength
Of argument resisted; else they feigned;
For in the lake where their first spring they gained,
As they sat cooling their soft limbs, one night,
Appeared a face, all circumfused with light;
(And sure they saw't, for Æthiops[4] never dream)
Wherein they might decipher through the stream,
These words:

> That they a land must forthwith seek,
> Whose termination, of the Greek,
> Sounds TANIA; where bright Sol, that het
> Their bloods, doth never rise or set,[5]

---

[1] Alluding to that of Juvenal, Satyr. 5, Et cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem.

[2] The poets.

[3] A custom of the Æthiops, notable in Herod. and Diod. Sic. See Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 5, cap. 8.

[4] Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 5, cap. 8.

[5] Consult with Tacitus, in vita Agric. and the Paneg. ad Constant.

But in his journey passeth by,
And leaves that climate of the sky
To comfort of a greater light,
Who forms all beauty with his sight.

In search of this, have we three princedoms past,
That speak out -Tania in their accents last;
Black Mauritania, first; and secondly,
Swarth Lusitania; next we did descry
Rich Aquitania: and yet cannot find
The place unto these longing nymphs designed.
Instruct and aid me, great Oceanus,
What land is this that now appears to us?

Ocea. This land, that lifts into the temperate air
His snowy cliff, is Albion the fair;[1]
So called of Neptune's son,[2] who ruleth here:
For whose dear guard, myself, four thousand year,
Since old Deucalion's days, have walked the round
About his empire, proud to see him crowned
Above my waves.——

At this the Moon was discovered in the upper part of the house, triumphant in a silver throne, made in figure of a pyramis. Her garments white and silver, the dressing of her head antique, and crowned with a luminary, or sphere of light: which striking on the clouds, and heightened with silver, reflected as natural clouds do by the splendour of the moon. The heaven about her was vaulted with blue silk, and set with stars of silver, which had in them their several lights burning. The sudden sight of which made Niger to interrupt Oceanus with this present passion.

O see, our silver star,
Whose pure, auspicious light greets us thus far!
Great Æthiopia goddess of our shore,[3]
Since with particular worship we adore

---

[1] Orpheus, in his Argonaut., calls it Λευκᾶιον χέρσον.

[2] Alluding to the right of styling princes after the name of their princedoms: so is he still Albion, and Neptune's son that governs. As also his being dear to Neptune, in being so embraced by him.

[3] The Æthiopians worshipped the moon by that surname. See Step. περι πόλεων, in voce ΑΙΘΙΟΠΙΟΝ.

Thy general brightness, let particular grace
Shine on my zealous daughters: shew the place
Which long their longings urged their eyes to see,
Beautify them, which long have deified thee.

Æthi. Niger, be glad: resume thy native cheer.
Thy daughters' labours have their period here,
And so thy errors. I was that bright face
Reflected by the lake, in which thy race
Read mystic lines; which skill Pythagoras
First taught to men, by a reverberate glass.
This blessed isle doth with that TANIA end,
Which there they saw inscribed, and shall extend
Wished satisfaction to their best desires.
Britannia, which the triple world admires,
This isle hath now recovered for her name;
Where reign those beauties that with so much fame
The sacred Muses' sons have honouréd,
And from bright Hesperus to Eous spread.
With that great name Britannia, this blest isle
Hath won her ancient dignity, and style,
A WORLD DIVIDED FROM THE WORLD: and tried
The abstract of it, in his general pride.
For were the world, with all his wealth, a ring,
Britannia, whose new name makes all tongues sing,
Might be a diamant worthy to inchase in it:
Ruled by a son, that to this height doth grace it:
Whose beams shine day and night, and are of force
To blanch an Æthiop, and revive a corse.
His light sciential is, and, past mere nature,
Can salve the rude defects of every creature.

Call forth thy honoured daughters then:
And let them, 'fore the Britain men,
Indent the land, with those pure traces
They flow with, in their native graces.
Invite them boldly to the shore;
Their beauties shall be scorched no more:

This sun is temperate, and refines
All things on which his radiance shines.

Here the Tritons sounded, and they danced on shore, every couple, as they advanced, severally presenting their fans: in one of which were inscribed their mixt names, in the other a mute hieroglyphic, expressing their mixed qualities.[1] *Their own single dance ended, as they were about to make choice of their men: one, from the sea, was heard to call them with this* CHARM, *sung by a tenor voice.*

Come away, come away,
We grow jealous of your stay;
If you do not stop your ear,
We shall have more cause to fear
Syrens of the land, than they
To doubt the Syrens of the sea.

Here they danced with their men several measures and corantos. All which ended, they were again accited to sea, with a SONG *of two trebles, whose cadences were iterated by a double echo from several parts of the land.*

Daughters of the subtle flood,
Do not let earth longer entertain you;
1 *Ech.* Let earth longer entertain you.
2 *Ech.* Longer entertain you.

'Tis to them enough of good,
That you give this little hope to gain you.
1 *Ech.* Give this little hope to gain you.
2 *Ech.* Little hope to gain you.

If they love,
You shall quickly see;
For when to flight you move,
They'll follow you, the more you flee.
1 *Ech.* Follow you, the more you flee.
2 *Ech.* The more you flee.

If not, impute it each to other's matter;
They are but earth, and what you vowed was water.
1 *Ech.* And what you vowed was water.
2 *Ech.* You vowed was water.

---

[1] Which manner of symbol I rather chose, than imprese, as well for strangeness, as relishing of antiquity, and more applying to that original doctrine of sculpture, which the Egyptians are said first to have brought from the Æthiopians. Diod. Sicul. Herod.

Æthi. Enough, bright nymphs, the night grows old,
And we are grieved we cannot hold
You longer light; but comfort take.
Your father only, to the lake
Shall make return: yourselves, with feasts,
Must here remain the Ocean's guests.
Nor shall this veil the sun hath cast
Above your blood, more summers last,
For which you shall observe these rites:
Thirteen times thrice, on thirteen nights,
(So often as I fill my sphere
With glorious light throughout the year)
You shall, when all things else do sleep
Save your chaste thoughts, with reverence, steep
Your bodies in that purer brine,
And wholesome dew, call'd ros-marine:
Then with that soft and gentler foam,
Of which the ocean yet yields some
Whereof, bright Venus, beauty's queen,
Is said to have begotten been,
You shall your gentler limbs o'er-lave,
And for your pains perfection have:
So that, this night, the year gone round,
You do again salute this ground;
And in the beams of yond' bright sun,
Your faces dry,—and all is done.

At which, in a dance, they returned to sea, where they took their shell, and with this full SONG *went out.*

Now Dian, with her burning face,
Declines apace:
By which our waters know
To ebb, that late did flow.

Back seas, back nymphs; but with a forward grace,
Keep still your reverence to the place;
And shout with joy of favour, you have won,
In sight of Albion, Neptunés son.

So ended the first Masque; which, beside the singular grace of music and dances, had the success in the nobility of performance, as nothing needs to the illustration, but the memory by whom it was personated.

		THE NAMES.	THE SYMBOLS.
1.	THE QUEEN . . .	EUPHORIS,	A golden tree, laden with fruit.
	CO. OF BEDFORD . .	AGLAIA,	
2.	LA. HERBERT . .	DIAPHANE,	The figure Isocaedron of crystal.
	CO. OF DERBY . .	EUCAMPSE,	
3.	LA. RICH . . .	OCYTE,	A pair of naked feet in a river.
	CO. OF SUFFOLK . .	KATHARE,	
4.	LA. BEVILL . . .	NOTIS,	The SALAMANDER simple.
	LA. EFFINGHAM . .	PSYCHROTE,	
5.	LA. EL. HOWARD . .	GLYCYTE,	A cloud full of rain dropping.
	LA. SUS. VERE . .	MALACIA,	
6.	LA. WORTH . . .	BARYTE,	An urn sphered with wine.
	LA. WALSINGHAM . .	PERIPHERE,	

The Names of the OCEANIÆ *were,*[1]

DORIS,	CYDIPPE	BEROE,	IANTHE,
PETRAEA,	GLAUCE	ACASTE,	LYCORIS,
OCYRHOE,	TYCHE,	CLYTIA,	PLEXAURE.

[1] Hesiod. in Theog.

THE MASQUE OF BEAUTY.

TWO years being now past, that Her Majesty had intermitted these delights, and the third almost come, it was her highness's pleasure again to glorify the court, and command that I should think on some fit presentment, which should answer the former, still keeping them the same persons, the daughters of Niger, but their beauties varied according to promise, and their time of absence excused, with four more added to their number.

To which limits, when I had apted my invention, and being to bring news of them from the sea, I induced BOREAS, one of the winds, as my fittest messenger; presenting him thus:

In a robe of russet and white mixt, full and bagged; his hair and beard rough and horrid; his wings grey, and full of snow and icicles: his mantle borne from him with wires, and in several puffs; his feet[1] ending in serpents' tails; and in his hand a leafless branch laden with icicles.

But before, in the midst of the hall, to keep the state of the feast and season, I had placed JANUARY[2] in a throne of silver; his robe of ash-colour, long, fringed with silver; a white mantle; his wings white, and his buskins; in his hand a laurel-bough; upon his head an anademe of laurel, fronted with the sign Aquarius, and the character: who, as Boreas blustered forth, discovered himself.

Boreas. Which, among these, is Albion, Neptune's son?

Januarius. What ignorance dares make that question?
Would any ask, who Mars were in the wars,
Or which is Hesperus among the stars?
Of the bright planets, which is Sol? or can
A doubt arise, 'mong creatures, which is Man?

---

[1] So Paus. in Eliacis, reports him to have, as he was carved in arcâ Cipselli.
[2] See Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa.



Behold, whose eyes do dart Promethean fire
Throughout this All; whose precepts do inspire
The rest with duty, yet commanding, cheer;
And are obeyéd more with love, than fear.

Boreas. What Power art thou, that thus informest me?

Janu. Dost thou not know me? I too well know thee
By thy rude voice,[1] that doth so hoarsely blow;
Thy hair, thy beard, thy wings, o'er-hilled with snow,
Thy serpent feet, to be that rough North-wind,
Boreas, that to my reign art still unkind.
I am the prince of months called January;
Because by me, Janus[2] the year doth vary,
Shutting up wars, proclaiming peace, and feasts,
Freedom and triumphs; making kings his guests.

Boreas. To thee then thus, and by thee to that king
That doth thee present honours, do I bring
Present remembrance of twelve Æthiop dames,
Who, guided hither by the moon's bright flames
To see his brighter light, were to the sea
Enjoined again, and (thence assigned a day
For their return) were in the waves to leave
Their BLACKNESS, and true BEAUTY to receive.

Janu. Which they received, but broke their day: and yet
Have not returned a look of grace for it,
Shewing a coarse and most unfit neglect.
Twice have I come in pomp here, to expect
Their presence; twice deluded, have been fain
With other rites[3] my feasts to entertain:
And now the third time turned about the year
Since they were looked for, and yet are not here!

Boreas. It was nor will, nor sloth, that caused their stay;
For they were all preparéd by their day,

---

1 Ovid Metam. lib. 6, near the end see,—horridus ira, Quæ solita est illi, nimiumque domestica, vento, &c.

2 See the offices and power of Janus, Ovid. Fast. I.

3 Two marriages, the one of the Earl of Essex, 1606; the other of the Lord Hay, 1607.



And with religion forward on their way,
When Proteus,[1] the grey prophet of the sea,
Met them, and made report, how other four
Of their black kind (whereof their sire had store)
Faithful to that great wonder so late done
Upon their sisters by bright Albion,
Had followed them to seek Britannia forth,
And there to hope like favour, as like worth,
Which Night envíed, as done in her despite,[2]
And mad to see an Æthiop washéd white,
Thought to prevent in these; lest men should deem
Her colour, if thus changed, of small esteem.
And so, by malice and her magic, tost
The nymphs at sea, as they were almost lost,
Till, on an island they by chance arrived
That floated in the main;[3] where, yet, she had gyved
Them so in chains of darkness, as no might
Should loose them thence but their changed sisters sight.
Whereat the twelve, in piety moved, and kind,
Straight put themselves in act the place to find;
Which was the Night's sole trust they so will do,
That she with labour might confound them too.
For ever since with error hath she held
Them wandering in the ocean, and so quelled
Their hopes beneath their toil, as (desperate now
Of any least success unto their vow,
Nor knowing to return to express the grace
Wherewith they labour to this prince and place)
One of them meeting me at sea, did pray
That for the love of my Orithya,[4]

---

1 Read his description, with Vir. Geor. 4, Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite vates, Cæruleus Proteus.

2 Because they were before of her complexion.

3 To give authority to this part of our fiction, Pliny hath a chap. 95 of the 2nd book, Nat. Hist. de insulis fluctuantibus. Et Card. lib. 1, de rerum vari. et cap. 7, reports one to be in his time known, in the lake of Lomond, in Scotland; to let pass that of Delos, &c.

4 The daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, whom Boreas ravished away into



Whose very name did heat my frosty breast,
And made me shake my snow-filled wings and crest,
To bear this sad report I would be won,
And frame their just excuse; which here I've done.
Janu. Would thou hadst not begun, unlucky Wind,
That never yet blew'st goodness to mankind;
But with thy bitter and too piercing breath,
Strik'st[1] horrors through the air as sharp as death.

Here a second wind came in, VULTURNUS, *in a blue coloured robe and mantle, puft as the former, but somewhat sweeter; his face black, and on his head*[2] *a red sun, showing he came from the east: his wings of several colours; his buskins white, and wrought with gold.*

Vult. All horrors vanish, and all name of death!
Be all things here as calm as is my breath!
A gentler wind, Vulturnus, brings you news
The isle is found, and that the nymphs now use
Their rest and joy. The Night's black charms are flown.
For being made unto their goddess known,
Bright Æthiopia, the silver moon,
As she was Hecaté, she brake them soon:[3]
And now, by virtue of their light and grace,
The glorious isle wherein they rest takes place
Of all the earth for beauty. There, their queen[4]
Hath raiséd them a throne, that still is seen
To turn unto the motion of the world;
Wherein they sit, and are, like heaven, whirled

Thrace, as she was playing with other virgins by the flood Ilissus: or, as some will, by the fountain Cephisus.

[1] The violence of Boreas Ovid excellently describes in the place above quoted.

Hâc nubila pello,
Hâc freta concutio, nodosaque robora verto,
Induroque nives, et terras grandine pulso.

[2] According to that of Virgil—Denuntiat igneus Euros.

[3] She is called φωσφορ' Ἑκατη, by Eurip. in Helena, which is Lucifera, to which name we here presently allude.

[4] For the more full and clear understanding of that which follows, have recourse to the succeeding pages, where the scene presents itself.

About the earth; whilst to them contrary,
(Following those noble torches of the sky)
A world of little Loves, and chaste Desires,
Do light their beauties with still moving fires.
And who to heaven's concent can better move,
Than those that are so like it, Beauty and Love?
Hither, as to their new Elysium,
The spirits of the antique Greeks are come,
Poets, and singers, Linus, Orpheus, all
That have excelled in knowledge musical;[1]
Where set in arbours made of myrtle and gold
They live again, these beauties to behold.
And thence in flowery mazes walking forth,
Sing hymns in celebration of their worth;
Whilst, to their songs, two fountains flow, one hight
Of Lasting Youth, the other Chaste Delight,
That at the closes, from their bottoms spring,
And strike the air to echo what they sing.
But why do I describe what all must see?
By this time, near the coast, they floating be;
For so their virtuous goddess, the chaste moon,
Told them the fate of the island should, and soon
Would fix itself unto thy continent,
As being the place, by destiny fore-meant,
Where they should flow forth, drest in her attires:
And that the influence of those holy fires
First rapt from hence, being multiplied upon
The other four, should make their beauties one.
Which now expect to see, great Neptune's son,
And love the miracle which thyself hast done.

Here a curtain was drawn, in which the Night was painted, and the scene discovered, which (because the former was marine, and these, yet of necessity, to come from the sea) I devisea should be an island floating on a calm water. In the midst thereof was a Seat of State, called the Throne of Beauty,

[1] So Terence and the ancients called Poësie, artem musicam.

erected: divided into eight squares, and distinguished by so many Ionic pilasters. In these squares, the sixteen masquers were placed by couples: behind them in the centre of the throne was a tralucent pillar, shining with several coloured lights, that reflected on their backs. From the top of which pillar went several arches to the pilasters, that sustained the roof of the throne, which was likewise adorned with lights and garlands: and between the pilasters, in front, little Cupids in flying posture, waving of wreaths and lights, bore up the cornice: over which were placed eight figures, representing the elements of Beauty, which advanced upon the Ionic, and being females, had the Corinthian order. The first was

SPLENDOUR,

in a robe of flame colour, naked breasted; her bright hair loose flowing: she was drawn in a circle of clouds, her face and body breaking through: and in her hand a branch, with two roses,[1] a white, and a red. The next to her was

SERENITAS,

in a garment of bright sky-colour, a long tress, and waved with a veil of divers colours, such as the golden sky sometimes shows: upon her head a clear and fair sun shining, with rays of gold striking down to the feet of the figure. In her hand a crystal,[2] cut with several angles, and shadowed with divers colours, as caused by refraction. The third,

GERMINATIO,

in green, with a zone of gold about her waist, crowned with myrtle, her hair likewise flowing, but not of so bright a colour: in her hand, a branch of myrtle.[3] Her socks of green and gold. The fourth,

LÆTITIA,

in a vesture of divers colours, and all sorts of flowers embroidered thereon: her socks so fitted. A garland of flowers[4] in her hand;

---

[1] The rose is called elegantly, by Achil. Tat. lib. 2, φυτῶν ἄγλαισμα, the splendour of plants, and is everywhere taken for the hieroglyphic of splendour.

[2] As this of serenity, applying to the optics reason of the rainbow, and the mythologists making her the daughter of Electra.

[3] So Hor. lib. 1, od. 4, makes it the ensign of the Spring, Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto, Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ, &c.

[4] They are everywhere the tokens of gladness, at all feasts and sports.

her eyes turning up, and smiling: her hair flowing, and stuck with flowers. The fifth,

TEMPERIES,

in a garment of gold, silver, and colours, weaved; in one hand she held a burning steel,[1] in the other an urn with water. On her head a garland of flowers, corn, vine-leaves, and olive-branches, interwoven. Her socks, as her garment. The sixth,

VENUSTAS,

in a silver robe, with a thin subtle veil over her hair, and it: pearl about her neck,[2] and forehead. Her socks wrought with pearl. In her hand she bore several coloured lilies.[3] The seventh was

DIGNITAS,

in a dressing of state, the hair bound up with fillets of gold, the garments rich, and set with jewels and gold; likewise her buskins; and in her hand a golden rod.[4] The eighth,

PERFECTIO,

in a vesture of pure gold, a wreath of gold upon her head. About her body the zodiac,[5] with the signs: in her hand a compass of gold, drawing a circle.

On the top of all the throne (as being made out of all these) stood

HARMONIA,

a personage, whose dressing had something of all the others, and had her robe painted full of figures. Her head was compassed with a crown of gold, having in it seven jewels equally set.[6] In her hand a lyra, whereon she rested.

This was the ornament of the throne. The ascent to which

---

1 The sign of temperature, as also her garland mixed of the four seasons.

2 Pearls with the ancients were the special hieroglyphics of loveliness; in quibus nitor tantum et lævor expetebantur.

3 So was the lily, of which the most delicate city of the Persians was called Susæ: signifying that kind of flower, in their tongue.

4 The sign of honour and dignity.

5 Both that, and the compass, are known ensigns of perfection.

6 She is so described in Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa; his reason of seven jewels, in the crown, alludes to Pythagoras's comment, with Macr. lib. 2, Som. Scip. of the seven planets and their spheres.



consisting of six steps, was covered with a multitude of Cupids,[1] (chosen out of the best and most ingenious youth of the kingdom, noble, and others) that were the torch-bearers; and all armed with bows, quivers, wings, and other ensigns of love. On the sides of the throne were curious and elegant arbours appointed; and behind, in the back part of the isle, a grove of grown trees laden with golden fruit, which other little Cupids plucked, and threw at each other, whilst on the ground leverets[2] picked up the bruised apples, and left them half eaten. The ground-plat of the whole was a subtle indented maze: and in the two foremost angles were two fountains that ran continually, the one Hebe's,[3] the other Hedone's:[4] in the arbours were placed the musicians, who represented the shades of the old poets, and were attired in a priest-like habit of crimson and purple, with laurel garlands.

The colours of the masquers were varied; the one half in orange-tawny and silver: the other in sea-green and silver. The bodies and short skirts on white and gold to both.

The habit and dressing for the fashion was most curious, and so exceeding in riches, as the throne whereon they sat seemed to be a mine of light, struck from their jewels and their garments.

This throne, as the whole island moved forward on the water, had a circular motion of its own, imitating that which we call *motum mundi*, from the east to the west, or the right to the left side. For so *Hom. Ilia. μ*, understands by δεξία, *Orientalia mundi:* by ἀριστερα, *Occidentalia.* The steps whereon the Cupids sat had a motion contrary, with analogy *ad motum planetarum*, from the west to the east: both which turned with their several lights. And with these three varied motions, at once, the whole scene shot itself to the land.

Above which, the moon was seen in a silver chariot, drawn by virgins, to ride in the clouds, and hold them greater light: with the sign Scorpio, and the character, placed before her.

---

[1] The inducing of many Cupids wants not defence, with the best and most received of the ancients, besides Prop. Stat. Claud. Sido. Apoll. especially Phil. in Icon. Amor. whom I have particularly followed in this description.

[2] They were the notes of loveliness, and sacred to Venus. See Phil. in that place mentioned. [3] Of youth. [4] Of pleasure.



The order of the scene was carefully and ingeniously disposed; and as happily put in act (for the motions) by the king's master carpenter. The painters, I must needs say (not to belie them) lent small colour to any to attribute much of the spirit of these things to their pencils. But that must not be imputed a crime, either to the invention or design.

Here the loud music ceased; and the musicians, which were placed in the arbours, came forth through the mazes to the other land: singing this full song, iterated in the closes by two Echoes, rising out of the fountains.

When Love at first, did move
From out of Chaos,[1] brightened
So was the world, and lightened,
As now.
1 *Ech.* As now!
2 *Ech.* As now!

Yield Night, then to the light,
As BLACKNESS hath to BEAUTY:
Which is but the same duty.
It was for Beauty[2] that the world was made,
And where she reigns,[3] Love's lights admit no shade.
1 *Ech.* Love's lights admit no shade.
2 *Ech.* Admit no shade.

Which ended, Vulturnus, the wind, spake to the river Thamesis, that lay along between the shores, leaning upon his urn, that flowed with water, and crowned with flowers; with a blue cloth of silver robe about him; and was personated by Master Thomas Giles, who made the dances.

Vul. Rise, Agéd Thames, and by the hand
Receive these nymphs, within the land.
And in those curious squares and rounds
Wherewith thou flow'st betwixt the grounds

[1] So is he feigned by Orpheus, to have appeared first of all the gods, awakened by Clotho; and is therefore called Phanes, both by him and Lactantius.

[2] An agreeing opinion, both with divines and philosophers, that the great artificer, in love with his own idea, did therefore frame the world.

[3] Alluding to the name of Himerus, and his signification in the name, which is Desiderium post aspectum; and more than Eros, which is only Cupido, ex aspectu amare.

Of fruitful Kent and Essex fair
That lends the garlands for thy hair;
Instruct their silver feet to tread,
Whilst we, again, to sea are fled.

With which the Winds departed; and the river received them into the land, by couples and fours, their Cupids coming before them.

These dancing forth a most curious dance, full of excellent device and change, ended it in the figure of a diamond, and so, standing still, were by the musicians with a second SONG, sung by a loud tenor, celebrated.

So Beauty on the waters stood,
When Love had severed earth from flood![1]
So when he parted air from fire,
He did with concord all inspire!
And then a motion he them taught,
That elder than himself was thought.
Which thought was, yet, the child of earth,[2]
For Love is elder than his birth.

The song ended; they danced forth their second dance, more subtle and full of change than the former; and so exquisitely performed, as the king's majesty (incited first by his own liking to that which all others there present wished) required them both again, after some time of dancing with the lords. Which time, to give them respite, was intermitted with a SONG; *first, by a treble voice, in this manner.*

If all these Cupids, now were blind,
As is their wanton brother:[3]
Or play should put it in their mind
To shoot at one another:
What pretty battle they would make,
If they their objects should mistake,
And each one wound his mother!

---

1 As, in the creation, he is said by the ancients to have done.

2 That is, born since the world, and out of those duller apprehensions that did not think he was before.

3 I make these different from him which they feign cæcum Cupidinem, or petulantem, as I express beneath in the third song, these being chaste Loves that attend a more divine Beauty than that of Love's common parent.

Which was seconded by another treble, thus:

It was no policy of court,
  Albe' the place were charmed,
To let in earnest or in sport
  So many Loves in, armed.
For say, the dames should, with their eyes
Upon the hearts here mean surprise;
  Were not the men like harmed?

To which a tenor answered:

Yes, were the Loves or false or straying;
Or beauties not their beauty weighing:
But here no such deceit is mixed,
Their flames are pure, their eyes are fixed:
They do not war with different darts,
But strike a music of like hearts.

After which songs they danced galliards and corantos; and with those excellent graces, that the music appointed to celebrate them, showed it could be silent no longer; but, by the first tenor, admired them thus:

SONG.

Had those that dwelt in error foul,
And hold that women have no soul,[1]
But seen these move; they would have then
Said, women were the souls of men:
  So they do move each heart and eye,
  With the world's soul, true harmony.[2]

Here they danced a third most elegant and curious dance, and not to be described again by any art but that of their own footing, which ending in the figure that was to produce the fourth, JANUARY *from his state saluted them thus:*

Janu. Your Grace is great, as is your Beauty, dames;
Enough my feasts have proved your thankful flames.
Now use your seat: that seat which was, before,
Thought straying, uncertain, floating to each shore,

---

[1] There hath been such a profane paradox published.
[2] The Platonic's opinion. See also Mac. lib. 1 and 2, Som. Sc.

And to whose having[1] every clime laid claim,
Each land and nation urgéd as the aim
Of their ambition, Beauty's perfect throne,
Now made peculiar to this place alone;
And that by impulsion of your destinies,
And his attractive beams that lights these skies:
Who, though with the ocean compassed, never wets
His hair therein, nor wears a beam that sets.
  Long may his light adorn these happy rites,
As I renew them; and your gracious sights
Enjoy that happiness, even to envy, as when
Beauty, at large, brake forth, and conquered men!

At which they danced their last dance into their throne again; and that turning, the scene closed with this full SONG.

Still turn and imitate the heaven
  In motion swift and even;
  And as his planets go,
  Your brighter lights do so;
May youth and pleasure ever flow.
But let your State the while,
Be fixéd as the isle.

Cho. So all that see your beauties sphere,
  May know the Elysian fields are here.
    1 *Ech.* The Elysian fields are here,
      2 *Ech.* Elysian fields are here.

The persons who were received on land by the river god were—

The QUEEN.
Countess of ARUNDEL.
Countess of DERBY.
Countess of BEDFORD.
Countess of MONTGOMERY.
Lady ELIZ. GUILFORD.
Lady ELIZ. HATTON.
Lady ELIZ. GARRARD.
Lady ARABELLA.
Lady KAT. PETER.
Lady ANNE WINTER.
Lady WINSOR.
Lady ANNE CLIFFORD.
Lady MARY NEVILLE.
Lady CHICHESTER.
Lady WALSINGHAM.

---

[1] For what country is it thinks not her own beauty fairest, yet?

HYMENÆI;

OR,

THE SOLEMNITIES OF MASQUE AND BARRIERS AT A MARRIAGE.

It is a noble and just advantage that the things subjected to understanding have of those which are objected to sense; that the one sort are but momentary, and merely taking; the other impressing, and lasting: else the glory of all these solemnities had perished like a blaze, and gone out in the beholders' eyes. So short lived are the bodies of all things in comparison of their souls. And though bodies ofttimes have the ill-luck to be sensually preferred, they find afterwards the good fortune (when souls live) to be utterly forgotten. This it is hath made the most royal princes and greatest persons (who are commonly the personators of these actions) not only studious of riches, and magnificence in the outward celebration or show, which rightly becomes them; but curious after the most high and hearty inventions, to furnish the inward parts; and those grounded upon antiquity and solid learning: which though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions, their sense or doth or should always lay hold on more removed mysteries. And howsoever some may squeamishly cry out, that all endeavour of learning and sharpness in these transitory devices, especially where it steps beyond their little or (let me not wrong them) no brain at all, is superfluous: I am contented, these fastidious stomachs should leave my full tables, and enjoy at home their clean empty trenchers, fittest for such airy tastes; where perhaps a few Italian herbs, picked up and made into a salad, may find sweeter acceptance than all the most nourishing and sound meats of the world.

For these men's palates, let not me answer, O Muses. It is not my fault, if I fill them out nectar, and they run to metheglin.

Vaticana bibant, si delectentur.

All the courtesy I can do them, is to cry again:

Prætereant, si quid non facit ad stomachum:

As I will from the thought of them, to my better subject.

On the night of the Masques (which were two; one of men, the other of women), the scene being drawn, there was first discovered an altar, upon which was inscribed, in letters of gold,

[1]Ioni. Oimæ. Mimæ.

UNIONI.

SACR.

To this altar entered five pages, attired in white, bearing five tapers of virgin wax;[2] behind them, one representing a bridegroom: his hair short,[3] and bound with party-coloured ribands, and gold twist; his garments purple and white.

On the other hand, entered HYMEN (the god of marriage) in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his left arm, his head crowned with roses and marjoram,[4] in his right hand a torch of pine-tree.[5]

After him a youth attired in white,[6] bearing another light, of

---

[1] Mystically implying that both it, the place, and all the succeeding ceremonies were sacred to marriage, or Union, over which Juno was president: to whom there was the like altar erected, at Rome, as she was called Juga Juno, in the street, which thence was named Jugarius. See Fest.; and at which altar, the rite was to join the married pair with bands of silk, in sign of future concord.

[2] Those were the Quinque Cerei, which Plutarch in his Quæst. Roman. mentions to be used in nuptials.

[3] The dressing of the bridegroom (with the ancients) was chiefly noted in that, quod tonderetur. Juv. Sat. 6, Jumque à tonsore magistro Pecteris. And Lucan, lib. 2, where he makes Cato negligent of the ceremonies in marriage, saith, Ille nec horrificam sancto dimovit ab ore Cæsariem.

[4] See how he is called out, by Catullus. in Nup. Jul. et Manl. Cinge tempora floribus Suave olentis amaraci, &c.

[5] For so I preserve the reading there in Catul. Pineam quate tædam, rather than to change it Spineam; and moved by the authority of Virgil in Ciri. where he says, Pronuba nec castos incendet Pinus amores. And Ovid, Fast. lib. 2, Expectet puros pinea tæda dies. Though I deny not, there was also spinea tæda, &c., which Pliny calls Nuptiarum facibus auspicatissimam, Nat. Hist. lib. 16, cap. 18, and whereof Sextus Pompeius Fest. hath left so particular testimony. For which see the following note.

[6] This (by the ancients) was called Camillus, quasi minister (for so that signified in the Hetrurian tongue), and was one of the three, which by Sex. Pompei were said to be Patrimi et Matrimi, Pueri prætextati tres, qui nubentem deducunt: unus, qui facem præfert ex spina alba. Duo qui tenent nubentem. To which confer that of Varro, lib. 6, de lingua Lat. Dicitur in nuptiis camillus, qui cumerum fert: as also that of Fest. lib. 3, Cumerum vocabant antiqui vas quoddam

white thorn; under his arm, a little wicker flasket shut: behind him two others in white, the one bearing a distaff, the other a spindle. Betwixt these a personated bride, supported, her hair flowing, and loose sprinkled with grey; on her head a garland of roses, like a turret; her garments white: and on her back, a wether's fleece hanging down: her zone, or girdle about her waist, of white wool, fastened with the Herculean knot.

In the midst went the Auspices;[1] after them, two that sung, in several coloured silks. Of which one bore the water, the other the fire; last of all the musicians,[2] diversely attired, all crowned with roses; and with this SONG began.

Bid all profane away;
None here may stay
To view our mysteries,
But who themselves have been,
Or will in time be seen,
The self-same sacrifice.
For Union, mistress of these rites,
Will be observed with eyes
As simple as her nights.

Cho. Fly then all profane away,
Fly far off as hath the day;
Night her curtain doth display,
And this is Hymen's holy-day.

The song being ended, HYMEN *presented himself foremost, and, after some sign of admiration, began to speak.*

Hy. What more than usual light,
Throughout the place extended,

---

quod opertum in nuptiis ferebant, in quo erant nubentis utensilia, quod et camillum dicebant: eo quod sacrorum ministrum κάμιλλον appellabant.

1 Auspices were those that handfasted the married couple; that wished them good luck: that took care for the dowry; and heard them profess that they came together for the cause of children. Juven. Sat. 10, Veniet cum signatoribus auspex. And Lucan. lib. 2, Junguntur taciti, contentique auspice Bruto. They are also styled Pronubi, Proxenetæ, Paranymphi.

2 The custom of music at nuptials is clear in all antiquity. Ter. Adel. act. 5, Verum hoc mihi mora est, Tibicina, et Hymenæum qui cantent. And Claud. in epithal., Ducant pervigiles carmina tibiæ, &c.



Makes Juno's fane so bright!
Is there some greater deity descended?

Or reign, on earth, those Powers
So rich, as with their beams
Grace Union more than ours;
And bound her influence in their happier streams?

'Tis so: this same is he,
The King, and Priest of Peace:
And that his empress, she,
That sits so crownéd with her own increase!

O you, whose better blisses
Have proved the strict embrace
Of Union, (with chaste kisses,)
And seen it flow so in your happy race;

That know, how well it binds
The fitting seeds of things,
Wins natures, sexes, minds,
And every discord in true music brings:

Sit now propitious aids,
To rites so duly prized;
And view two noble maids,
Of different sex, to Union sacrificed.
In honour of that blest estate
Which all good minds should celebrate.

Here out of a microcosm or globe, figuring a man, with a kind of contentious music, issued forth the first masque of eight men.

These represented the four Humours[1] *and four Affections, all*

[1] That they were personated in men hath already come under some grammatical exception. But there is more than grammar to release it. For, besides that humores and affectus are both masculine in genere, not one of the specials but in some language is known by a masculine word. Again, when their influences are common to both sexes, and more generally impetuous in the male, I see not why



gloriously attired, distinguished only by their several ensigns and colours; and, dancing out on the stage, in their return at the end of their dance, drew all their swords, offered to encompass the altar, and disturb the ceremonies. At which HYMEN, *troubled, spake:*

Hy. Save, save the virgins; keep your hallowed lights
Untouched; and with their flame defend our rites.
The four untemper'd Humours are broke out,
And, with their wild Affections, go about
To ravish all religion. If there be
A power, like Reason, left in that huge body
Or little world of man from whence these came,
Look forth, and with thy bright and numerous flame[1]
Instruct their darkness, make them know and see,
In wronging these they have rebelled 'gainst thee.

Hereat, REASON, *seated on the top of the globe, as in the brain, or highest part of man, figured in a venerable personage, her hair white, and trailing to her waist, crowned with light, her garments blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with a white band filled with arithmetical figures, in one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright sword, descended and spake:*

Rea. Forbear your rude attempt; what ignorance
Could yield you so profane, as to advance

---

they should not so be more properly presented. And, for the allegory, though here it be very clear, and such as might well escape a candle, yet because there are some must complain of darkness, that have but thick eyes, I am contented to hold them this light. First, as in natural bodies so likewise in minds, there is no disease or distemperature but is caused either by some abounding humour or perverse affection; after the same manner, in politic bodies (where order, ceremony, state, reverence, devotion, are parts of the mind), by the difference or predominant will of what we metaphorically call humours and affections, all things are troubled and confused. These, therefore, were tropically brought in, before Marriage, as disturbers of that mystical body, and the rites, which were soul unto it; that afterwards, in marriage, being dutifully tempered by her power, they might more fully celebrate the happiness of such as live in that sweet Union, to the harmonious laws of nature and reason.

[1] Alluding to that opinion of Pythagoras, who held all reason, all knowledge, all discourse of the soul to be mere number. See Plut. de Plac. Phil.



One thought in act against these mysteries?
Are Union's[1] orgies of so slender price?
She that makes souls with bodies mix in love,
Contracts the world in one, and therein Jove;
Is spring and end of all things:[2] yet, most strange,
Herself nor suffers spring, nor end, nor change.
No wonder they were you, that were so bold;
For none but Humours and Affections would
Have dared so rash a venture. You will say
It was your zeal that gave your powers the sway;
And urge the masquéd and disguised pretence
Of saving blood, and succouring innocence:
So want of knowledge still begetteth jars,
When humorous earthlings will control the stars.
Inform yourselves with safer reverence
To these mysterious rites, whose mystic sense,
Reason, which all things but itself confounds,
Shall clear unto you from the authentic grounds.

At this the Humours and Affections sheathed their swords, and retired amazed to the side of the stage, while HYMEN *began to rank the persons, and order the ceremonies: and* REASON *proceeded to speak.*

Rea. The pair, which do each other side,
Though yet some space doth them divide,
This happy night must both make one;
Blest sacrifice to Union.
Nor is this altar but a sign
Of one more soft, and more divine.
The genial bed,[3] where Hymen keeps
The solemn orgies, void of sleeps:

---

[1] Οργια, with the Greeks, value the same that ceremoniæ with the Latins; and imply all sorts of rites: howsoever (abusively) they have been made particular to Bacchus. See Serv. to that of Virg. Æneid. 4, Qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas.

[2] Macrob. in Som. Scip. lib. I.

[3] Properly that which was made ready for the new-married bride, and was called Genialis, a generandis liberis. Serv. in 6 Æn.

And wildest Cupid, waking, hovers
With adoration 'twixt the lovers.
The tead of white and blooming thorn,
In token of increase, is born:
As also, with the ominous light,[1]
To fright all malice from the night.
Like are the fire and water set;[2]
That, e'en as moisture, mixt with heat,
Helps every natural birth to life:
So, for their race, join man and wife.
The blushing veil[3] shows shamefac'dness
The ingenuous virgin should profess
At meeting with the man; her hair,
That flows so liberal,[4] and so fair,
Is shed with grey, to intimate,
She entereth to a matron's state,
For which those utensils[5] are born.
And, that she should not labour scorn,
Herself a snowy fleece[6] doth wear;
And these her rock and spindle bear,[7]
To show, that nothing which is good
Gives check unto the highest blood.
The zone of wool[8] about her waist,
Which, in contrary circles cast,
Doth meet in one strong knot,[9] that binds,
Tells you, so should all married minds.

---

1 See Ovid. Fast. lib. 6.

Sic fatus spinam, quâ tristes pellere posset
A foribus noxas, hæc erat alba, dedit.

2 Plutar. in Quæst. Rom. and Var. lib. 4, de ling. Lat.

3 Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 21, cap. 8.

4 Pomp. Fest. Briss. Hotto. de Rit. Nup.

5 Var. lib. 6, de ling. Lat. and Fest. in Frag.

6 Fest. ib.

7 Plutar. in Quæst. Rom. et in Romul.

8 Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 8, cap. 48.

9 That was Nodus Herculeanus, which the husband at night untied, in sign of good fortune, that he might be happy in propagation of issue, as Hercules was, who left seventy children. See Fest. in voc. Cingul.

And lastly, these five waxen lights,
Imply perfection in the rites:
For five[1] the special number is,
Whence hallow'd Union claims her bliss.
As being all the sum that grows
From the united strength of those
Which male and female numbers we[2]
Do style, and are first two and three.
Which, joinéd thus, you cannot sever
In equal parts, but one will ever
Remain as common; so we see
The binding force of Unity:
For which alone the peaceful gods
In number always love the odds,
And even parts as much despise,
Since out of them all discords rise.

Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno,[3] *sitting in a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks;*[4] *her attire rich, and like a queen,*[5] *a white diadem*[6] *on her head, from whence descended a veil, and that bound with a fascia of several coloured silks,*[7] *set with all sorts of*

---

[1] Plutarch. in Quæst. Rom.

[2] See Mart. Capel. lib. 6, de Nupt. Phil. et Mor. in numero Pentade.

[3] With the Greeks, Juno was interpreted to be the air itself. And so Macr. de Som. Scipio. l. 1, c. 17, calls her. Mar. Cap. surnames her Aeria, of reigning there.

[4] They were sacred to Juno, in respect of their colours and temper, so like the air. Ovid de Arte Amand. Laudatas ostendit aves Junonia pennas; and Met. lib. 2.

Habili Saturnia curru
Ingreditur liquidum pavonibus Æthera pictis.

[5] She was called Regina Juno with the Latins, because she was soror et conjux Jovis, deorum et hominum regis.

[6] Read Apul. describing her, in his 10th of the Ass.

[7] After the manner of the antique bend, the varied colours implying the several mutations of the air, as showers, dews, serenity, force of winds, clouds, tempest, snow, hail, lightning, thunder, all which had their noises signified in her timbrel:

jewels, and raised in the top with lilies and roses:[1] *in her right hand she held a sceptre, in the other a timbrel, at her golden feet the hide of a lion*[2] *was placed: round about her sat the spirits of the air in several colours, making music: above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder: beneath her the rainbow, Iris, and on the two sides eight ladies attired richly, and alike, in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the governess of marriage,*[3] *and made the second masque. All which, upon the discovery,* REASON *made narration of.*

Rea. And see where Juno, whose great name
Is Unio, in the anagram,
Displays her glittering state and chair,
As she enlightened all the air!
Hark how the charming tunes do beat
In sacred concords 'bout her seat!
And lo! to grace what these intend,
Eight of her noblest Powers descend,
Which are enstyled her faculties,[4]
That govern nuptial mysteries;
And wear those masques before their faces,
Lest, dazzling mortals with their graces
As they approach them, all mankind
Should be, like Cupid, strucken blind.
These Order waits for, on the ground

---

the faculty of causing these being ascribed to her by Virg. Æneid. lib. 4, where he makes her say,

His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum
Desuper infundam, et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.

1 Lilies were sacred to Juno, as being made white with her milk that fell upon the earth when Jove took Hercules away, whom by stealth he had laid to her breast: the rose was also called Junonia.

2 So she was figured at Argos, as a stepmother, insulting on the spoils of her two privigni, Bacchus and Hercules.

3 See Virg. Æneid. lib. 4, Junoni ante omnes cui vincla jugalia curæ; and in another place, Dant signum prima et Tellus et Pronuba Juno; and Ovid. in Phil. Epist. Junonemque terris quæ præsidet alma Maritis.

4 They were all eight called by particular surnames of Juno, ascribed to her for some peculiar property in marriage, as somewhere after is more fitly declared.



To keep, that you should not confound
Their measured steps, which only move
About the harmonious sphere of love.

Their descent was made in two great clouds, that put forth themselves severally, and, with one measure of time, were seen to stoop, and fall gently down upon the earth. The manner of their habits came after some statues of Juno, no less airy than glorious. The dressings of their heads, rare; so likewise of their feet: and all full of splendour, sovereignty, and riches. Whilst they were descending, this SONG *was sung at the altar.*

These, these are they,
Whom Humour and Affection must obey;
Who come to deck the genial bower,
And bring with them the grateful Hour
That crowns such meetings, and excites
The married pair to fresh delights:
As courtings, kissings, coyings, oaths, and vows,
Soft whisperings, embracements, all the joys
And melting toys,
That chaster love allows.

Cho. Haste, haste, for Hesperus his head down bows.

This song ended, they danced forth in pairs, and each pair with a varied and noble grace, to a rare and full music of twelve lutes, led on by ORDER, *the servant of* REASON, *who was there rather a person of ceremony than use. His under garment was blue, his upper white, and painted full of arithmetical and geometrical figures; his hair and beard long, a star on his forehead, and in his hand a geometrical staff: to whom, after the dance,* REASON *spake.*

Rea. Convey them, Order, to their places,
And rank them so, in several traces,
As they may set their mixéd powers
Unto the music of the Hours,
And these, by joining with them, know
In better temper how to flow:
Whilst I, from their abstracted names,
Report the virtues of the dames.
First, Curis[1] comes to deck the bride's fair tress,

[1] This surname Juno received of the Sabines; from them the Romans gave it her: of the spear, which (in the Sabine tongue) was called curis, and was that

Care of the ointments Unxia[1] doth profess.
Juga,[2] her office to make one of twain:
Gamelia[3] sees that they should so remain.
Fair Iterduca[4] leads the bride her way;
And Domiduca[5] home her steps doth stay:
Cinxia[6] the maid, quit of her zone, defends;
Telia,[7] for Hymen, perfects all, and ends.

---

which they named hasta celibaris, which had stuck in the body of a slain sword player, and wherewith the bride's head was drest, whereof Fest. in voce celibar. gives these reasons: Ut quemadmodum illa conjuncta fuerit cum corpore gladiatoris, sic ipsa cum viro sit; vel quia matronæ Junonis curitis in tutelâ sit, quæ ita appellabatur â ferenda hasta; vel quòd fortes viros genituras ominetur; vel quod nuptiali jure imperio viri subjicitur nubens, quia hasta summa armorum, et imperii est, &c. To most of which Plutarch, in his Quæst. Rom., consents, but adds a better in Romul. That when they divided the bride's hair with the point of the spear, συμβολον εἶναι τοῦ μετὰ μάχης καὶ πολεμικῶς τὸν πρῶτον γάμον γενεσθαι, it noted their first nuptials (with the Sabines) were contracted by force, and as with enemies. Howsoever, that it was a custom with them, this of Ovid. Fast. lib. 2, confirms, Comat virgineas hasta recurva comas.

1 For the surname of Unxia, we have Mart. Capel. his testimony, De Nup. Phil. et Mercu. lib. 2, quòd unctionibus præest: as also Servius, libro quarto Æneid., where they both report it a fashion with the Romans, that before the new-married brides entered the houses of their husbands, they adorned the posts of the gates with woollen tawdries, or fillets, and anointed them with oils, or the fat of wolves and boars; being superstitiously possest that such ointments had the virtue of expelling evils from the family: and that thence were they called Uxores, quasi Unxores.

2 She was named Juga, propter Jugum (as Servius says), for the yoke which was imposed, in matrimony, on those that were married, or (with Sex. Pomp. Fest.) quòd Juges sunt ejusdem Jugi Pares, unde et Conjuges, or in respect of the altar (which I have declared before) sacred to Juno, in Vico Jugario.

3 As she was Gamelia, in sacrificing to her, they took away the gall, and threw it behind the altar; intimating, that (after marriage) there should be known no bitterness, nor hatred, between the joined couple, which might divide or separate them. See Plutarch. Connub. Præ. This rite I have somewhere following touched at.

4 The title of Iterduca she had amongst them, quòd ad sponsi ædes sponsas comitabatur, or was a protectress of their journey. Mart. Capel. de Nupt. Philol. et Mercur. libro secundo.

5 The like of Domiduca, quòd ad optatas domus duceret. Mart. ibid.

6 Cinxia, the same author gives unto her, as the defendress of maids, when they had put off their girdle, in the bridal chamber; to which Festus, Cinxiæ Junonis nomen sanctum habebatur in nuptiis, quòd initio conjugis solutio erat cinguli, quo nova nupta erat cincta. And Arnobius, a man most learned in their ceremonies, lib. 3, advers. Gent. saith, Unctionibus superest Unxia. Cingulorum Cinxia replicationi.

7 Telia signifies Perfecta, or, as some translate it, Perfectrix; with Jul. Pol. Lib. 3,



By this time the ladies were paired with the men, and the whole sixteen ranked forth, in order, to dance: and were with this SONG *provoked.*

Now, now, begin to set
  Your spirits in active heat;
And, since your hands are met,
  Instruct your nimble feet,
  In motions swift and meet,
The happy ground to beat;
Cho. Whilst all this roof doth ring,
And each discording string,
With every varied voice,
In union doth rejoice.

Here they danced forth a most neat and curious measure, full of subtilty and device, which was so excellently performed, as it seemed to take away that spirit from the invention, which the invention gave to it: and left it doubtful, whether the forms flowed more perfectly from the author's brain, or their feet. The strains were all notably different, some of them formed into letters, very signifying to the name of the Bridegroom, and ended in the manner of a chain, linking hands: to which this was spoken.

Rea. Such was the golden chain[1] let down from heaven;
  And not these links more even,

Onomast. ἥρα τέλεια values Juno! Præses Nuptiarum: who saith, the attribute depends of τέλειος, which (with the ancients) signified marriage, and thence were they called τέλειοι that entered into that state. Servius interprets it the same with Gamelia Æneid. 4, ad verb. Et Junone secunda. But it implies much more, as including the faculty, too, mature and perfect. See the Greek Scholiast on Pind. Nem. in Hym. ad Thyæum Uliæ filium Argi. τέλειος δὲ ὁ γάμος διὰ τὸ κατασκευαζειν τήν τελειότητα τοῦ βίου; that is, Nuptials are therefore called τέλειοι, because they affect perfection of life, and do note that maturity which should be in matrimony. For before nuptials, she is called Juno παρθένος, that is, Virgo; after nuptials, τέλεια, which is, Adulta, or Perfecta.

[1] Mentioned by Homer, *Ilia.* θ, which many have interpreted diversely, all allegorically. Pla. in Thæteto, understands it to be the Sun, which while he circles the world in his course, all things are safe, and preserved: others vary it. Macrob. (to whose interpretation I am specially affected in my allusion) considers it thus; in Som. Scip. libr. 1, cap. 14, Ergo cùm ex summo Deo mens, ex mente anima sit; anima vero et condat, et vita compleat omnia quæ sequuntur, cunctaque hic unus fulgor illuminet, et in universis appareat, ut in multis speculis, per ordinem positis, vultus unus: cumque omnia continuis successionibus se sequantur, degenerantia per ordinem ad imum meandi: invenietur pressius intuenti à summo

Than these: so sweetly tempered, so combined
By union and refined.
Here no contention, envy, grief, deceit,
Fear, jealousy have weight;
But all is peace, and love, and faith, and bliss:
What harmony like this?
The gall behind the altar quite is thrown;
This sacrifice hath none.
Now no affections rage, nor humours swell;
But all composéd dwell.
O Juno, Hymen, Hymen, Juno! who
Can merit with you two?
Without your presence, Venus can do nought,
Save what with shame is bought;
No father can himself a parent show,
Nor any house with prosperous issue grow.
O then, what deities will dare
With Hymen, or with Juno to compare?

This speech being ended, they dissolved: and all took forth other persons (men and women) to dance other measures, galliards, and corantos: the whilst this SONG *importuned them to a fit remembrance of the time.*

Think, yet, how night doth waste,
How much of time is past,
What more than wingéd haste
Your selves would take,
If you were but to taste
The joy the night doth cast
(O might it ever last)
On this bright virgin and her happy make.

Their dances yet lasting, they were the second time importuned by speech.

Deo usque ad ultimam rerum fæcem una mutuis se vinculis religans, et nusquam interrupta connexio. Et hæc est Homeri Catena aurea, quam pendere de cælo in terras Deum jussisse commemorat. To which strength and evenness of connexion, I have not absurdly likened this uniting of Humours and Affections by the sacred Powers of marriage.

Rea. See, see! the bright[1] Idalian star,
That lighteth lovers to their war,
Complains that you her influence lose;
While thus the night sports you abuse.
Hym. The longing bridegroom,[2] in the porch,
Shows you again the bated torch;
And thrice hath Juno[3] mixt her air
With fire, to summon your repair.
Rea. See, now she clean withdraws her light;
And, as you should, gives place to night,
That spreads her broad and blackest wing
Upon the world, and comes to bring
A[4] thousand several-coloured loves,
Some like sparrows some like doves,
That hop about the nuptial-room,
And fluttering there, against you come,
Warm the chaste bower, which [5] Cypria strows
With many a lily, many a rose.
Hym. Haste, therefore, haste, and call, away!
The gentle night is prest to pay
The usury of long delights,
She owes to these protracted rites.

At this, the whole scene being drawn again, and all covered with clouds, as a night, they left off their intermixed dances, and

---

[1] Stella Veneris, or Venus, which when it goes before the sun, is called Phosphorus, or Lucifer; when it follows, Hesperus, or Noctifer (as Cat. translates it). See Cic. 2, de Nat. Deor. Mar. Cap. de Nup. Phil. et Mer. l. 8. The nature of this star Pythagoras first found out: and the present office Clau. expresseth in Fescen. Atollens thalamis Idalium. jubar Dilectus Veneri nascitur Hesperus.

[2] It was a custom for the man to stand there, expecting the approach of his bride. See Hotto. de Rit. Nupt.

[3] Alluding to that of Virg. Æneid. 4, Prima et Tellus, et Pronuba Juno
Dant signum: fulsere ignes, et conscius æther
Connubii, &c.

[4] Stat. in Epit. Fulcra, torosque deæ, tenerum premit agmen Amorum. And Claud. in Epith. Pennati passim pueri, quo quemque vocavit Umbra, jacent. Both which proved the ancients feigned many Cupids. Read also Prop. eleg. 29, l. 2.

[5] Venus is so induced by Stat., Claud., and others, to celebrate nuptials.



returned to their first places: where, as they were but beginning to move, this SONG, *the third time, urged them.*

O know to end, as to begin:
A minute's loss in love is sin.
These humours will the night out-wear
In their own pastimes here;
You do our rites much wrong,
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures:
The night hath other treasures
Than these, though long concealed,
Ere day to be revealed.
Then, know to end, as to begin;
A minute's loss in love is sin.

Here they danced their last dances, full of excellent delight and change, and, in their latter strain, fell into a fair orb or circle; REASON *standing in the midst, and speaking.*

Rea. Here stay, and let your sports be crowned:
The perfect'st figure is the round.
Nor fell you in it by adventure,
When reason was your guide and centre.
This, this that beauteous [1] ceston is
Of lovers' many-coloured bliss.
Come, Hymen, make an inner ring,
And let the sacrificers sing;
Cheer up the faint and trembling bride,
That quakes to touch her bridegroom's side:
Tell her, what Juno is to Jove
The same shall she be to her love;
His wife: which we do rather measure
A [2] name of dignity than pleasure.
Up, youths! hold up your lights in air,
And shake abroad [3] their flaming hair.

---

[1] Venus's girdle, mentioned by Homer, *Ili.* ξ, which was feigned to be variously wrought with the needle, and in it woven love, desires, sweetness, soft parley, gracefulness, persuasion, and all the powers of Venus.

[2] See the words of Ælius Verus in Spartian.

[3] So Cat. in Nupt. Jul. et Manlii hath it. Viden' ut faces splendidas quatiunt comas? and by-and-by after, aureas quatiunt comas.

Now move united, and in gait,
As you, in pairs, do front the State,
With grateful honours thank His Grace
That hath so glorified the place:
And as, in circle, you depart
Linked hand in hand; so, heart in heart,
May all those bodies still remain
Whom he with so much sacred pain
No less hath bound within his realms
Than they are with the ocean's streams.
Long may his Union find increase,
As he, to ours, hath deigned his peace!

With this, to a soft strain of music, they paced once about, in their ring, every pair making their honours, as they came before the State: and then dissolving, went down in couples, led on by HYMEN, *the bride, and auspices following, as to the nuptial bower. After them, the musicians with this* SONG.

Glad time is at his point arrived,
For which love's hopes were so long lived.
  Lead, Hymen, lead away;
  And let no object stay,
  Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
  The turtles from their blisses.
  [1] 'Tis Cupid calls to arm;
  And this his last alarm.

Of this SONG, *then, only one staff was sung; but because I made it both in form and matter to emulate that kind of poem, which was called Epithalamium,*[2] *and by the ancients used to be sung when the bride was led into her chamber, I have here set it down whole; and do heartily forgive their ignorance whom it chanceth not to please. Hoping that* nemo doctus me jubeat Thalassionem verbis dicere non Thalassionis.

---

[1] This poem had for the most part versum intercalarem, or carmen amæbæum: yet that not always one, but oftentimes varied, and sometimes neglected in the same song, as in ours you shall find observed.

[2] It had the name à Thalamo; dictum est autem θάλαμος cubiculum Nuptiale primo suo significatu, παρὰ τὸ θάλλειν ἅμα, quod est simul genialem vitam agere. Scal. in Poet.



EPITHALAMION.

Glad time is at his point arrived,
For which love's hopes were so long lived.
Lead, Hymen, lead away;
And let no object stay,
Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
The turtles from their blisses.
'Tis Cupid calls to arm;
And this his last alarm.

Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love,
Anon, what you so fear to prove.
This is no killing war,
To which you presséd are;
But fair and gentle strife,
Which lovers call their life.
'Tis Cupid cries, to arm;
And this his last alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing
The prize which Hymen here doth bring.
And did so lately[1] rap
From forth the mother's lap,
To place her by that side
Where she must long abide.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

See! Hesperus is yet in view.
What star can so deserve of you?
Whose light doth still adorn
Your bride, that, ere the morn,
Shall far more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he;
When,[2] like to him, her name
Is changed, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure;
The covetous house would have you enter,

---

[1] The bride was always feigned to be ravished ex gremio matris: or (if she were wanting) ex proximâ necessitudine, because that had succeeded well to Romulus, who, by force, gat wives for him and his, from the Sabines. See Fast. and that of Catul. Qui rapis teneram ad virum virginem.

[2] When he is Phosphorus, yet the same star, as I have noted before.

That it might wealthy be,
And you, her[1] mistress, see:
Haste your own good to meet;
And[2] lift your golden feet
About the threshold high,
With prosperous augury.

Now, youths, let go your pretty arms;
The place within chants other charms.
Whole showers of roses flow;
And violets seem to grow,
Strewed in the chamber there,
As Venus' mead it were.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known
To agéd husbands of your own,
Place you our bride to-night;
And[3] snatch away the light:
That[4] she not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed;
Nor[4] he reserve the same
To help the funeral flame.

So! now you may admit him in;
The act he covets is no sin,
But chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve;
Without whose hallowing fires
All aims are base desires.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Now free from vulgar spite or noise,
May you enjoy your mutual joys;

---

[1] At the entrance of the bride, the custom was to give her the keys, to signify that she was absolutely mistress of the place, and the whole disposition of the family at her care. Fest.

[2] This was also another rite: that she might not touch the threshold as she entered, but was lifted over it. Servius saith, because it was sacred to Vesta. Plut. in Quæst. Rom. remembers divers causes. But that, which I take to come nearest the truth, was only the avoiding of sorcerous drugs, used by witches to be buried under that place, to the destroying of marriage amity, or the power of generation. See Alexand. in Genialibus, and Christ. Landus upon Catul.

[3] For this, look Fest. in Voc. Rapi.

[4] Quo utroque mors propinqua alterius ulterius captari putatur. Fest. ib.

Now, you no fear controls,
But lips may mingle souls;
And soft embraces bind
To each the other's mind,
Which may no power untie,
Till one or both must die!

And look, before you yield to slumber,
That your delights be drawn past number;
Joys, got with strife, increase.
Affect no sleepy peace;
But keep the bride's fair eyes
Awake with her own cries,
Which are but maiden fears:
And kisses dry such tears.

Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not cockles closer meet;
Nor may your murmuring loves
Be drowned by [1] Cypris' doves:
Let ivy not so bind
As when your arms are twined:
That you may both ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And, Juno, whose great powers protect
The marriage-bed, with good effect,
The labour of this night
Bless thou, for future light:
And thou, thy happy charge,
Glad Genius,[2] enlarge;
That they may both ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And Venus,[3] thou, with timely seed,
Which may their after-comforts breed,
Inform the gentle womb;
Nor let it prove a tomb:

---

[1] A frequent surname of Venus, not of the place, as Cypria: but quòd parere faciat, ἡ τὸ κυειν παρεχούσα, Theoph. Phurnut. and the grammarians upon Homer, see them.

[2] Deus Naturæ, sive gignendi. And is the same in the male, as Juno in the female. Hence Genialis Lectus, qui nuptiis sternitur, in honorem Genii. Fest. Genius meus, quia me genuit.

[3] She hath this faculty given by all the ancients. See Hom *Iliad.* θ, Lucret. in prim. Virg. in 2 Georg., &c.

But, ere ten moons be wasted,
The birth, by Cynthia hasted.
So may they both ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And, when the babe to light is shown,
Let it be like each parent known;
Much of the father's face,
More of the mother's grace;
And either grandsire's spirit,
And fame, let it inherit.
That men may bless the embraces,
That joinéd two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done;
Shut fast the door: and as they soon
To their perfection haste,
So may their ardours last.
So either's strength outlive
All loss that age can give:
And, though full years be told,
Their forms grow slowly old.

Hitherto extended the first night's solemnity, whose grace in the execution, left not where to add unto it, with wishing: I mean (nor do I court them) in those that sustained the nobler parts. Such was the exquisite performance, as, beside the pomp, splendour, or what we may call apparelling of such presentments, that alone (had all else been absent) was of power to surprise with delight, and steal away the spectators from themselves. Nor was there wanting whatsoever might give to the furniture or complement, either in richness, or strangeness of the habits, delicacy of dances, magnificence of the scene, or divine rapture of music. Only, the envy was, that it lasted not still; or, now it is past, cannot by imagination, much less description, be recovered to a part of that spirit it had in the gliding by.

Yet, that I may not utterly defraud the reader of his hope, I am drawn to give it those brief touches, which may leave behind some shadow of what it was: and first of the attires.

That of the lords, had part of it, for the fashion, taken from the antique Greek statues, mixed with some modern additions: which made it both graceful and strange. On their heads they wore Persic crowns, that were with scrolls of gold plate turned outward, and wreathed about with a carnation and silver net-lawn; the one end of which hung carelessly on the left shoulder; the other was tricked

up before, in several degrees of folds, between the plaits, and set with rich jewels and great pearl. Their bodies were of carnation cloth of silver, richly wrought, and cut to express the naked, in manner of the Greek thorax; girt under the breasts with a broad belt of cloth of gold, embroidered, and fastened before with jewels: their labels were of white cloth of silver, laced, and wrought curiously between, suitable to the upper half of their sleeves; whose nether parts with their bases, were of watchet cloth of silver, cheveroned all over with lace. Their mantles were of several-coloured silks, distinguishing their qualities, as they were coupled in pairs; the first, sky-colour; the second, pearl-colour; the third, flame-colour; the fourth, tawny; and these cut in leaves, which were subtilly tucked up, and embroidered with O's, and between every rank of leaves a broad silver race. They were fastened on the right shoulder, and fell compass down the back in gracious folds, and were again tied with a round knot to the fastening of their swords. Upon their legs they wore silver greaves, answering in work to their labels. And these were their accoutrements.

The ladies' attire was wholly new, for the invention, and full of glory; as having in it the most true impression of a celestial figure: the upper part of white cloth of silver, wrought with Juno's birds and fruits; a loose under garment, full gathered, of carnation, striped with silver, and parted with a golden zone; beneath that, another flowing garment, of watchet cloth of silver, laced with gold; through all which, though they were round and swelling, there yet appeared some touch of their delicate lineaments, preserving the sweetness of proportion, and expressing itself beyond expression. The attire of their heads did answer, if not exceed; their hair being carelessly (but yet with more art than if more affected) bound under the circle of a rare and rich coronet, adorned with all variety, and choice of jewels; from the top of which flowed a transparent veil, down to the ground; whose verge returning up, was fastened to either side in most sprightly manner. Their shoes were azure and gold, set with rubies and diamonds; so were all their garments; and every part abounding in ornament.

No less to be admired, for the grace and greatness, was the whole machine of the spectacle from whence they came: the first part of which was a ΜΙΚΡΟΚΟΣΜΟΣ, or globe, filled with countries, and those gilded; where the sea was exprest, heightened with silver waves. This stood, or rather hung (for no axle was seen to support it), and turning softly, discovered the first masque (as we have before, but too runningly, declared), which was of the men, sitting in fair composition, within a mine of several metals: to which the lights were

so placed, as no one was seen; but seemed as if only Reason, with the splendour of her crown, illumined the whole grot.

On the sides of this, which began the other part, were placed two great statues, feigned of gold, one of Atlas, the other of Hercules, in varied postures, bearing up the clouds, which were of relievo, embossed, and tralucent as naturals: to these a cortine of painted clouds joined, which reached to the utmost roof of the hall; and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in the highest of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets, and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to the lowest: where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring airy spirits, their habits various, and resembling the several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection. The midst was all of dark and condensed clouds, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made; out of which two concave clouds from the rest thrust forth themselves (in nature of those Nimbi, wherein, by Homer, Virgil, &c., the gods are feigned to descend), and these carried the eight ladies over the heads of the two terms;[1] who, as the engine moved, seemed also to bow themselves (by virtue of their shadows) and discharge their shoulders of their glorious burden: when having set them on the earth, both they and the clouds gathered themselves up again, with some rapture of the beholders.

But that, which (as above in place, so in the beauty) was most taking in the spectacle, was the sphere of fire, in the top of all, encompassing the air, and imitated with such art and industry, as the spectators might discern the motion (all the time the shows lasted) without any mover; and that so swift, as no eye could distinguish any colour of the light, but might form to itself five hundred several hues out of the tralucent body of the air, objected betwixt it and them.

And this was crowned with a statue of Jupiter the Thunderer.

---

[1] Atlas and Hercules, the figures mentioned before.

THE BARRIERS.

ON the next night, whose solemnity was of BARRIERS (all mention of the former being utterly removed and taken away), there appeared, at the lower end of the hall, a mist made of delicate perfumes; out of which (a battle being sounded under the stage) did seem to break forth two ladies, the one representing TRUTH, the other OPINION; but both so like attired, as they could by no note be distinguished. The colour of their garments was blue, their socks white; they were crowned with wreaths of palm, and in their hand each of them sustained a palm-bough. These, after the mist was vanished, began to examine each other curiously with their eyes, and approaching the State, the one expostulated the other in this manner:

Truth. Who art thou, thus that imitat'st my grace,
In steps, in habit, and resembled face?
Opin. Grave Time[1] and Industry my parents are;
My name is Truth, who, through these sounds of war,
Which figure the wise mind's discursive sight,
In mists by Nature wrapt, salute the light.
Truth. I am that Truth, thou some illusive spright;
Whom to my likeness, the black sorceress Night
Hath of these dry and empty fumes created.
Opin. Best herald of thine own birth, well related,
Put me and mine to proof of words and facts,
In any question this fair hour exacts.
Truth. I challenge thee, and fit this time of love,
With this position, which Truth comes to prove;

---

[1] Truth is feigned to be the daughter of Saturn: who indeed, with the ancients, was no other than time, and so his name alludes, Κρόνος. Plut. in Quæst. To which confer the Greek Adage, ἄγει δὲ πρὸς φῶς τήν ἀλήθειαν χρόνος.

That the most honoured state of man and wife,
Doth far exceed the insociate virgin life.
Opin. I take the adverse part; and she that best
Defends her side, be Truth by all confest.
Truth. It is confirmed. With what an equal brow
To Truth,[1] Opinion's confident! and how
Like Truth her habit shows to sensual eyes;
But whosoe'er thou be, in this disguise,
Clear Truth, anon, shall strip thee to the heart;
And show how mere fantastical thou art.
Know, then, the first production of things
Requiréd two; from mere one nothing springs:
Without that knot the theme thou gloriest in
(The unprofitable virgin) had not been.
The golden tree of marriäge began
In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man;
On whose sweet branches angels sat and sung,
And from whose firm root all society sprung.
Love (whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's soul in earth,
And made a woman glory in his birth)
In marriage opens his inflaméd breast;
And lest in him nature should stifled rest,
His genial fire about the world he darts,
Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with hearts.
Marriage Love's object is; at whose bright eyes,
He lights his torches, and calls them his skies.
For her he wings his shoulders; and doth fly
To her white bosom as his sanctuary:
In which no lustful finger can profane him,
Nor any earth with black eclipses wane him.
She makes him smile in sorrows, and doth stand
'Twixt him and all wants, with her silver hand.
In her soft locks his tender feet are tied;

[1] Hippocrat. in a certain epistle to Philopœm. describeth her, Mulierem, quæ non mala videatur, sed audacior aspectu et concitatior. To which Cesare Ripa, in his Iconolog. alludeth in these words, Faccia, nè bella, nè dispiacevole, &c.

And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
And as geometricians have approved
That lines and superficies are not moved
By their own forces, but do follow still
Their bodies' motions, so the self-loved will
Of man or woman should not rule in them,
But each with other wear the anadem.
Mirrors, though decked with diamonds, are nought worth
If the like forms of things they set not forth;
So men or women are worth nothing neither,
If either's eyes and hearts present not either.

Opin. Untouched Virginity, laugh out; to see
Freedom in fetters placed, and urged 'gainst thee.
What griefs lie groaning on the nuptial bed?
What dull society? in what sheets of lead
Tumble and toss the restless married pair,
Each oft offended with the other's air?
From whence springs all-devouring avarice,
But from the cares which out of wedlock rise?
And, where there is in life's best-tempered fires
An end set in itself to all desires,
A settled quiet, freedom never checked;
How far are married lives from this effect?
Euripus,[1] that bears ships in all their pride
'Gainst roughest winds with violence of his tide,
And ebbs and flows seven times in every day,
Toils not more turbulent or fierce than they.
And then what rules husbands prescribe their wives!
In their eyes' circles they must bound their lives.
The moon, when farthest from the sun she shines,
Is most refulgent; nearest, most declines:
But your poor wives far off must never roam,
But waste their beauties near their lords at home:
And when their lords range out, at home must hide,

[1] A narrow sea, between Aulis, a port of Bœotia, and the isle Eubœa. See Pomp. Mela, lib. 2.

Like to begged monopōlies, all their pride.
When their lords list to feed a serious fit,
They must be serious; when to show their wit
In jests and laughter, they must laugh and jest;
When they wake, wake; and when they rest, must rest;
And to their wives men give such narrow scopes,
As if they meant to make them walk on ropes:
No tumblers bide more peril of their necks
In all their tricks, than wives in husbands' checks.
Where virgins, in their sweet and peaceful state,
Have all things perfect; spin their own free fate;
Depend on no proud second; are their own
Centre and circle; now and always one.
To whose example we do still hear named
One God, one nature, and but one world framed,
One sun, one moon, one element of fire,
So of the rest; one king, that doth inspire
Soul to all bodies, in their royal sphere.

Truth. And where is marriage more declared than there?
Is there a band more strict than that doth tie
The soul and body in such unity?
Subjects to sovereigns; doth one mind display
In the one's obedience, and the other's sway?
Believe it, marriage suffers no compare,
When both estates are valued as they are.
The virgin were a strange and stubborn thing,
Would longer stay a virgin than to bring
Herself fit use and profit in a make.

Opin. How she doth err, and the whole heaven mistake!
Look, how a flower that close in closes grows,
Hid from rude cattle, bruiséd with no ploughs,
Which the air doth stroke, sun strengthen, showers shoot higher,
It many youths, and many maids desire;
The same, when cropt by cruel hand 'tis withered,
No youths at all, no maidens have desired:
So a virgin, while untouched she doth remain,

Is dear to hers; but when with body's stain
Her chaster flower is lost, she leaves to appear
Or sweet to young men, or to maidens dear.
That conquest then may crown me in this war,
Virgins, O virgins, fly from Hymen far.
Truth. Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield,
For as a lone vine, in a naked field,
Never extols her branches, never bears
Ripe grapes, but with a headlong heaviness wears
Her tender body, and her highest sprout
Is quickly levelled with her fading root;
By whom no husbandman, no youths will dwell;
But if by fortune, she be married well
To the elm her husband, many husbandmen
And many youths inhabit by her, then:
So whilst a virgin doth, untouched, abide,
All unmanured, she grows old with her pride;
But when to equal wedlock, in fit time,
Her fortune, and endeavour lets her climb,
Dear to her love, and parents she is held.
Virgins, O virgins, to sweet Hymen yield.
Opin. These are but words; hast thou a knight will try,
By stroke of arms, the simple verity?
Truth. To that high proof I would have daréd thee.
I'll straight fetch champions for the bride and me.
Opin. The like will I do for virginity.

Here they both descended the hall, where at the lower end, a march being sounded with drums and fifes, there entered (led forth by the Earl of Nottingham, who was Lord High Constable for that night, and the Earl of Worcester, Earl Marshal) sixteen knights armed with pikes and swords; their plumes and colours, carnation and white; all richly accoutred, and making their honours to the State, as they marched by in pairs, were all ranked on one side of the hall. They placed sixteen others, like accoutred for riches and arms, only that their colours were varied to watchet and white; who were by the same earls led up, and passing in like manner by the State, placed on the opposite side.

By this time, the BAR *being brought up,* TRUTH *proceeded.*

Truth. Now join; and if this varied trial fail
To make my truth in wedlock's praise prevail,
I will retire, and in more power appear,
To cease this strife, and make our question clear.

Whereat OPINION *insulting, followed her with this speech.*

Opin. Ay, do; it were not safe thou shouldst abide:
This speaks thy name, with shame to quit thy side.

Here the champions on both sides addrest themselves for fight, first single; after, three to three: and performed it with that alacrity and vigour, as if Mars himself had been to triumph before Venus, and invented a new masque. When on a sudden (the last six having scarcely ended), a striking light seemed to fill all the hall, and out of it an ANGEL *or messenger of glory appearing.*

Angel. Princes, attend a tale of height and wonder,
Truth is descended in a second thunder,
And now will greet you, with judicial state,
To grace the nuptial part in this debate,
And end with reconciléd hands these wars.
Upon her head she wears a crown of stars,
Through which her orient hair waves to her waist,
By which believing mortals hold her fast,
And in those golden cords are carried even
Till with her breath she blows them up to heaven.
She wears a robe enchased with eagles' eyes,
To signify her sight in mysteries:
Upon each shoulder sits a milk-white dove,
And at her feet do witty serpents move:
Her spacious arms do reach from east to west,
And you may see her heart shine through her breast.
Her right hand holds a sun with burning rays,
Her left a curious bunch of golden keys
With which heaven's gates she locketh and displays.
A crystal mirror hangeth at her breast,
By which men's consciences are searched, and drest:

On her coach-wheels Hypocrisy lies racked;
And squint-eyed Slander, with Vain-glory backed.
Her bright eyes burn to dust, in which shines Fate:
An angel ushers her triumphant gait,
Whilst with her fingers fans of stars she twists,
And with them beats back Error, clad in mists.
Eternal Unity behind her shines,
That fire and water, earth and air combines.
Her voice is like a trumpet loud and shrill,
Which bids all sounds in earth and heaven be still.
And see! descended from her chariot now,
In this related pomp she visits you.

Enter TRUTH.

Truth. Honour to all that honour nuptials,
To whose fair lot, in justice, now it falls,
That this my counterfeit be here disclosed,
Who, for virginity, hath herself opposed.
Nor though my brightness do undo her charms,
Let these her knights think that their equal arms
Are wronged therein: for valour wins applause,
That dares but to maintain the weaker cause.
And princes, see, 'tis mere Opinion
That in Truth's forcéd robe, for Truth hath gone!
Her gaudy colours, pieced with many folds,
Show what uncertainties she ever holds:
Vanish, adulterate Truth! and never dare
With proud maids' praise to press where nuptials are.
And, champions, since you see the truth I held,
To sacred Hymen, reconciléd, yield:
Nor so to yield think it the least despight:
It is a conquest to submit to right.
This Royal Judge of our contention
Will prop, I know, what I have undergone;
To whose right sacred Highness I resign,
Low at his feet, this starry crown of mine,

To show his rule and judgment is divine;
These doves to him I consecrate withal,
To note his innocence, without spot or gall;
These serpents, for his wisdom: and these rays,
To show, his piercing splendour: these bright keys,
Designing power to ope the ported skies
And speak their glories to his subjects' eyes.
  Lastly, this heart, with which all hearts be true:
  And Truth in him make treason ever rue.

With this they were led forth, hand in hand, reconciled, as in triumph. And thus the solemnities ended.

Vivite concordes, et nostrum discite munus.

THE HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

THE worthy custom of honouring worthy marriages with these noble solemnities, hath of late years advanced itself frequently with us; to the reputation no less of our court, than nobles; expressing besides (through the difficulties of expense and travail, with the cheerfulness of undertaking) a most real affection in the personators to those for whose sake they would sustain these persons. It behoves then us, that are trusted with a part of their honour in these celebrations, to do nothing in them beneath the dignity of either. With this proposed part of judgment, I adventure to give that abroad which in my first conception I intended honourably fit: and, though it hath laboured since under censure, I, that know truth to be always of one stature, and so like a rule as who bends it the least way must needs do an injury to the right, cannot but smile at their tyrannous ignorance, that will offer to slight me (in these things being an artificer) and give themselves a peremptory license to judge, who have never touched so much as to the bark or utter shell of any knowledge. But their daring dwell with them. They have found a place to pour out their follies; and I a seat to sleep out the passage.

The scene to this Masque was a high, steep, red cliff, advancing itself into the clouds, figuring the place, from whence (as I have been, not fabulously, informed) the honourable family of the Radcliffs first took their name, *a clivo rubro*, and is to be written with that orthography; as I have observed out of Master Camden, in his mention of the Earls of Sussex. This cliff was also a note of height, greatness, and antiquity. Before which, on the two sides, were erected two pilasters, charged with spoils and trophies of Love and his mother, consecrate to marriage: amongst which, were old and young persons figured, bound with roses, the wedding garments, rocks and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds

of such like; all wrought round and bold: and overhead two personages, Triumph and Victory, in flying postures, and twice so big as the life, in place of the arch, and holding a garland of myrtle for the key. All which, with the pillars, seemed to be of burnished gold, and embossed out of the metal. Beyond the cliff was seen nothing but clouds, thick and obscure; till on the sudden, with a solemn music, a bright sky breaking forth, there were discovered first two doves,[1] then two swans,[1] with silver gears, drawing forth a triumphant chariot in which Venus sat, crowned with her star, and beneath her the three Graces, or Charites, Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, all attired according to their antique figures. These, from their chariot, alighted on the top of the cliff, and descending by certain abrupt and winding passages, Venus having left her star only flaming in her seat, came to the earth, the Graces throwing garlands all the way, and began to speak.

Ven. It is no common cause, ye will conceive,
My lovely Graces, makes your goddess leave
Her State in heaven, to-night, to visit earth.
Love late is fled away, my eldest birth,
Cupid, whom I did joy to call my son;
And, whom long absent, Venus is undone.
Spy, if you can, his footsteps on this green;
For here, as I am told, he late hath been,
With divers of his brethren,[2] lending light
From their best flames to gild a glorious night;
Which I not grudge at, being done for her
Whose honours to mine own I still prefer.
But he not yet returning, I'm in fear,
Some gentle Grace, or innocent Beauty here,
Be taken with him: or he hath surprised
A second Psyche, and lives here disguised.
Find ye no track of his strayed feet?

---

1 Both doves and swans were sacred to this goddess, and as well with the one as the other, her chariot is induced by Ovid, lib. 10 and 11 Metamor.

2 Alluding to the Loves (the torch-bearers) in the Queen's Masque before.

1 *Gra.* Not I.

2 *Gra.* Nor I.

3 *Gra.* Nor I.

Ven. Stay, nymphs, we then will try
A nearer way. Look all these ladies' eyes,
And see if there he not concealéd lies;
Or in their bosoms, 'twixt their swelling breasts;
The wag affects to make himself such nests:
Perchance he hath got some simple heart, to hide
His subtle shape in; I will have him cry'd,
And all his virtues told! that, when they'd know
What spright he is, she soon may let him go
That guards him now; and think herself right blest
To be so timely rid of such a guest.
Begin, soft GRACES, and proclaim reward
To her that brings him in. Speak to be heard.

1 *Grace.* Beauties have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy,[1]
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say?
He is Venus' runaway.

2 *Grace.* She that will but now discover
Where the wingéd wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

3 *Grace.* He hath marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

[1] In this Love, I express Cupid, as he is Veneris filius, and owner of the following qualities, ascribed him by the antique and later poets.

1 *Grace.* At his sight the sun hath turned,[1]
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;[2]
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the centre to the sky,
Are his trophies rearéd high.[3]
2 *Grace.* Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.
3 *Grace.* He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.
1 *Grace.* Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.
2 *Grace.* Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.
3 *Grace.* Idle minutes are his reign;
Then, the straggler makes his gain,

---

[1] See Lucian. Dial. Deor.
[2] And Claud. in raptu Proserp.
[3] Such was the power ascribed him, by all the ancients: whereof there is extant an elegant Greek epigram. Phil. Poe. wherein he makes all the other deities despoiled by him, of their ensigns; Jove of his thunder, Phœbus of his arrows, Hercules of his club, &c.

By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys:
'Tis the ambition of the elf,
To have all childish as himself.

1 *Grace.* If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2 *Grace.* Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3 *Grace.* Since you hear his falser play;
And that he's Venus' runaway.

At this, from behind the trophies, CUPID *discovered himself, and came forth armed; attended with twelve boys, most anticly attired, that represented the sports, and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love, under the titles of Joci and Risus; and are said to wait on* VENUS, *as she is Præfect of Marriage.*[1]

Cup. Come, my little jocund Sports,
Come away; the time now sorts
With your pastime: this same night
Is Cupid's day. Advance your light.
With your revel fill the room,
That our triumphs be not dumb.

Wherewith they fell into a subtle capricious dance, to as odd a music, each of them bearing two torches, and nodding with their antic faces, with other variety of ridiculous gesture, which gave much occasion of mirth and delight to the spectators. The dance ended, CUPID *went forward.*

Cup. Well done, anticks! now my bow,
And my quiver bear to show;
That these beauties, here, may know,
By what arms this feat was done,
That hath so much honour won
Unto Venus and her son.

At which, his mother apprehended him: and circling him in, with the Graces, began to demand.

---

[1] Which Horat. consents to, Car. lib. 1, ode 2,
——Erycina ridens,
Quam Jocus circum volat, et Cupido.

Ven. What feat, what honour is it that you boast,
My little straggler? I had given you lost,
With all your games, here.
Cup. Mother!
Ven. Yes, sir, she.
What might your glorious cause of triumph be?
Have you shot Minerva[1] or the Thespian dames?
Heat agéd Ops again,[2] with youthful flames?
Or have you made the colder Moon to visit
Once more a sheepcote? Say, what conquest is it
Can make you hope such a renown to win?
Is there a second Hercules brought to spin?
Or, for some new disguise, leaves Jove his thunder?
Cup. Nor that, nor those, and yet no less a wonder—[3]
[*He espies* HYMEN.
Which to tell, I may not stay:
Hymen's presence bids away;
'Tis, already, at his night,
He can give you further light.
You, my Sports, may here abide,
Till I call to light the bride. [*Slips from her.*

Enter HYMEN.

Hy. Venus, is this a time to quit your car?
To stoop to earth, to leave alone your star,
Without your influence, and, on such a night,[4]
Which should be crowned with your most cheering sight,
As you were ignorant of what were done
By Cupid's hand, your all-triúmphing son?

---

1 She urges these as miracles, because Pallas, and the Muses, are most contrary to Cupid. See Luc. Dial. Ven. et Cupid.

2 Rhea, the mother of the gods, whom Lucian, in that place, makes to have fallen frantically in love by Cupid's means, with Atys. So of the Moon, with Endymion, Hercules, &c.

3 Here Hymen, the god of marriage, entered; and was so induced here, as you have him described in my Hymenæi.

4 When she is nuptiis præfecta, with Juno, Suadela, Diana, and Jupiter himself. Paus. in Messeniac. et Plut. in Problem.

Look on this State; and if you yet not know,
What crown there shines, whose sceptre here doth grow;
Think on thy loved Æneas, and what name,
Maro, the golden trumpet of his fame,
Gave him, read thou in this. A prince that draws
By example more, than others do by laws:[1]
That is so just to his great act and thought,
To do, not what kings may, but what kings ought.
Who, out of piety, unto peace is vowed,
To spare his subjects, yet to quell the proud;
And dares esteem it the first fortitude,
To have his passions, foes at home, subdued.
That was reserved, until the Parcæ spun
Their whitest wool; and then his thread begun,
Which thread when treason would have burst,[2] a soul
To-day renowned, and added to my roll,[3]
Opposed; and, by that act, to his name did bring
The honour to be saver of his king.
This king whose worth, if gods for virtue love,
Should Venus with the same affections move
As her Æneas; and no less endear
Her love to his safety, than when she did cheer,
After a tempest,[4] long-afflicted Troy,
Upon the Lybian shore, and brought them joy.

Ven. I love, and know his virtues, and do boast
Mine own renown, when I renown him most.
My Cupid's absence I forgive, and praise,
That me to such a present grace could raise.
His champion shall, hereafter, be my care:

---

[1] Æneas, the son of Venus, Virgil makes throughout, the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues, with whom (in way of that excellence) I confer my sovereign, applying in his description his own word usurped of that poet, Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

[2] In that monstrous conspiracy of E. Gowry.

[3] Titulo tunc crescere posses,
Nunc per te titulus.

[4] Virg. Æneid. lib. I.

But speak his bride, and what her virtues are.
Hy. She is a noble virgin, styled, the Maid
Of the Red-cliff, and hath her dowry weighed
No less in virtue, blood, and form, than gold;
Thence, where my pillar's reared, you may behold
Filled with love's trophies, doth she take her name.
Those pillars did uxorious Vulcan frame,[1]
Against this day, and underneath that hill
He and his Cyclopes are forging still
Some strange and curious piece, to adorn the night
And give these gracéd nuptials greater light.

Here VULCAN *presented himself, as overhearing* HYMEN, *attired in a cassock girt to him, with bare arms, his hair and beard rough; his hat of blue, and ending in a cone; in his hand a hammer and tongs, as coming from the forge.*

Vul. Which I have done; the best of all my life;
And have my end, if it but please my wife
And she commend it to the laboured worth.
Cleave, solid rock! and bring the wonder forth.

At which with a loud and full music, the cliff parted in the midst, and discovered an illustrious concave, filled with an ample and glistering light, in which an artificial sphere was made of silver, eighteen foot in the diameter, that turned perpetually: the coluri were heightened with gold; so were the arctic and antarctic circles, the tropics, the equinoctial, the meridian and horizon; only the zodiac was of pure gold: in which the masquers, under the characters of the twelve signs, were placed, answering them in number; whose offices, with the whole frame, as it turned, VULCAN *went forward to describe.*

It is a sphere I've formèd round and even,
In due proportion to the sphere of heaven,

[1] The ancient poets, whensoever they would intend anything to be done with great mastery, or excellent art, made Vulcan the artificer, as Hom. Il Σ. in the forging of Achilles's armour, and Virg. for Æneas, Æneid. 8. He is also said to be the god of fire and light. Sometime taken for the purest beam: and by Orph. in Hym. celebrated for the sun and moon. But more especially by Eurip. in Troad. he is made Facifer in Nuptiis. Which present office we give him here, as being Calor Naturæ, and Præses Luminis. See Plat. in Cratyl. For his description, read Pausan. in Eliac.



With all his lines and circles, that compose
The perfect'st form, and aptly to disclose
The heaven of marriage: which I title it:
Within whose zodiac, I have made to sit,
In order of the signs, twelve sacred powers,
That are presiding at all nuptial hours:

The first, in Aries' place, respecteth pride
Of youth, and beauty; graces in the bride.
In Taurus, he loves strength and manliness;
The virtues which the bridegroom should profess.
In Gemini, that noble power is shown,
That twins their hearts, and doth of two make one.
In Cancer, he that bids the wife give way
With backward yielding to her husband's sway.
In Leo, he that doth instil the heat
Into the man: which from the following seat
Is tempered so, as he that looks from thence
Sees yet they keep a Virgin innocence.
In Libra's room, rules he that doth supply
All happy beds with sweet equality.
The Scorpion's place he fills, that makes the jars
And stings in wedlock; little strifes and wars:
Which he, in th' Archer's throne, doth soon remove,
By making with his shafts new wounds of love.
And those the follower with more heat inspires,
As, in the Goat, the sun renews his fires.
In wet Aquarius' stead, reigns he that showers
Fertility upon the genial bowers.
Last, in the Fishes' place, sits he doth say,
In married joys all should be dumb as they.
And this hath Vulcan for his Venus done,
To grace the chaster triumph of her son.

Ven. And for this gift, will I to heaven return,
And vow for ever that my lamp shall burn

With pure and chastest fire; or never shine[1]
But when it mixeth with thy sphere and mine.

Here VENUS *returned to her chariot, with the Graces; while* VULCAN, *calling out the priests of Hymen, who were the musicians, was interrupted by* PYRACMON.[2]

Vul. Sing then, ye priests.
Pyrac. Stay, Vulcan, shall not these
Come forth and dance?
Vul. Yes, my Pyracmon, please
The eyes of these spectators with our art.[3]
Pyrac. Come here then, Brontes, bear a Cyclop's part,
And Steropes, both with your sledges stand,
And strike a time unto them as they land;
And as they forwards come, still guide their paces,
In musical and sweet proportioned graces;
While I upon the work and frame attend,
And Hymen's priests forth, at their seasons, send
To chaunt their hymns; and make this square admire
Our great artificer, the god of fire.

Here the musicians, attired in yellow, with wreaths of marjoram, and veils like Hymen's priests, sung the first staff of the following Epithalamion: which, because it was sung in pieces between the dances, showed to be so many several songs; but was made to be read an entire poem. After the song, they came (descending in an oblique motion) from the Zodiac, and danced their first dance; then music interposed (but varied with voices, only keeping the same chorus), they danced

---

1 As Catul. hath it in Nup. Jul. et Manl. without Hymen, which is marriage, Nil potest Venus, fama quod bona comprobet, &c.

2 One of the Cyclops, of whom, with the other two, Brontes and Steropes, see Virg. Æneid.

Ferrum exercebant vasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque, Steropesque et nudus membra Pyracmon, &c.

3 As when Hom. Iliad. Σ, makes Thetis, for her son Achilles, to visit Vulcan's house, he feigns that Vulcan had made twenty tripods, or stools with golden wheels, to move of themselves miraculously, and go out and return fitly. To which the invention of our dance alludes, and is in the poet a most elegant place, and worthy the tenth reading.

their second dance. So after, their third and fourth dances, which were all full of elegancy and curious device. And thus it ended.[1]

EPITHALAMION.

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days,
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

What joy or honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spouséd have the foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,

---

[1] The two latter dances were made by Master Thomas Giles, the two first by Master Hier. Herne: who, in the persons of the two Cyclopes, beat a time to them with their hammers. The tunes were Master Alphonso Ferrabosco's. The device and act of the scene Master Inigo Jones's, with addition of the trophies. For the invention of the whole, and the verses, Assertor qui dicat esse meos, imponet plagiario pudorem.

The attire of the masquers throughout was most graceful and noble, partaking of the best both ancient and later figure. The colours carnation and silver, enriched both with embroidery and lace. The dressing of their heads, feathers and jewels; and so excellently ordered to the rest of the habit as all would suffer under any description after the show. Their performance of all, so magnificent and illustrious, that nothing can add to the seal of it, but the subscription of their names:

The Duke of LENOX.	Lord of WALDEN.
Earl of ARUNDELL.	Lord HAY.
Earl of PEMBROKE.	Lord SANKRE.
Earl of MONTGOMERY.	Sir Ro. RICHE.
Lord D'AUBIGNY.	Sir Jo. KENNETHIE.

Master ERSKINE.

And long perfection see:
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

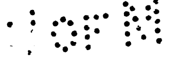
The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state but more of kind:
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war:
That what these are,
Who will perfection see,
May haste to be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

Love's Commonwealth consists of toys;
His Council are those antic boys,
Games, Laughter, Sports, Delights,
That triumph with him on these nights:
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins, and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And, in that jar,
Make all, that married be,
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her that would be a matron made?
Good-night, whilst yet we may
Good-night, to you a virgin, say:
To-morrow rise the same
Your mother is,[1] and use a nobler name.
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That, what you are,
By your perfection, we
And all may see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

To-night is Venus' vigil kept.
This night no bridegroom ever slept;

[1] A wife or matron: which is a name of more dignity than virgin. D. Heins. in Nup. Ottonis Heurnii. Cras matri similis tuæ redibis.



And if the fair bride do,
The married say, 'tis his fault too.
Wake then, and let your lights
Wake too; for they'll tell nothing of your nights,
But that in Hymen's war
You perfect are.
And such perfection, we
Do pray should be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

That, ere the rosy-fingered morn
Behold nine moons, there may be born
A babe, to uphold the fame
Of Ratcliffe's blood and Ramsey's name:
That may, in his great seed,
Wear the long honours of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are:
And all perfection, we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wishéd star!

THE MASQUE OF QUEENS;

CELEBRATED FROM THE HOUSE OF FAME

BY THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN WITH HER LADIES

At Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

[Dedication.]

TO THE GLORY OF OUR OWN, AND GRIEF OF OTHER NATIONS, MY LORD

HENRY

PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN, ETC.

SIR,—When it hath been my happiness (as would it were more frequent) but to see your face, and, as passing by, to consider you; I have with as much joy, as I am now far from flattery in professing it, called to mind that doctrine of some great inquisitors in Nature, who hold every royal and heroic form to partake and draw much to it of the heavenly virtue. For, whether it be that a divine soul, being to come into a body, first chooseth a palace for itself; or, being come, doth make it so; or that Nature be ambitious to have her work equal; I know not: but what is lawful for me to understand and speak, that I dare; which is, that both your virtue and your form did deserve your fortune. The one claimed that you should be born a prince, the other makes that you do become it. And when Necessity (excellent lord), the mother of the Fates, hath so provided, that your form should not more insinuate you to the eyes of men, than your virtue to their minds: it comes near a wonder to think how sweetly that habit flows in you, and with so hourly testimonies, which to all posterity might hold the dignity of examples. Amongst the rest, your favour to letters, and these gentler studies, that go under the title of Humanity, is not the least honour of your wreath. For, if once the worthy professors of these learnings shall come (as heretofore they were) to be the core of princes, the crowns

their sovereigns wear will not more adorn their temples; nor their stamps live longer in their medals, than in such subjects' labours. Poetry, my lord, is not born with every man, nor every day: and in her general right, it is now my minute to thank your Highness, who not only do honour her with your care, but are curious to examine her with your eye, and inquire into her beauties and strengths. Where though it hath proved a work of some difficulty to me, to retrieve the particular authorities (according to your gracious command, and a desire born out of judgment) to those things which I writ out of fullness and memory of my former readings: yet, now I have overcome it, the reward that meets me is double to one act: which is, that thereby your excellent understanding will not only justify me to your own knowledge, but decline the stiffness of other's original ignorance, already armed to censure. For which singular bounty, if my fate (most excellent Prince, and only delicacy of mankind) shall reserve me to the age of your actions, whether in the camp or the council-chamber, that I may write, at nights, the deeds of your days, I will then labour to bring forth some work as worthy of your fame as my ambition therein is of your pardon.

By the most true admirer of your Highness's virtues,

And most hearty celebrater of them,

BEN JONSON.

It increasing now to the third time of my being used in these services to Her Majesty's personal presentations, with the ladies whom she pleaseth to honour; it was my first and special regard, to see that the nobility of the invention should be answerable to the dignity of their persons. For which reason I chose the argument to be, *A celebration of honourable and true Fame, bred out of Virtue:* observing that rule of the best artist,[1] to suffer no object of delight to pass without his mixture of profit and example. And because Her Majesty (best knowing that a principal part of life, in these spectacles, lay in their variety) had commanded me to think on some dance or show, that might precede hers, and have the place of a foil, or false masque; I was careful to decline, not only from others, but mine own steps in that kind, since the last year [2] I had an anti-masque of boys; and therefore now devised, that twelve women, in the habit of hags, or witches, sustaining the persons of Ignorance, Suspicion, Credulity, &c., the opposites to good Fame, should fill that part; not as a masque, but a spectacle of strangeness, producing multiplicity of

[1] Hor. in Art. Poetic.

[2] In the masque at my lord Haddington's wedding.



gesture, and not unaptly sorting with the current, and whole fall of the device.

His Majesty, then, being set, and the whole company in full expectation, the part of the scene which first presented itself was an ugly Hell; which flaming beneath, smoked unto the top of the roof. And in respect all evils are morally said to come from hell; as also from that observation of Torrentius upon Horace's *Canidia*,[1] *quæ tot instructa venenis, ex Orci faucibus profecta videri possit:* these witches, with a kind of hollow and infernal music, came forth from thence. First one, then two, and three, and more, till their number increased to eleven; all differently attired: some with rats on their heads, some on their shoulders; others with ointment-pots at their girdles; all with spindles, timbrels, rattles, or other venefical instruments, making a confused noise, with strange gestures. The device of their attire was Master Jones's, with the invention and architecture of the whole scene and machine. Only I prescribed them their properties of vipers, snakes, bones, herbs, roots, and other ensigns of their magic, out of the authority of ancient and late writers, wherein the faults are mine if there be any found; and for that cause I confess them.

These eleven WITCHES beginning to dance (which is an usual ceremony[2] at their convents or meetings, where sometimes also they are vizarded and masked), on the sudden one of them missed their chief, and interrupted the rest with this speech.

Hag. Sisters, stay, we want our Dame;[3]
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we use to say;
That she quickly anoint,[4] and come away.

---

1 Vide Lævin. Tor. comment. in Hor. Epod. lib. ode 5.

2 See the King's Majesty's book (our sovereign) of Demonology, Bodin. Remig. Delrio. Mal. Malefi. and a world of others in the general: but let us follow particulars.

3 Amongst our vulgar witches, the honour of dame (for so I translate it) is given with a kind of pre-eminence to some special one at their meetings; which Delrio insinuates, Disquis. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 9, quoting that of Apuleius, lib. de Asin. aureo. de quadam caupona, regina Sagarum. And adds, ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas. Which title M. Philipp. Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ, quæst. 10, doth also remember.

4 When they are to be transported from place to place, they use to anoint themselves, and sometimes the things they ride on. Beside Apul. testimony, see these later, Remig. Dæmonolatriæ, lib. 1, cap. 14. Delrio, Disquis. Mag. l. 2, quæst. 16. Bodin. Dæmonoman. l. 2, c. 14. Barthol. de Spina. quæst. de Strigib. Philippo



1 *Charm.* Dame, dame! the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met.—
From the lakes, and from the fens,[1]
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the churchyards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we!

Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.

2 *Charm.* The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, on your horse of wood:[2]
Or else tuck up your grey frock,
And saddle your goat,[3] or your green cock,[4]

Ludwigus Elich. quæst. 10. Paracelsus in magn. et occul. Philosophia, teacheth the confection. Unguentum ex carne recens natorum infantium, in pulmenti forma coctum, et cum herbis somniferis, quales sunt Papaver, Solanum, Cicuta, &c. And Giov. Bapti. Porta, lib. 2, Mag. Natur. cap. 16.

[1] These places, in their own nature dire and dismal, are reckoned up as the fittest from whence such persons should come, and were notably observed by that excellent Lucan in the description of his Erichtho, lib. 6. To which we may add this corollary out of Agrip. de occult. philosop. l. 1, c. 48, Saturno correspondent loca quævis fœtida, tenebrosa, subterranea, religiosa et funesta, ut cœmeteria, busta, et hominibus deserta habitacula, et vetustate caduca, loca obscura, et horrenda, et solitaria antra, cavernæ, putei; præterea piscinæ, stagna, paludes, et ejusmodi. And in lib. 3, c. 42, speaking of the like, and in lib. 4, about the end, Aptissima sunt loca plurimum experientia visionum, nocturnarumque incursionum et consimilium phantasmatum, ut cœmeteria, et in quibus fieri solent executiones criminalis judicii, in quibus recentibus annis publicæ strages factæ sunt, vel ubi occisorum cadavera, necdum expiata, nec ritè sepulta, recentioribus annis subhumata sunt.

[2] Delrio, Disq. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 6, has a story out of Triezius of this horse of wood: but that which our witches call so, is sometimes a broom-staff, sometimes a reed, sometimes a distaff. See Remig. Dæmonol. lib. 1, cap. 14. Bodin. l. 2, cap. 4, &c.

[3] The goat is the Devil himself, upon whom they ride often to their solemnity, as appears by their confessions in Rem. and Bodin. ibid. His Majesty also remembers the story of the devil's appearance to those of Calicut, in that form, Dæmonol. lib. 2, cap. 3.

[4] Of the green cock we have no other ground (to confess ingenuously) than a vulgar fable of a witch that with a cock of that colour and a bottom of blue thread, would transport herself through the air; and so escaped (at the time of her being brought to execution) from the hand of justice. It was a tale when I went to school; and somewhat there is like it in Mart. Delr. Disq. Mag. lib. 2, quæst. 6, of one Zyti, a Bohemian, that, among other his dexterities, aliquoties

And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away;
For we all stay.

Nor yet? nay, then,
We'll try her agen.

3 *Charm.* The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain,
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning;[1]
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The ditch is made,[2] and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;

---

equis rhedariis vectum, gallis gallinaceis ad epirrhedium suum alligatis, subsequebatur.

[1] All this is but a periphrasis of the night, in their charm, and their applying themselves to it with their instruments, whereof the spindle in antiquity was the chief: and beside the testimony of Theocritus, in Pharmaceutria (who only used it in amorous affairs) was of special act to the troubling of the moon. To which Martial alludes, lib. 9, ep. 30, Quæ nunc Thessalico Lunam deducere rhombo, &c. And lib. 12, ep. 57, Cum secta Colcho Luna vapulat rhombo.

[2] This rite also of making a ditch with their nails is frequent with our witches, whereof see Bodin. Remig. Delr. Malleus Mal. Godelman. l. 2, de Lamiis, as also the antiquity of it most vively exprest by Hor. Satyr. 8, lib. 1, where he mentions the pictures, and the blood of a black lamb. All which are yet in use with our modern witchcraft. Scalpere terram (speaking of Canidia and Sagana)

Unguibus, et pullam divellere mordicus agnam
Cœperunt: cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde
Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.
Lanea et effigies erat, altera cerea, &c.

And then by-and-by,

————Serpentes atque videres
Infernas errare caneis, Lunamque rubentem,
Ne foret his testis, post magna latere sepulchra.

Of this ditch Homer makes mention in Circe's speech to Ulysses, Odyss. K, about the end, Βοθρον ὀρύξαι, &c. And Ovid. Metam. lib. 7, in Medea's magic,

Haud procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus
Sacra facit, cultrosque in gutture velleris atri
Conjicit, et patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.

And of the waxen images, in Hypsipyle's epistle to Jason, where he expresseth that mischief also of the needles:



Their livers I stick with needles quick;
 There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
 Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
 Spur, spur upon little Martin,[1]
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip in your hand, to make him go.

O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

At this the DAME[2] *entered to them, naked armed, barefooted, her frock tucked, her hair knotted, and folded with vipers; in her hand a torch made of a dead man's arm, lighted, girded with*

Devovet absentes, simulacraque cerea fingit;
Et miserum tenues in jecur urget acus.

Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2, cap. 8, hath (beside the known story of king Duffe out of Hector Boëtius) much of the witches later practice in that kind, and reports a relation of a French ambassador's, out of England, of certain pictures of wax found in a dunghill near Islington, of our late queen's: which rumour I myself (being then very young) can yet remember to have been current.

[1] Their little Martin is he that calls them to their conventicles, which is done in a human voice, but coming forth, they find him in the shape of a great buck goat, upon whom they ride to their meetings, Delr. Disq. Mag. quæst. 16, lib. 2. And Bod. Dæmon. lib. 2, cap. 4, have both the same relation from Paulus Grillandus, of a witch. Adveniente nocte et hora evocabatur voce quadam velut humana ab ipso Dæmone, quem non vocant Dæmonem, sed Magisterulum, aliæ Magistrum Martinettum, sive Martinellum. Quæ sic evocata, mox sumebat pyxidem unctionis et linebat corpus suum in quibusdam partibus et membris, quo linito exibat ex domo, et inveniebat Magisterulum suum in forma hirci illam expectantem apud ostium, super quo mulier equitabat, et applicare solebat fortiter manus ad crineis, et statim hircus ille adscendebat per aerem, et brevissimo tempore deferebat ipsam, &c.

[2] This dame I make to bear the person of Ate, or Mischief (for so I interpret it), out of Homer's description of her, Il. A, where he makes her swift to hurt mankind, strong, and sound of her feet; and Iliad. T, walking upon men's heads; in both places using one and the same phrase to signify her power, Βλαπτοῦσ' ἀνθρώπους, Lædens homines. I present her barefooted, and her frock tucked, to make her seem more expedite, by Horace's authority, Sat. 8, lib. 1, Succinctam vadere palla Canidiam pedibus nudis, passoque capillo. But for her hair, I rather respect another place of his, Epod. lib. ode 5, where she appears Canidia brevibus implicata viperis Crineis, et incomptum caput. And that of Lucan, lib. 6, speaking of Erichtho's attire,

Discolor, et vario Furialis cultus amictu
Induitur, vultusque aperitur crine remoto,
Et coma vipereis substringitur horrida sertis.

For her torch, see Remig. lib. 2, cap. 3.

a snake. To whom they all did reverence, and she spake, uttering, by way of question, the end wherefore they came.[1]

Dame. Well done, my Hags! And come we fraught with spite,
To overthrow the glory of this night?
Holds our great purpose?
Hag. Yes.
Dame. But wants there none
Of our just number?
Hags. Call us one by one,
And then our dame shall see.
Dame. First, then advance,[2]
My drowsy servant, stupid Ignorance,

---

1 Which if it had been done either before, or otherwise, had not been so natural. For to have made themselves their own decipherers, and each one to have told upon their entrance what they were, and whither they would, had been a piteous hearing, and utterly unworthy any quality of a poem: wherein a writer should always trust somewhat to the capacity of the spectator, especially at these spectacles; where men, beside inquiring eyes, are understood to bring quick ears, and not those sluggish ones of porters and mechanics, that must be bored through at every act with narrations.

2 In the chaining of these vices, I make as if one link produced another, and the Dame were born out of them all, so as they might say to her, Sola tenes scelerum quicquid possedimus omnes. Nor will it appear much violenced, if their series be considered, when the opposition to all virtue begins out of Ignorance, that Ignorance begets Suspicion (for Knowledge is ever open and charitable), that Suspicion, Credulity, as it is a vice; for being a virtue, and free, it is opposite to it: but such as are jealous of themselves, do easily credit anything of others whom they hate. Out of this Credulity springs Falsehood, which begets Murmur: and that of Murmur presently grows Malice, which begets Impudence: and that Impudence, Slander: that Slander, Execration: Execration, Bitterness: Bitterness, Fury: and Fury, Mischief. Now for the personal presentation of them, the authority in poetry is universal. But in the absolute Claudian, there is a particular and eminent place, where the poet not only produceth such persons, but almost to a like purpose, in Ruf. lib. 1, where Alecto, envious of the times,

————infernas ad limina tetra sorores
Concilium deforme vocat, glomerantur in unum
Innumeræ pestes Erebi, quascunque sinistro
Nox genuit fœtu: nutrix discordia belli,
Imperiosa fames, leto vicina senectus,
Impatiensque sui morbus, livorque secundis
Anxius, et scisso mœrens velamine luctus,
Et timor, et cæco præceps audacia vultu:

with many others, fit to disturb the world, as ours the night.

Known by thy scaly vesture; and bring on
Thy fearful sister, wild Suspicion,
[*As she names them they come forward.*
Whose eyes do never sleep; let her knit hands
With quick Credulity, that next her stands,
Who hath but one ear, and that always ope;
Two-facéd Falsehood follow in the rope;
And lead on Murmur, with the cheeks deep hung;
She, Malice, whetting of her forkéd tongue;
And Malice, Impudence, whose forehead's lost;
Let Impudence lead Slander on, to boast
Her oblique look; and to her subtle side,
Thou, black-mouthed Execration, stand applied;
Draw to thee Bitterness, whose pores sweat gall;
She, flame-eyed Rage; Rage, Mischief.

Hags. Here we are all.

Dame. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites[1]
To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honour blaze, thus to offend our eyes:
Show ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages: do what may beseem
Such names, and natures; Virtue else will deem
Our powers decreased, and think us banished earth,
No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrieve her age of gold.
We must not let our native manners, thus,
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not, but in us.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us disturb it then,[2] and blast the light;

---

[1] Here again by way of irritation, I make the dame pursue the purpose of their coming, and discover their natures more largely: which had been nothing, if not done as doing another thing, but moratio circa vilem patulumque orbem; than which, the poet cannot know a greater vice; he being that kind of artificer to whose work is required so much exactness, as indifferency is not tolerable.

[2] These powers of troubling nature, frequently ascribed to witches, and challenged

Mix hell with heaven, and make nature fight
Within herself; loose the whole hinge of things;
And cause the ends run back into their springs.
Hags. What our Dame bids us do,
We are ready for.
Dame. Then fall to.
But first relate me,[1] what you have sought,
Where you have been, and what you have brought.
1 *Hag.* I have been all day, looking after[2]
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatched this morsel out of her mouth.

---

by themselves wherever they are induced, by Homer, Ovid, Tibullus, Pet. Arbiter, Seneca, Lucan, Claudian, to whose authorities I shall refer more anon. For the present, hear Socrat. in Apul. de Asin. aureo, l. 1, describing Meroe the witch, Saga et divinipotens cœlum deponere, terram suspendere, fontes durare, montes diluere, manes sublimare, deos infimare, sidera extinguere, Tartarum ipsum illuminare; and l. 2, Byrrhena to Lucius, of Pamphile, Maga primi nominis, et omnis carminis sepulcralis magistra creditur, quæ surculis et lapillis, et id genus frivolis inhalatis, omnem istam lucem mundi sideralis, imis Tartari et in vetustum Chaos mergit: as also this latter of Remigius, in his most elegant arguments before his Dæmonolatria, Quâ possit evertere funditus orbem, Et maneis superis miscere, hæc unica cura est. And Lucan, Quarum quicquid non creditur, ars est.

[1] This is also solemn in their witchcraft, to be examined, either by the devil or their dame, at their meetings, of what mischief they have done: and what they can confer to a future hurt. See M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Dæmonomagiæ lib. quæst. 10. But Remigius, in the very form, lib. 1, Dæmonolat. c. 22, Quemadmodum solent heri in villicis procuratoribus, cum eorum rationes expendunt, segnitiem negligentiamque durius castigare; ita Dæmon, in suis comitiis, quod tempus examinandis cujusque rebus atque actionibus ipse constituit, eos pessimè habere consuevit, qui nihil afferunt quo se nequiores ac flagitiis cumulatiores doceant. Nec cuiquam adeo impune est, si à superiore conventu nullo se scelere novo obstrinxerit; sed semper oportet, qui gratus esse volet in alium, novum aliquod facinus fecisse: and this doth exceedingly solicit them all, at such times, lest they should come unprepared. But we apply this examination of ours to the particular use; whereby, also, we take occasion, not only to express the things (as vapours, liquors, herbs, bones, flesh, blood, fat, and such like, which are called Media magica), but the rites of gathering them, and from what places, reconciling, as near as we can, the practice of antiquity to the neoteric, and making it familiar with our popular witchcraft.

[2] For the gathering pieces of dead flesh, Cornel. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. lib. 3, cap. 42, and lib. 4, cap. ult. observes, that the use was to call up ghosts and spirits, with a fumigation made of that (and bones of carcasses) which I make my witch here, not to cut herself, but to watch the raven, as Lucan's Erichtho, lib. 6:

2 *Hag.* I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam and the adder's ears;
The spurging of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.
3 *Hag.* I last night lay all alone
On the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And plucked him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

Et quodcunque jacet nuda tellure cadaver
Ante feras volucresque sedet: nec carpere membra
Vult ferro manibusque suis, morsusque luporum
Expectat siccis raptura à faucibus artus.

As if that piece were sweeter which the wolf had bitten, or the raven had picked, and more effectuous: and to do it, at her turning to the south, as with the prediction of a storm. Which, though they be but minutes in ceremony, being observed, make the act more dark and full of horror.

2. Spuma canum, lupi crines, nodus hyenæ, oculi draconum, serpentis membrana, aspidis aures, are all mentioned by the ancients in witchcraft. And Lucan particularly, lib. 6:

Huc quicquid fœtu genuit natura sinistro
Miscetur, non spuma canum, quibus unda timori est,
Viscera non lyncis, non duræ nodus hyenæ
Defuit, &c.

And Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7, reckons up others. But for the spurging of the eyes, let us return to Lucan, in the same book, which piece (as all the rest) is written with an admirable height.

Ast ubi servantur saxis, quibus intimus humor
Ducitur, et tracta durescunt tabe medullæ
Corpora, tunc omnes avidè desævit in artus,
Immersitque manus oculis, gaudetque gelatos
Effodisse orbes, et siccæ pallida rodit
Excrementa manus.

3. Pliny writing of the mandrake, Nat. Hist. l. 25, c. 13, and of the digging it up, hath this ceremony, Cavent effossuri contrarium ventum, et tribus circulis ante gladio circumscribunt, postea fodiunt ad occasum spectantes. But we have later tradition, that the forcing of it up is so fatally dangerous, as the groan kills, and therefore they do it with dogs, which I think but borrowed from Josephus's report of the root Baæras, lib. 7, de Bel. Judaic. Howsoever, it being so principal an ingredient in their magic, it was fit she should boast, to be the plucker up of it herself. And, that the cock did crow, alludes to a prime circumstance in their work: for they all confess, that nothing is so cross, or baleful to them in their nights, as that the cock should crow before they have done. Which makes that their little masters or martinets, whom I have mentioned before, use this form in dismissing their conventions, Eja, facessite propere hinc omnes, nam jam galli canere incipiunt. Which I interpret to be, because that bird is the messenger of light, and so, contrary to their acts of

4 *Hag.* And I have been choosing out this skull
From charnel houses that were full,
From private grots, and public pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.
5 *Hag.* Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and when the child was asleep,
At night, I sucked the breath; and rose,
And plucked the nodding nurse by the nose.
6 *Hag.* I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind in the tail.

---

darkness. See Remig. Dæmonolat. lib. 1, cap. 4, where he quotes that of Apollonius, de umbra Achillis, Philostr. lib. 4, cap. 5. And Euseb. Cæsariens in confutat. contra Hicrecl. 4, de gallicinio.

4. I have touched at this before, in my note upon the first, of the use of gathering flesh, bones, and skulls: to which I now bring that piece of Apuleius, lib. 3, de Asino aureo, of Pamphile, Priusque apparatu solito instruxit feralem officinam, omne genus aromatis, et ignorabiliter laminis literatis, et infœlicium navium durantibus clavis defletorum, sepultorum etiam cadaverum expositis multis admodum membris, hic nares et digiti, illic carnosi clavi pendentium, alibi trucidatorum servatus cruor, et extorta dentibus ferarum trunca calvaria: and for such places, Lucan makes his witch to inhabit them, lib. 6, Desertaque busta Incolit, et tumulos expulsis obtinet umbris.

5. For this rite, see Barthol. de Spina, quæst. de Strigibus, cap. 8, Mal. Malefic. tom. 2, where he disputes at large the transformation of witches to cats, and their sucking both their spirits and the blood, calling them Striges, which Godelman, lib. de Lamiis, would have a stridore, et avibus fœdissimis ejusdem nominis, which I the rather incline to, out of Ovid's authority, Fast. lib. 6, where the poet ascribes to those birds, the same almost that these do to the witches.

Nocte volant, puerosque petunt nutricis egentes,
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis:
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.

6. Their killing of infants is common both for confection of their ointment (whereto one ingredient is the fat boiled, as I have showed before out of Paracelsus and Porta) as also out of a lust to do murder. Sprenger in Mal. Malefic. reports that a witch, a midwife in the diocese of Basil, confessed to have killed above forty infants (ever as they were new born, with pricking them in the brain with a needle) which she had offered to the devil. See the story of the three witches in Rem. Dæmonola. lib. cap. 3, about the end of the chapter. And M. Philippo Ludwigus Elich. Quæst. 8. And that it is no new rite, read the practice of Canidia, Epod. Horat. lib. ode 5, and Lucan, lib. 6, whose admirable verses I can never be weary to transcribe:



7 *Hag.* A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew; I clipped his hair,
I brought off his rags that danced in the air.
8 *Hag.* The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep sir Cranion in.
9 *Hag.* And I have been plucking, plants among,
Hemlock, henbane, adder's-tongue,

Nec cessant à cæde manus, si sanguine vivo
Est opus, erumpat jugulo qui primus aperto.
Nec refugit cædes, vivum si sacra cruorem
Extaque funereæ poscunt trepidantia mensæ.
Vulnere si ventris, non quâ natura vocabat,
Extrahitur partus calidis ponendus in aris;
Et quoties sævis opus est, et fortibus umbris
Ipsa facit manes. Hominum mors omnis in usu est.

7. The abuse of dead bodies in their witchcraft, both Porphyrio and Psellus are grave authors of. The one lib. de sacrif. de vero cultu. The other lib. de Dæmo. which Apuleius toucheth too, lib. 2, de Asin. aureo. But Remigius, who deals with later persons, and out of their own mouths, Dæmonol. lib. 2, cap. 3, affirms, Hæc et nostræ ætatis maleficis hominibus moris est facere, præsertim si cujus supplicio affecti cadaver exemplo datum est, et in crucem sublatum. Nam non solum inde sortilegiis suis materiam mutuantur; sed et ab ipsis carnificinæ instrumentis, reste, vinculis, palo, ferramentis. Siquidem iis vulgi etiam opinione inesse ad incantationes magicas vim quandam et potestatem. And to this place I dare not, out of religion to the divine Lucan, but bring his verses from the same book.

Laqueum nodosque nocentes
Ore suo rupit, pendentia corpora carpsit,
Abrasitque cruces, percussaque viscera nimbis
Vulsit, et, incoctas admisso sole medullas.
Insertum manibus chalybem nigramque per artus
Stillantis tabi saniem, virusque coactum
Sustulit, et nervo morsus retinente pependit.

8. These are Canidia's furniture, in Hora. Epod. lib. ode 5. Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine, plumamque nocturnæ strigis. And part of Medea's confection in Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7, Strigis infames, ipsis cum carnibus, alas. That of the skin (to make a purse for her fly) was meant ridiculous, to mock the keeping of their familiars.

9. Cicuta, hyoscyamus, ophioglosson, solanum, martagon, doronicum, aconitum, are the common venefical ingredients remembered by Paracelsus, Porta, Agrippa, and others; which I make her to have gathered, as about a castle, church, or some vast building (kept by dogs) among ruins and wild heaps.



Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's-bane;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.
10 *Hag.* I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leaped the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house again,
Killed the black cat, and here's the brain.
11 *Hag.* I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratched out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing; what would you have more?
Dame. Yes, I have brought, to help our vows,
Hornéd poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,

---

10. Ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis, Horace gives Canidia, in the place before quoted. Which jejunæ, I rather change to gardener's, as imagining such persons to keep mastiffs for the defence of their grounds, whither this hag might also go for simples: where, meeting with the bones, and not content with them, she would yet do a domestic hurt, in getting the cat's brains: which is another special ingredient; and of so much more efficacy, by how much blacker the cat is, if you will credit Agr. Cap. de Suffitibus.

11. These also, both by the confessions of witches, and testimony of writers, are of principal use in their witchcraft. The toad mentioned in Virg. Geor. lib. 1, Inventusque canis Bufo. Which by Pliny is called Rubeta, Nat. Hist. l. 32, c. 5, and there celebrated for the force in magic. Juvenal toucheth at it twice within my memory, Satyr. 1 and 6; and of the owl's eyes, see Corn. Agrip. de occult. Philosoph. l. 1, c. 15. As of the bat's blood and wings there: and in the 25th chapter with Bapt. Porta, l. 2, c. 26.

12. After all their boasted labours, and plenty of materials, as they imagine, I make the dame not only to add more, but stranger, and out of their means to get (except the first, Papaver cornutum, which I have touched at in the confection), as Sepulchris caprificos erutas, et cupressus funebris, as Horace calls them, where he arms Canidia, Epod. lib. ode 5. Then Agaricum Laricis, of which see Porta, lib. 2, de Nat. Mag. against Pliny. And Basilisci, quem et Saturni sanguinem vocant venifici, tantasque vires habere ferunt. Cor. Agrip. de occult. Philos. l. 1, c. 42. With the viper remembered by Lucan, lib. 6, and the skins of serpents.

Innataque rubris
Æquoribus custos pretiosæ vipera conchæ,
Aut viventis adhuc Lybicæ membrana cerastæ,

And Ovid lib. 7.

Nec defuit illis
Squamea ciniphei tenuis membrana chelydri.

The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let us begin.

Here the Dame put herself in the midst of them, and began her following Invocation:[1]

You[2] fiends and furies (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves) you that have quaked to see
These[3] knots untied, and shrunk, when we have charmed.
You, that to arm us, have yourselves disarmed,
And to our powers resigned your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands!
You that have seen me ride, when Hecaté
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knocked the sky;
And that hath thundered, Jove not knowing why:
When we have set the elements at wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;
When the winged lightning, in the course hath staid;
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole places alter, and the seasons change;
When the pale moon, at the first voice down fell
Poisoned, and durst not stay the second spell!

---

[1] Wherein she took occasion to boast all the power attributed to witches by ancients, of which every poet (or the most) do give some: Homer to Circe, in the Odyss; Theocritus to Simatha, in Pharmaceutria; Virgil to Alphesibœus in his Eclogue, Ovid to Dipsas, in Amor. to Medea and Circe, in Metamorph; Tibullus to Saga; Horace to Canidia, Sagana, Veia, Folia; Seneca to Medea, and the nurse, in Herc. Œte.; Petr. Arbiter to his Saga, in Frag. and Claudian to Megæra, lib. 1, in Rufinum, who takes the habit of a witch, as they do, and supplies that historical part in the poem, beside her moral person of a Fury, confirming the same drift in ours.

[2] These invocations are solemn with them, whereof we may see the forms in Ovid. Metam. lib. 7, in Sen. Trag. Med. in Luc. lib. 6, which of all is the boldest and most horrid, beginning, Eumenides, Stygiumque nefas, pœnæque nocentum, &c.

[3] The untying of their knots is, when they are going to some fatal business; Sagana is presented by Horace: expedita, per totum domum spargens Avernaliis aquas, horret capillis ut marinus asperis echinus, aut currens aper.



You, that have oft been conscious of these sights;
And thou,[1] three-forméd star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
If now with rites profane, and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof,
With present fogs: exhale earth's rottennest vapours,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers!
    Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
    The whilst we [2] bury all i' the ground!
    But first, see every [3] foot be bare;
    And every knee.
Hag. Yes, Dame, they are.

4 *Charm.* Deep,[4] O deep we lay thee to sleep;
    We leave thee drink by, if thou chance to be dry;

---

[1] Hecate, who is called Trivia, and Triformis, of whom Virgil, Æneid. lib. 4, Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ. She was believed to govern in witchcraft; and is remembered in all their invocations: see Theocr. in Pharmaceut. χαιρ' Ἑκάτα δασπλῆτι, and Medea in Senec. Meis vocata sacris noctium sidus veni, pessimos induta vultus: fronte non unâ minax. And Ericht. in Luc. Persephone, nostræque Hecatis pars ultima, &c.

[2] This rite of burying their materials is often confessed in Remigius, and described amply in Hor. Sat. 8, lib. 1, Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ abdiderint furtim terris, &c.

[3] The ceremony also, of baring their feet, is expressed by Ovid. Metamorph. lib. 7, as of their hair:

> Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,
> Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos.

And Horat. ibid. Pedibus nudis passoque capillo. And Senec. in tragœd. Med. Tibi more gentis, vinculo solvens comam, secreta nudo nemora lustravi pede.

[4] Here they speak, as if they were creating some new feature, which the devil persuades them to be able to do often, by the pronouncing of words and pouring out of liquors on the earth. Hear what Agrippa says, De occul. Phil. lib. 4, near the end. In evocationibus umbrarum fumigamus cum sanguine recenti, cum ossibus mortuorum, et carne, cum ovis lacte, melle, oleo, et similibus, quæ aptum medium tribuunt animabus, ad sumenda corpora; and a little before. Namque animæ cognitis mediis, per quæ quondam corporibus suis conjungebantur, per similes vapores, liquores, nidoresque facile alliciuntur. Which doctrine he had from Apuleius, without all doubt or question, who in lib. 3, de Asin. aureo, publisheth the same. Tunc decantatis spirantibus fibris litat vario latice; nunc rore fontano, nunc lacte vaccino, nunc melle montano, libet et mulsâ. Sic illos capillas in mutuos nexus obditos, atque nodatos, cum multis odoribus dat vivis

Both milk and blood, the dew and the flood.
We breathe in thy bed, at the foot and the head;
We cover thee warm, that thou take no harm:
And when thou dost wake,

Dame Earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ache
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make
As is the blue drake:
Whose form thou shalt take.

Dame. Never a star yet shot!
Where be the ashes?
Hag. Here in the pot.
Dame. [1] Cast them up; and the flint-stone
Over the left shoulder bone
Into the west.
Hag. It will be best.

5 *Charm.* The sticks are across, there can be no loss,
The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky that was in the ground.
Follow it then with our rattles, round;

---

carbonibus adolendos. Tunc protinus inexpugnabili magicæ disciplinæ potestate, et cœca numinum coactorum violentia illa corpora quorum fumabant stridentes capilli, spiritum mutuantur humanum et sentiunt, et audiunt, et ambulant. Et qua nidor suarum ducebat exuviarum veniunt. All which are mere arts of Satan, when either himself will delude them with a false form, or troubling a dead body, makes them imagine these vanities the means: as, in the ridiculous circumstances that follow, he doth daily.

[1] This throwing of ashes and sand, with the flint-stone, cross sticks, and burying of sage, &c., are all used (and believed by them) to the raising of storm and tempest. See Remig. lib. 1, Dæmon. cap. 25, Nider Formicari. cap. 4, Bodin. Dæmon. lib. 2, cap. 8. And here Codelman. lib. 2, cap. 6. Nam quando Dæmoni grandines ciendi potestatem facit Deus, tum maleficas instruit; ut quandoque silices post tergum in occidentem versus projiciant, aliquando ut arenam aquæ torrentis in aërem conjiciant, plerumque scopas in aquam intingant, cœlumque versus spargunt, vel fossulâ facta et lotio infuso, vel aquâ digitum moveant: subinde in ollâ porcorum pilos bulliant, nonnunquam trabes vel ligna in ripa transversâ e collocent, et alia id genus deliramenta efficiant. And when they see the success, they are more confirmed, as if the event followed their working. The like illusion is of their phantasie, in sailing in egg-shells, creeping through auger-holes, and such like, so vulgar in their confessions.

Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind.
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home in the egg-shell sail;
The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in——

Dame. [1] Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies,
Our magic feature will not rise—
Nor yet the storm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

6 *Charm.* Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black
But the light our charms do make!

Dame. Not yet! my rage begins to swell;
Darkness, Devils, Night and Hell,

---

[1] This stop, or interruption, showed the better, by causing that general silence, which made all the following noises, inforced in the next charm, more direful, first imitating that of Lucan, Miratur Erichtho Has fatis licuisse moras; irataque morti Verberat immotum vivo serpente cadaver.

6. And then their barking, howling, hissing, and confusion of noise expressed by the same author, in the same person.

Tunc vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare deos, confundit murmura primùm
Dissona, et humanæ multum discordia linguæ.
Latratus habet illa canum, gemitusque luporum,
Quod trepidus bubo, quod strix nocturna queruntur,
Quod strident ululantque feræ, quod sibilat anguis
Exprimit, et planctus illisæ cautibus undæ,
Sylvarumque sonum, fractæque tonitrua nubis.
Tot rerum vox una fuit.

See Remig. too, Dæmonolat. lib. 1, cap. 19.

Do not thus delay my spell!
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice:
Thorough these crannies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep![1]
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf!
Reach me a bough[2] that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air; and Aconite[3]
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A rusty knife[4] to wound mine arm;
And as it drops I'll speak a charm
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise
Once more his dark and reeking head
To strike the world, and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

7 *Charm.* Black go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down we give thee a shout.

---

[1] This is one of their common menaces, when their magic receives the least stop. Hear Erichtho again, ibid.

Tibi pessime mundi
Arbiter immittam ruptis Titana cavernis,
At subito feriere die.

And a little before to Proserpina:

Eloquar immenso terræ sub pondere quæ te
Contineant, Ennæ, dapes, &c.

[2] That withered straight, as it shot out, which is called ramus feralis, by some, and tristis by Senec. Trag. Med.

[3] A deadly poisonous herb, feigned by Ovid. Metam. lib. 7, to spring out of Cerberus's foam. Pliny gives it another beginning of name, Nat. Hist. lib. 27, cap. 3, Nascitur nudis cautibus, quas aconas vocant, et inde aconitum dixere, nullo juxta ne pulvere quidem nutriente. Howsoever the juice of it is like that liquor which the devil gives witches to sprinkle abroad, and do hurt, in the opinion of all the magic masters.

[4] A rusty knife I rather give her than any other, as fittest for such a devilish ceremony, which Seneca might mean by sacro cultro in the tragedy, where he arms Medea to the like rite (for anything I know), Tibi nudato pectore Mœnas, sacro feriam brachia cultro: manet noster sanguis ad aras.

Hoo![1]
At thy rising again, thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.
Hoo! Har! Har! Hoo!

8 *Charm.* A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

9 *Charm.* About, about, and about,
Till the mists arise, and the lights fly out,
The images neither be seen nor felt;
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt;
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air; around, around!
Around, around,
Around, around,
Till a music sound,[2]
And the pace be found
To which we may dance,
And our charms advance.

At which, with a strange and sudden music, they fell into a

---

[1] These shouts and clamours, as also the voice har, har, are very particular with them, by the testimony of Bodin, Remig. Delrio, and M. Phil. Ludwigus Elich., who out of them reports it thus, Tota turba colluviesque pessima fescenninos in honorem Dæmonum cantat obscœnissimos: hæc canit *Har. Har.* Illa, Diabole, Diabole, salta huc, salta illuc; altera, Lude hic, lude illic; alia, Sabaoth, sabaoth, &c. Imo clamoribus, sibilis, ululatibus, popysmis furit, ac debacchatur: pulveribus, vel venenis acceptis, quæ hominibus pecudibusque spargant.

[2] Nor do they want music, and in a strange manner given them by the devil, if we credit their confessions in Remig. Dæm. lib. 1, cap. 19. Such as the Syrbenæan Quires were, which Athenæus remembers out of Clearchus, Deipnos. lib. 15, where every one sung what he would, without hearkening to his fellow; like the noise of divers oars, falling in the water. But be patient of Remigius's relation. Miris modis illic miscentur, ac turbantur omnia, nec ullâ oratione satis exprimi queat, quàm strepant sonis inconditis, absurdis, ac discrepantibus. Canit hic Dæmon ad tibiam, vel verius ad contum, aut baculum aliquod, quod fortè humi repertum, buccæ seu tibiam admovet. Ille pro lyra equi calvariam pulsat, ac digitis concrepat. Alius fuste vel clavâ graviore quercum tundit, unde exauditur sonus, ac boatus veluti tympanorum vehementius pulsatorum. Intercinunt raucidè, et composito ad litui morem clangore Dæmones, ipsumque cœlum fragosa aridaque voce feriunt.

magical dance,[1] *full of preposterous change and gesticulation.*[2]

In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not only the Hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran, quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the HOUSE OF FAME, *in the top of which were discovered the twelve Masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and expressing heroic and masculine Virtue, began to speak.*

HEROIC VIRTUE.

So should, at Fame's loud sound, and Virtue's sight,
All dark and envious witchcraft fly the light.
I[3] did not borrow Hermes' wings, nor ask
His crookéd sword, nor put on Pluto's casque,
Nor on mine arm advanced with Pallas' shield
(By which, my face aversed, in open field
I slew the Gorgon) for an empty name:
When Virtue cut off Terror, he gat Fame.

---

[1] The manner also of their dancing is confest in Bodin. lib. 2, cap. 4. And Remig. lib. 1, cap. 17 and 18. The sum of which M. Phil. Lud. Elich. relates thus, in his Dæmonom. quæst. 10, Tripudiis interdum intersunt facie liberâ et apertâ, interdum obductâ larvâ, linteo, cortice, reticulo, peplo, vel alio velamine, aut farrinario excerniculo involutâ. And a little after, Omnia fiunt ritu absurdissimo, et ab omni consuetudine hominum alienissimo, dorsis invicem obversis, et in orbem junctis manibus, saltando circumeunt perinde sua jactantes capita, ut qui æstro agitantur. Remigius adds out of the confession of Sibylla Morelia, Gyrum semper in lævam progredi. Which Pliny observes in the priests of Cybele, Nat. Hist. lib. 28, cap. 2, and to be done with great religion. Bodin adds, that they use brooms in their hands, with which we armed our witches; and here we leave them.

[2] But most applying to their property: who at their meetings do all things contrary to the custom of men, dancing back to back, and hip to hip, their hands joined, and making their circles backward, to the left hand, with strange fantastic motions of their heads and bodies. All which were excellently imitated by the maker of the dance, M. Hierome Herne, whose right it is here to be named.

[3] The ancients expressed a brave and masculine virtue in three figures (of Hercules, Perseus, and Bellerophon). Of which we choose that of Perseus, armed as we have described him out of Hesiod. Scut. Herc. See Apollodor. the grammarian, lib. 2, de Perseo.



And if, when Fame was gotten, Terror died,
What black Erynnis or more hellish Pride
Durst arm these hags, now she is grown and great,
To think they could her glories once defeat?
I was her parent, and I am her strength,
Heroic Virtue sinks not under length
Of years or ages; but is still the same
While he preserves as when he got good fame.
My daughter, then, whose glorious house you see
Built all of sounding brass, whose columns be
Men-making poets, and those well-made men
Whose strife it was to have the happiest pen
Renown them to an after-life, and not
With pride to scorn the Muse, and die forgot;
She, that enquireth into all the world,
And hath about her vaulted palace hurled
All rumours and reports, or true or vain,
What utmost lands or deepest seas contain,
But only hangs great actions on her file;
She, to this lesser world and greatest isle
To-night sounds honour, which she would have seen
In yond' bright bevy, each of them a queen.
Eleven of them are of times long gone.
[1] PENTHESILEA,[2] the brave Amazon,

[1] And here we cannot but take the opportunity to make some more particular description of their scene, as also of the persons they presented; which, though they were disposed rather by chance than election, yet it is my part to justify them all: and then the lady that will own her presentation, may.

[2] To follow, therefore, the rule of chronology, which I have observed in my verse, the most upward in time was PENTHESILEA. She was queen of the Amazons, and succeeded Otrera, or (as some will) Orithya; she lived and was present at the siege of Troy, on their part, against the Greeks, and (as Justin gives her testimony) Inter fortissimos viros, magna ejus virtutis documenta extitere. She is nowhere named but with the preface of honour and virtue; and is always advanced in the head of the worthiest women. Diodorus Siculus * makes her the daughter of Mars. She was honoured in her death to have it the act of Achilles. Of which Propertius † sings this triumph to her beauty,

Aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,
Vicit victorem candida forma virum.

* Hist. lib. 2. † Lib. 3, eleg. 10.



Swift-foot CAMILLA,[1] queen of Volscia,
Victorious THOMYRIS[2] of Scythia,
Chaste ARTEMISIA,[3] the Carian dame,
And fair-hair'd BERONICE,[4] Egypt's fame,

---

1 Next follows CAMILLA, queen of the Volscians, celebrated by Virgil,* than whose verses nothing can be imagined more exquisite, or more honouring the person they describe. They are these, where he reckons up those that came on Turnus's part, against Æneas:

> Hos super advenit Volsca de gente Camilla,
> Agmen agens equitum, et florenteis ære catervas,
> Bellatrix. Non illa colo, calathisve Minervæ
> Fœmineas assueta manus, sed prælia virgo
> Dura pati, cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.
> Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
> Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:
> Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumenti,
> Ferret iter, celeris nec tingeret æquore plantas.

And afterwards tells her attire and arms, with the admiration that the spectators had of her. All which, if the poet created out of himself, without nature, he did but show how much so divine a soul could exceed her.

2 The third lived in the age of Cyrus, the great Persian monarch, and made him leave to live, THOMYRIS, queen of the Scythians, or Massagets. A heroine of a most invincible and unbroken fortitude: who, when Cyrus had invaded her, and taking her only son (rather by treachery than war, as she objected), had slain him; not touched with the grief of so great a loss, in the juster comfort she took of a great revenge, pursued not only the occasion and honour of conquering so potent an enemy, with whom fell two hundred thousand soldiers: but (what was right memorable in her victory) left not a messenger surviving of his side to report the massacre. She is remembered both by Herodotus,† and Justin,‡ to the great renown and glory of her kind, with this elogy:—Quod potentissimo Persarum Monarchæ bello congressa est, ipsumque et vita et castris spoliavit, ad justè ulciscendum filii ejus indignissimam mortem.

3 The fourth was honoured to life in time of Xerxes, and was present at his great expedition into Greece; ARTEMISIA, the queen of Caria: whose virtue Herodotus,§ not without some wonder, records, that a woman, a queen, without a husband, her son a ward, and she administering the government, occasioned by no necessity, but a mere excellence of spirit, should embark herself for such a war, and there so to behave her, as Xerxes, beholding her fight, should say:—Viri quidem extiterunt mihi feminæ, feminæ autem viri.‖ She is no less renowned for her chastity, and love to her husband Mausolus,¶ whose bones (after he was dead) she preserved in ashes, and drank in wine, making herself his tomb; and yet built to his memory a monument, deserving a place among the seven wonders of the world, which could not be done by less than a wonder of women.

4 The fifth was the fair-haired daughter of Ptolomæus Philadelphus, by the

---

* Æneid. lib. 7. † In Clio. ‡ Epit. lib. 1.
§ In Polyhymn. ‖ Herod. in Urania.
¶ Val. Max. lib. 4, cap. 6, and A. Gel. lib. 1, cap. 18.



HYPSICRATEA,[1] glory of Asia,
CANDACE,[2] pride of Ethiopia,
The Britain honour, VOADICEA,[3]

---

elder Arsinoë, who, married to her brother Ptolomæus, surnamed Euergetes, was after queen of Egypt. I find her written both BERONICE and BERENICE. This lady, upon an expedition of her new-wedded lord into Assyria, vowed to Venus, if he returned safe, and conqueror, the offering of her hair: which vow of hers (exacted by the success) she afterward performed. But her father missing it, and therewith displeased, Conon, a mathematician, who was then in household with Ptolomy, and knew well to flatter him, persuaded the king that it was taken up to heaven, and made a constellation; showing him those seven stars, ad caudam Leonis, which are since called Coma Berenices. Which story then presently celebrated by Callimachus, in a most elegant poem, Catullus more elegantly converted: wherein they call her the magnanimous even from a virgin: alluding (as Hyginus * says) to a rescue she made of her father in his flight, and restoring the courage and honour of his army, even to a victory. Their words are,

Cognôram à parva virgine magnanimam.†

[1] The sixth, that famous wife of Mithridates, and queen of Pontus, HYPSICRATEA, no less an example of virtue than the rest: who so loved her husband, as she was assistant to him in all labours and hazard of the war, in a masculine habit. For which cause (as Valerius Maximus ‡ observes) she departed with the chief ornament of her beauty, Tonsis enim capillis, equo se et armis assuefecit, quo facilius laboribus et periculis ejus interesset. And afterward, in his flight from Pompey, accompanied his misfortune, with a mind and body equally unwearied. She is so solemnly registered by that grave author, as a notable precedent of marriage loyalty and love: virtues that might raise a mean person to equality with a queen; but a queen to the state and honour of a deity.

[2] The seventh, that renown of Ethiopia, CANDACE: from whose excellency the succeeding queens of that nation were ambitious to be called so. A woman of a most haughty spirit against enemies, and a singular affection to her subjects. I find her celebrated by Dion, § and Pliny, || invading Egypt in the time of Augustus: who, though she were enforced to a peace by his lieutenant Petronius, doth not the less worthily hold her place here; when everywhere this elogy remains of her fame: that she was maximi animi mulier, tantique in suos meriti, ut omnes deinceps Æthiopium reginæ ejus nomine fuerint appellatæ. She governed in Meroë.

[3] The eighth, our own honour, VOADICEA, or BOADICEA; by some Bunduica, and Bunduca, queen of the Iceni, a people that inhabited that part of our island which was called East Anglia, and comprehended Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Huntingdon shires. Since she was born here at home, we will first honour her with a home-born testimony, from the grave and diligent Spenser: ¶

——— Bunduca Britoness,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueress,
That lifting up her brave heroic thought

---

* Astronom. lib. 2. in Leo.
† Catul. de Coma Beronic.
‡ Lib. 4, cap. 6, de amor. conjug.
§ Hist. Rom. lib. 54.
|| Nat. Hist. lib. 6, cap. 29.
¶ Ruins of Time.



The virtuous Palmyrene, ZENOBIA,[1]
The wise and warlike Goth, AMALASUNTA,[2]
The bold VALASCA[3] of Bohemia;
These, in their lives, as fortunes, crowned the choice

'Bove woman's weakness, with the Romans fought;
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevail'd, &c.

To which see her orations in story, made by Tacitus * and Dion: † wherein is expressed all magnitude of a spirit, breathing to the liberty and redemption of her country. The latter of whom, doth honest her beside with a particular description:—Bunduica Britannica fœmina, orta stirpe regia, quæ non solùm eis cum magna dignitate præfuit, sed etiam bellum omne administravit; cujus anima virilis potius quam muliebris erat. And afterwards, Fœmina, forma honestissima, vultu severo, &c. All which doth weigh the more to her true praise, in coming from the mouths of Romans, and enemies. She lived in the time of Nero.

[1] The ninth, in time, but equal in fame, and (the cause of it) virtue, was the chaste ZENOBIA, queen of the Palmyrenes, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, had the name to be reckoned among the thirty that usurped the Roman empire from Galienus. She continued a long and brave war against several chiefs; and was at length triumphed on by Aurelian: but, ea specie, ut nihil pompabilius P. Rom. videretur. Her chastity was such, ut ne virum suum quidem sciret, nisi tentatis conceptionibus. She lived in a most royal manner, and was adored after the custom of the Persians. When she made orations to her soldiers, she had always her casque on. A woman of a most divine spirit, and incredible beauty. In Trebellius Pollio ‡ read the most notable description of a queen and her that can be uttered with the dignity of an historian.

[2] The tenth, succeeding, was that learned and heroic AMALASUNTA, queen of the Ostrogoths, daughter to Theodoric, that obtained the principality of Ravenna and almost all Italy. She drave the Burgundians and Almaines out of Liguria, and appeared in her government rather an example than a second. She was the most eloquent of her age, and cunning in all languages of any nation that had commerce with the Roman empire. It is recorded of her,§ that Sine veneratione eam viderit nemo, pro miraculo fuerit ipsam audire loquentem. Tantaque illi in discernendo gravitas, ut criminis convicti, cum plecterentur, nihil sibi acerbum pati viderentur.

[3] The eleventh was that brave Bohemian queen, VALASCA, who, for her courage, had the surname of Bold: that to redeem herself and her sex from the tyranny of men, which they lived in, under Primislaus, on a night, and at an hour appointed, led on the women to the slaughter of their barbarous husbands and lords. And possessing themselves of their horses, arms, treasure, and places of strength, not only ruled the rest, but lived many years after with the liberty and fortitude of Amazons. Celebrated by Raphael Volateranus,|| and in an elegant tract of an Italian ¶ in Latin, who names himself Philalethes, Polytopiensis civis, inter præstantissimas fœminas.

---

* Annals. lib. 14. † Epit. Joan. Xiphilin. in Ner. ‡ In trigin. Tyrann.
§ M. Anton. Cocci. Sabel. (out of Cassiod.) Ennead. 7, lib. 2.
|| In Geograph. l. 2. ¶ Forcia. Quæst.

Of womankind, and 'gainst all opposite voice
Made good to time, had, after death, the claim
To live eternized in the House of Fame.
Where hourly hearing (as what there is old?)
The glories of BEL-ANNA[1] so well told,

---

[1] The twelfth, and worthy sovereign of all, I make BEL-ANNA, royal queen of the ocean: of whose dignity and person, the whole scope of the invention doth speak throughout: which, to offer you again here, might but prove offence to that sacred modesty, which hears any testimony of others iterated with more delight than her own praise. She being placed above the need of such ceremony, and safe in her princely virtue against the good or ill of any witness. The name of Bel-anna I devised, to honour hers proper by; as adding to it the attribute of Fair; and is kept by me in all my poems, wherein I mention Her Majesty with any shadow or figure. Of which, some may come forth with a longer destiny than this age commonly gives to the best births, if but helped to light by her gracious and ripening favour.

But here I discern a possible objection, arising against me; to which I must turn: as, How I can bring persons of so different ages, to appear properly together? or why (which is more unnatural) with Virgil's Mezentius, I join the living with the dead? I answer to both these at once. Nothing is more proper; nothing more natural. For these all live, and together, in their fame: and so I present them. Besides, if I would fly to the all-daring power of poetry, where could I not take sanctuary? or in whose poem? For other objections, let the looks and noses of judges hover thick, so they bring the brains; or if they do not, I care not. When I suffered it to go abroad, I departed with my right: and now, so secure an interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise nor dispraise shall affect me.

There rests only that we give the description we promised of the scene, which was the House of Fame. The structure and ornament of which (as is profest before) was entirely Master Jones's invention and design. First, for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets, as Homer, Virgil, Lucan, &c., as being the substantial supporters of Fame. For the upper, Achilles, Æneas, Cæsar, and those great heroes, which these poets had celebrated. All which stood as in massy gold. Between the pillars, underneath, were figured land-battles, sea-fights, triumphs, loves, sacrifices, and all magnificent subjects of honour, in brass, and heightened with silver. In which he profest to follow that noble description made by Chaucer of the place. Above were cited the masquers, over whose heads he devised two eminent figures of Honour and Virtue for the arch. The friezes, both below and above, were filled with several-coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., the reflex of which, with our lights placed in the concave, upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory. These habits had in them the excellency of all device and riches; and were worthily varied by his invention, to the nations whereof they were queens. Nor are these alone his due; but divers other accessions to the strangeness and beauty of the spectacle: as the hell, the going about of the chariots, and binding the witches, the turning machine, with the presentation of Fame. All which I willingly acknowledge for him: since it is a virtue planted in good natures, that what respects they wish to obtain fruitfully from others, they will give ingenuously themselves.

Queen of the Ocean; how that she alone
Possest all virtues, for which one by one
They were so famed: and wanting then a head
To form that sweet and gracious pyramid
Wherein they sit, it being the sovereign place
Of all that palace, and reserved to grace
The worthiest queen: these, without envy on her,
In life desired that honour to confer
Which with their death no other should enjoy.
She this embracing with a virtuous joy,
Far from self-love, as humbling all her worth
To him that gave it, hath again brought forth
Their names to memory; and means this night,
To make them once more visible to light,
And to that light from whence her truth of spirit
Confesseth all the lustre of her merit.
To you, most royal and most happy king,
Of whom Fame's house in every part doth ring
For every virtue, but can give no increase,
Not, though her loudest trumpet blaze your peace.
Lo you, that cherish every great example
Contracted in yourself; and being so ample
A field of honour, cannot but embrace
A spectacle so full of love, and grace
Unto your court: where every princely dame
Contends to be as bounteous of her fame
To others, as her life was good to her.
For by their lives they only did confer
Good on themselves; but, by their fame, to yours
And every age the benefit endures.

Here the throne wherein they sat, being machina versatilis, *suddenly changed; and in the place of it appeared* Fama bona, *as she is described* (*in* Iconolog. di Cesare Ripa), *attired in white, with white wings, having a collar of gold about her neck, and a heart hanging at it: which* Orus Apollo, *in his hierogl. interprets the note of a good Fame. In her right hand she bore a trumpet, in her left an olive branch; and for her state,*

it was, as Virgil[1] *describes her, at the full, her feet on the ground, and her head in the clouds. She, after the music had done, which waited on the turning of the machine, called from thence to Heroic Virtue, and spake this following speech.*

FAME.

Virtue, my father and my honour; thou
That mad'st me good as great; and dar'st avow
No Fame for thine but what is perfect: aid,
To-night, the triumphs of thy white-winged maid.
Do those renowned queens all utmost rites
Their states can ask. This is a night of nights.
In mine own chariots let them, crownéd, ride;
And mine own birds and beasts, in gears applied
To draw them forth. Unto the first car tie
Far-sighted eagles, to note Fame's sharp eye.
Unto the second, griffons, that design
Swiftness and strength, two other gifts of mine.
Unto the last, our lions, that imply
The top of graces, state, and majesty.
And let those hags be led as captives, bound
Before their wheels, whilst I my trumpet sound.

At which the loud music sounded as before, to give the masquers time of descending.

By this time, imagine the masquers descended; and again mounted into three triumphant chariots, ready to come forth. The first four were drawn with eagles (whereof I gave the reason, as of the rest, in Fame's speech), their four torch-bearers attending on the chariots' sides, and four of the hags bound before them. Then followed the second, drawn by griffons, with their torch-bearers, and four other hags. Then the last, which was drawn by lions, and more eminent (wherein her Majesty was), and had six torch-bearers more, peculiar to her, with the like number of hags. After which, a full triumphant music, singing this SONG, while they rode in state about the stage:

---

[1] Æneid. 4.

Help, help, all tongues, to celebrate this wonder:
The voice of Fame should be as loud as thunder.
  Her house is all of echo made,
    Where never dies the sound;
  And as her brows the clouds invade,
    Her feet do strike the ground.
Sing then, good Fame, that's out of Virtue born:
For who doth Fame neglect doth Virtue scorn.

Here they lighted from their chariots, and danced forth their first dance: then a second, immediately following it: both right curious, and full of subtle and excellent changes, and seemed performed with no less spirits than of those they personated. The first was to the cornets, the second to the violins. After which, they took out the men, and danced the measures, entertaining the time, almost to the space of an hour, with singular variety: when, to give them rest, from the music which attended the chariots, by that most excellent tenor voice and exact singer, her Majesty's servant, Master Jo. Allin, this ditty was sung:

When all the ages of the earth
Were crowned but in this famous birth;
And that when they would boast their store
Of worthy queens, they knew no more:
How happier is that age, can give
A queen, in whom all they do live!

After it, succeeded their third dance; than which, a more numerous composition could not be seen: graphically disposed into letters, and honouring the name of the most sweet and ingenious prince, CHARLES, Duke of York. Wherein, beside that principal grace of perspicuity, the motions were so even and apt, and their expression so just, as if mathematicians had lost proportion they might there have found it. The author was Master Thomas Giles. After this they danced galliards and corantos. And then their last dance, no less elegant in the place than the rest, with which they took their chariots again and triumphing about the stage had their return to the House of Fame celebrated with this last SONG, whose notes (as the former) were the work and honour of my excellent friend, Alfonso Ferrabosco.

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees these live and triumph yet?
The Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greeks' glory, and the Romans' died:
  And who yet imitate
Their noises tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
  You can, it soon decays:
But so good Fame shall never:
Her triumphs, as their causes, are for ever.

To conclude which, I know no worthier way of epilogue, than the celebration of who were the celebraters.

The QUEEN'S MAJESTY.	The Co. of MONTGOMERY.
The Co. of ARUNDEL.	The Visc. of CRANBORNE.
The Co. of DERBY.	The La. Eliz. GUILFORD.
The Co. of HUNTINGDON.	The La. ANNE WINTER.
The Co. of BEDFORD.	The La. WINDSOR.
The Co. of ESSEX.	The La. ANNE CLIFFORD.

THE SPEECHES

AT

PRINCE HENRY'S BARRIERS.

The LADY OF THE LAKE *discovered.*

Lady. A silence, calm as are my waters, meet
Your raised attentions, whilst my silver feet
Touch on the richer shore; and to this seat
Vow my new duties and mine old repeat.
Lest any yet should doubt, or might mistake
What nymph I am, behold the ample Lake
Of which I'm styled; and near it MERLIN'S tomb,
Grave of his cunning, as of mine the womb.
By this it will not ask me to proclaim
More of myself, whose actions and whose name
Were so full feigned in British ARTHUR'S court;
No more than it will fit me to report
What hath before been trusted to our 'squire
Of me, my knight, his fate, and my desire
To meet, if not prevent, his destiny,
And style him to the court of Britany;
Now when the island hath regained her fame
Entire, and perfect, in the ancient name,
And that a monarch equal good and great,
Wise, temperate, just, and stout, CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.
Did I say equal? O too prodigal wrong
Of my o'er-thirsty and unequal tongue!
How brighter far than when our Arthur lived

Are all the glories of this place revived!
What riches do I see; what beauties here!
What awe, what love, what reverence, joy, and fear!
What ornaments of counsel as of court!
All that is high, or great, or can comport
Unto the style of majesty that knows
No rival but itself, this place here shows.
Only the house of Chivalry (howe'er
The inner parts and store be full, yet here
In that which gentry should sustain) decayed
Or rather ruined seems; her buildings laid
Flat with the earth, that were the pride of time
And did the barbarous Memphian heaps outclimb.
Those obelisks and columns broke and down,
That struck the stars and raised the British crown
To be a constellation: shields and swords
Cobwebbed and rusty; not a helm affords
A spark of lustre, which were wont to give
Light to the world, and made the nation live,
When in a day of honour fire was smit
To have put out Vulcan's and have lasted yet.
O, when this edifice stood great and high,
That in the carcase hath such majesty,
Whose very skeleton boasts so much worth,
What grace, what glories did it then send forth!
When to the structure went more noble names
Than the Ephesian temple lost in flames:
When every stone was laid by virtuous hands;
And standing so,—O that it yet not stands!
More truth of architecture there was blazed,
Than lived in all the ignorant Goths have razed.
There porticos were built, and seats for knights
That watched for all adventures, days and nights,
The niches filled with statues to invite
Young valours forth, by their old forms to fight.
With arcs triumphal for their actions done,



Out-striding the Colossus of the Sun.
And trophies, reared of spoilèd enemies,
Whose tops pierced through the clouds and hit the skies.

ARTHUR *discovered as a star above.*

Arth. And thither hath thy voice pierced. Stand not mazed,
Thy eyes have here on greater glories gazed,
And not been frighted. I, thy Arthur, am
Translated to a star: and of that frame
Or constellation that was called of me
So long before, as showing what I should be,
Arcturus, once thy king, and now thy star,
Such the rewards of all good princes are!
Nor let it trouble thy design, fair dame,
That I am present to it with my flame
And influence; since the times are now devolved
That Merlin's mystic prophecies are absolved,
In Britain's name, the union of this isle,
And claim both of my sceptre and my style.
Fair fall his virtue, that doth fill that throne,
In which I joy to find myself so out-shone:
And for the greater wish men should him take,
As it is nobler to restore than make.
Proceed in thy great work; bring forth thy knight
Preservèd for his times, that by the might
And magic of his arm he may restore
These ruined seats of virtue, and build more.
Let him be famous, as was Tristram, Tor,
Launcelot, and all our list of knighthood; or
Who were before, or have been since: his name
Strike upon heaven, and there stick his fame.
Beyond the paths and searches of the sun,
Let him tempt fate; and when a world is won,
Submit it duly to this state and throne,
Till time and utmost stay make that his own.
But first receive this shield: wherein is wrought

The truth that he must follow, and (being taught
The ways from heaven) ought not be despised.
It is a piece was by the Fates devised
To arm his maiden valour, and to show
Defensive arms the offensive should forego.
Endow him with it, Lady of the Lake.
And for the other mysteries here, awake
The learned MERLIN; when thou shut'st him there
Thou buried'st valour too, for letters rear
The deeds of honour high, and make them live.
If then thou seek to restore prowess, give
His spirit freedom; then present thy knight:
For Arms and Arts sustain each other's right.
Lady. My error I acknowledge, though too late
To expiate it; there's no resisting fate.
Arise, great soul! fame by surreption got
May stead us for the time, but lasteth not.
O, do not rise with storm, and rage. [*Thunder, lightning, &c.*]
Forgive
Repented wrongs. I'm cause thou now shalt live
Eternally, for being deprest awhile,
Want makes us know the price of what we avile.

MERLIN *arising out of the tomb.*

Mer. I neither storm, nor rage; 'tis earth; blame her
That feels these motions when great spirits stir:
She is affrighted and now chid by heaven,
Whilst we walk calmly on, upright and even.
Call forth the fair MELIADUS, thy knight,
They are his Fates that make the elements fight,
And these but usual throes, when time sends forth
A wonder or a spectacle of worth.
At common births the world feels nothing new;
At these she shakes: mankind lives in a few.
Lady. The Heavens, the Fates, and thy peculiar stars.
Meliadus, show thee! and conclude all jars.

MELIADUS *and his six assistants here discovered.*

Mer. Ay, now the spheres are in their tunes again.
What place is this so bright that doth remain
Yet undemolished? or but late built? O,
I read it now; ST. GEORGE'S PORTICO!
The supreme head of all the world, where now
Knighthood lives honoured with a crownéd brow.
A noble scene, and fit to show him in
That must of all world's fame the garland win.

Lady. Does he not sit like Mars, or one that had
The better of him, in his armour clad?
And those his six assistants, as the pride
Of the old Grecian heroes had not died?
Or like Apollo, raised to the world's view,
The minute after he the Python slew?

Mer. 'Tis all too little, Lady, you can speak.
My thought grows great of him, and fain would break.
Invite him forth, and guide him to his tent,
That I may read this shield his fates present.

Lady. Glory of knights, and hope of all the earth,
Come forth; your fostress bids! who from your birth
Hath bred you to this hour, and for this throne;
This is the field to make your virtue known.—
If he were now, he says, to vow his fires
Of faith, of love, of service, then his 'squires
Had uttered nothing for him: but he hopes
In the first tender of himself his scopes
Were so well read, as it were no decor'm
Where truth is studied there to practise form.

Mer. No, let his actions speak him; and this shield
Let down from heaven, that to his youth will yield
Such copy of incitement: not the deeds
Of antique knights, to catch their fellows' steeds,
Or ladies' palfreys rescue from the force
Of a fell giant, or some score to unhorse.
These were bold stories of our Arthur's age;

But here are other acts; another stage,
And scene appears; it is not since as then:
No giants, dwarfs, or monsters here, but men.
His arts must be to govern, and give laws
To peace no less than arms. His fate here draws
An empire with it, and describes each state
Preceding there, that he should imitate.
First, fair Meliadus, hath she wrought an isle,
The happiest of the earth (which to your style
In time must add) and in it placéd high
Britain, the only name made Cæsar fly.
Within the nearer parts, as apt and due
To your first speculation, you may view
The eye of justice shooting through the land,
Like a bright planet strengthened by the hand
Of first and warlike Edward; then the increase
Of trades and tillage, under laws and peace,
Begun by him but settled and promoved
By the third hero of his name, who loved
To set his own a-work, and not to see
The fatness of his land a portion be
For strangers. This was he, erected first
The trade of clothing, by which art were nursed
Whole millions to his service, and relieved
So many poor as since they have believed
The golden fleece, and need no foreign mine,
If industry at home do not decline.
To prove which true, observe what treasure here
The wise and seventh Henry heaped each year,
To be the strength and sinews of a war
When Mars should thunder, or his peace but jar.
And here how the eighth Henry, his brave son,
Built forts, made general musters, trained youth on
In exercise of arms, and girt his coast
With strength; to which (whose fame no tongue can boast
Up to her worth, though all best tongues be glad

To name her still) did great Eliza add
A wall of shipping, and became thereby
The aid or fear of all the nations nigh.
These, worthiest Prince, are set you near, to read
That civil arts the martial must precede:
That laws and trade bring honours in and gain,
And arms defensive a safe peace maintain.
But when your fate shall call you forth to assure
Your virtue more, though not to make secure,
View here what great examples she hath placed.
First, two brave Britain heroes, that were graced
To fight their Saviour's battles, and did bring
Destruction on the faithless; one a king
Richard, surnamèd with the Lion's Heart,
The other Edward, and the first, whose part
(Then being but prince) it was to lead these wars
In the age after, but with better stars.
For here though Cœur de Lion like a storm
Pour on the Saracens, and do perform
Deeds past an angel, armed with wrath and fire,
Ploughing whole armies up, with zealous ire,
And wallèd cities, while he doth defend
That cause that should all wars begin and end;
Yet when with pride, and for humane respect
The Austrian colours he doth here deject
With too much scorn, behold at length how fate
Makes him a wretched prisoner to that state;
And leaves him, as a mark of fortune's spight,
When princes tempt their stars beyond their light:
Whilst upright Edward shines no less than he,
Under the wings of golden victory,
Nor lets out no less rivers of the blood
Of infidels, but makes the field a flood,
And marches through it, with St. George's cross,
Like Israel's host, to the Egyptians' loss,
Through the Red Sea; the earth beneath him cold,

And quaking such an enemy to behold.
For which his tempered zeal, see providence
Flying in here, and arms him with defence
Against th' assassinate made upon his life
By a foul wretch, from whom he wrests the knife,
And gives him a just hire: which yet remains
A warning to great chiefs, to keep their trains
About them still, and not to privacy
Admit a hand that may use treachery.
  Nearer than these, not for the same high cause,
Yet for the next (what was his right by laws
Of nations due) doth fight that Mars of men
The Black Prince Edward, 'gainst the French, who then
At Cressy field had no more years than you;
Here his glad father has him in the view
As he is entering in the school of war,
And pours all blessings on him from afar
That wishes can; whilst he, that close of day,
Like a young lion newly taught to prey,
Invades the herds, so fled the French, and tears
From the Bohemian crown the plume he wears,
Which after for his crest he did preserve
To his father's use, with this fit word, I SERVE.
But here at Poictiers he was Mars indeed.
Never did valour with more stream succeed
Than he had there; he flowed out like a sea
Upon their troops, and left their arms no way:
Or like a fire carried with high winds
Now broad, and spreading, by and by it finds
A vent upright, to look which way to burn;
Then shoots along again, or round doth turn,
Till in the circling spoil it hath embraced
All that stood nigh, or in the reach to waste:
Such was his rage that day; but then forgot,
Soon as his sword was sheathed; it lasted not
After the king, the dauphin, and French peers

By yielding to him, wisely quit their fears,
Whom he did use with such humanity
As they complained not of captivity;
But here to England without shame came in:
To be his captives, was the next to win.
  Yet rests the other thunderbolt of war,
Harry the fifth, to whom in face you are
So like, as fate would have you so in worth,
Illustrious prince. This virtue ne'er came forth,
But Fame grew greater for him than she did
For other mortals; Fate herself did bid
To save his life: the time it reached unto,
War knew not how to give him enough to do.
His very name made head against his foes.
And here at Agincourt, where first it rose,
It there hangs still a comet over France,
Striking their malice blind that dare advance
A thought against it, lightened by your flame
That shall succeed him both in deeds and name.
  I could report more actions yet of weight
Out of this orb, as here of eighty-eight,
Against the proud Armada, styled by Spain
The INVINCIBLE; that covered all the main,
As if whole islands had broke loose and swam,
Or half of Norway with her fir trees came
To join the continents, it was so great;
Yet by the auspice of Eliza beat:
That dear-beloved of heaven, whom to preserve
The winds were called to fight, and storms to serve.
One tumour drowned another, billows strove
To out-swell ambition, water air out-drove:
Though she not wanted, on that glorious day,
An ever-honoured Howard to display
St. George's ensign; and of that high race
A second, both which plied the fight and chase:
And sent first bullets, then a fleet of fire,

Then shot themselves like ordnance; and a tire
Of ships for pieces, through the enemies moon,
That waned before it grew; and now they soon
Are rent, spoiled, scattered, tost with all disease,
And for their thirst of Britain drink the seas.
The fish were never better fed than then,
Although at first they feared the blood of men
Had changed their element, and Neptune shook,
As if the Thunderer had his palace took.
So here in Wales, Low Countries, France and Spain,
You may behold both on the land and main,
The conquest got, the spoils, the trophies reared
By British kings, and such as noblest heard
Of all the nation, which may make to invite
Your valour upon need, but not to incite
Your neighbour princes; give them all their due,
And be prepared if they will trouble you.
He doth but scourge himself, his sword that draws
Without a purse, a counsel, and a cause.
But all these spurs to virtue, seeds of praise,
Must yield to this that comes. Here's one will raise
Your glory more, and so above the rest,
As if the acts of all mankind were prest
In his example. Here are kingdoms mixed
And nations joined, a strength of empire fixed
Conterminate with heaven; the golden vein
Of Saturn's age is here broke out again.
Henry but joined the Roses, that ensigned
Particular families, but this hath joined
The Rose and Thistle, and in them combined
A Union, that shall never be declined.
Ireland, that more in title than in fact
Before was conquered, is his laurel's act!
The wall of shipping by Eliza made,
Decayed (as all things subject are to fade)
He hath new-built, or so restored, that men

For noble use, prefer it afore then:
Royal and mighty James, whose name shall set
A goal for all posterity to sweat
In running at, by actions hard and high:
This is the height at which your thoughts must fly.
He knows both how to govern, how to save,
What subjects, what their contraries should have,
What can be done by power, and what by love,
What should to mercy, what to justice move:
All arts he can, and from the hand of Fate
Hath he enforced the making his own date.
Within his proper virtue hath he placed
His guards 'gainst Fortune, and there fixéd fast
The wheel of chance, about which kings are hurled,
And whose outrageous raptures fill the world.
Lady. Ay, this is he, Meliadus, whom you
Must only serve, and give yourself unto;
And by your diligent practice to obey
So wise a master, learn the art of sway.
Merlin, advance the shield upon his tent.
And now prepare, fair knight, to prove the event
Of your bold Challenge. Be your virtues steeled,
And let your drum give note you keep the field.
[*Drum beats.*
—Is this the land of Britain so renowned
For deeds of arms, or are their hearings drowned
That none do answer?
Mer. Stay, methinks I see
A person in yon cave. Who should that be?
I know her ensigns now; 'tis CHIVALRY
Possessed with sleep, dead as a lethargy:
If any charm will wake her, 'tis the name
Of our Meliadus. I'll use his fame.
Lady, Meliadus, lord of the isles,
Princely Meliadus, and whom fate now styles
The fair Meliadus, hath hung his shield

Upon his tent, and here doth keep the field,
According to his bold and princely word;
And wants employment for his pike and sword.

CHIVALRY, *coming forward.*

Chi. Were it from death, that name would wake me. Say,
Which is the knight? O I could gaze a day
Upon his armour that hath so revived
My spirits, and tells me that I am long-lived
In his appearance. Break, you rusty doors,
That have so long been shut, and from the shores
Of all the world, come, knighthood, like a flood
Upon these lists, to make the field here good,
And your own honours, that are now called forth
Against the wish of men to prove your worth!

THE BARRIERS.

After which MERLIN *speaks to the Prince.*

Mer. Nay, stay your valour, 'tis a wisdom high
In princes to use fortune reverently.
He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood,
Doth often tempt his destiny beyond good.
Look on this throne, and in his temper view
The light of all that must have grace in you:
His equal justice, upright fortitude
And settled prudence, with that peace endued
Of face, as mind, always himself and even.
So Hercules, and good men bear up heaven.
I dare not speak his virtues, for the fear
Of flattering him, they come so nigh and near
To wonders; yet thus much I prophesy
Of him and his. All ears your selves apply.
You, and your other you, great King and Queen,
Have yet the least of your bright fortune seen,

Which shall rise brighter every hour with time,
And in your pleasure quite forget the crime
Of change; your age's night shall be her noon.
And this young knight, that now puts forth so soon
Into the world, shall in your names achieve
More garlands for this state, and shall relieve
Your cares in government; while that young lord
Shall second him in arms, and shake a sword
And lance against the foes of God and you.
Nor shall less joy your royal hopes pursue
In that most princely maid, whose form might call
The world to war, and make it hazard all
His valour for her beauty; she shall be
Mother of nations, and her princes see
Rivals almost to these. Whilst you sit high,
And led by them, behold your Britain fly
Beyond the line, when what the seas before
Did bound, shall to the sky then stretch his shore.

OBERON, THE FAIRY PRINCE;

A MASQUE OF PRINCE HENRY'S.

The first face of the scene appeared all obscure, and nothing perceived but a dark rock, with trees beyond it, and all wildness that could be presented: till, at one corner of the cliff, above the horizon, the moon began to show, and rising, a SATYR *was seen by her light to put forth his head and call.*

1 *Sat.* CHROMIS![1] Mnasil![1] none appear?
See you not who riseth here?
You saw Silenus, late, I fear.[2]—
I'll prove, if this can reach your ear.

He wound his cornet, and thought himself answered; but was deceived by the echo.

O, you wake then! come away,
Times be short are made for play;
The humorous moon too will not stay:—
What doth make you thus delay?
Hath his tankard[3] touched your brain?

---

[1] They are the names of two young Satyrs, I find in Virgil Eclog. 6, that took Silenus sleeping; who is feigned to be the pædagogue of Bacchus: as the Satyrs are his collusores, or playfellows. So doth Diodor. Siculus, Synesius, Julian, in Cæsarib. report them.

[2] A proverbial speech, when they will tax one the other of drinking or sleepiness: alluding to that former place in Virgil:

——Chromis et Mnasilus in antro
Silenum, pueri, somno videre jacentem,
Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.

[3] Silenus is everywhere made a lover of wine, as in Cyclops Eurip., and known by the notable ensign, his tankard: out of the same place of Virgil: Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa. As also out of that famous piece of sculpture, in a little gem or piece of jasper, observed by Mons. Casaubon, in his tract de Satyrica



Sure, they're fallen asleep again:
Or I doubt it was the vain
Echo, did me entertain.
Prove again—

Wound his cornet the second time, and found it.

I thought 'twas she!
Idle nymph, I pray thee be
Modest, and not follow me:
I not love myself, nor thee.[1]

Here he wound the third time, and was answered by another SATYR, *who likewise showed himself.*

Ay, this sound I better know:
List! I would I could hear moe.

At this they came running forth severally, to the number of ten, from divers parts of the rock, leaping and making antick actions and gestures; some of them speaking, some admiring: and amongst them a SILENE, *who is ever the prefect of the Satyrs, and so presented in all their chori and meetings.*

2 *Sat.* Thank us, and you shall do so.
3 *Sat.* Ay, our number soon will grow.
2 *Sat.* See Silenus![2]
3 *Sat.* Cercops too!
4 *Sat.* Yes. What is there now to do?
5 *Sat.* Are there any nymphs to woo?
4 *Sat.* If there be, let me have two.[3]

Poësi, from Rascasius Bagarrius: wherein is described the whole manner of the scene, and chori of Bacchus, with Silenus, and the Satyrs. An elegant and curious antiquity, both for the subtilty and labour: where, in so small a compass (to use his words), there is Rerum, personarum, actionum plane stupenda varietas.

[1] Respecting that known fable of Echo's following Narcissus; and his self-love.

[2] In the pomps of Dionysus, or Bacchus, to every company of Satyrs there was still given a Silene for their overseer or governor. And in that which is described by Athenæus in his fifth book. Bini Sileni non semel commemorantur, qui totidem plurium Satyrorum gregibus præsint. Erant enim eorum epistatæ, præsules, et coryphæi, propter grandem ætatem. He was also purpureo pallio vestitus cum albis soleis, et petasatus, aureum caduceum parvum ferens. Vid. Athenæ. Dipnos. lib. 6, de pompâ Ptolemaicâ.

[3] The nature of the Satyrs the wise Horace expressed well, in the word, when

Silen. Chaster language![1] These are nights,
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the Fairy Prince and knights:
While the moon their orgies lights.
2 *Sat.* Will they come abroad anon?
3 *Sat.* Shall we see young OBERON?
4 *Sat.* Is he such a princely one,
As you spake him long agone?
Silen. Satyrs, he doth fill with grace
Every season, every place;
Beauty dwells but in his face;
He's the height of all our race.[2]
Our Pan's father, god of tongue,[3]
Bacchus, though he still be young,

---

he called them Risores et Dicaces, as the Greek poets, Nonnus, &c., style them φιλοκέρτομους. Nec solum dicaces, sed et proni in venerem, et saltatores assidui et credebantur, et fingebantur.

Unde Satyrica saltatio, quæ σίκιννις dicebatur, et à qua Satyri ipsi σικιννισταί. Vel à Sicino inventore, vel ἀπὸ τῆς κινήσεως, id est, a motu saltationis satyrorum, qui est concitatissimus.

[1] But in the Silenes was nothing of this petulance and lightness, but, on the contrary, all gravity and profound knowledge of most secret mysteries. Insomuch as the most learned of poets, Virgil, when he would write a poem of the beginnings and hidden nature of things, with other great antiquities, attributed the parts of disputing them to Silenus rather than any other. Which whosoever thinks to be easily or by chance done by the most prudent writer, will easily betray his own ignorance or folly. To this, see the testimonies of Plato, Synesius, Herodotus, Strabo, Philostratus, Tertullian, &c.

[2] Among the ancients, the kind, both of the Centaurs and Satyrs, is confounded; and common with either. As sometimes the Satyrs are said to come of the Centaurs, and again the Centaurs of them. Either of them are διφυὲς, but after a diverse manner. And Galen observes out of Hippocrates, Comment. 3 in 6 Epidemicor., that both the Athenians and Ionians called the Satyrs φηρες, or φηρέας, which name the Centaurs have with Homer: from whence it were no unlikely conjecture to think our word Fairies to come. Viderint critici.

[3] Mercury, who for the love of Penelope, while she was keeping her father Icarius's herds on the mountain Taygetas, turned himself into a fair buck-goat; with whose sports and flatteries the nymph being taken, he begat on her Pan: who was born, Capite cornuto, barbaque ac pedibus hircinis. As Homer hath it in Hymnis; and Lucian in dialogo Panis et Mercurii. He was called the giver of grace, χαριδοτὴς, φαῖδρος, καὶ λευκὸς. Hilaris et albus, nitens Cyllenius alis. As Bacchus was called ἀνθιος, floridus; and Hebo, à lanugine et molli ætate, semper virens.

Phœbus, when he crownéd sung,[1]
Nor Mars, when first his armour rung,[2]
Might with him be named that day:
He is lovelier, than in May
Is the spring, and there can stay
As little, as he can decay.
Omn. O that he would come away!
3 *Sat.* Grandsire, we shall leave to play[3]
With Lyæus[4] now; and serve
Only OBERON.
Silen. He'll deserve
All you can, and more, my boys.
4 *Sat.* Will he give us pretty toys,
To beguile the girls withal?
3 *Sat.* And to make them quickly fall.
Silen. Peace, my wantons! he will do
More than you can aim unto.
4 *Sat.* Will he build us larger caves?
Silen. Yes, and give you ivory staves,
When you hunt; and better wine—
1 *Sat.* Than the master of the vine?
2 *Sat.* And rich prizes, to be won,
When we leap, or when we run?

---

[1] Apollo is said, after Jupiter had put Saturn to flight, to have sung his father's victory to the harp, Purpurea toga decorus, et laura coronatus, mirificeque deos omnes qui accubuerant, in convivio delectavisse. Which Tibullus, in lib. 2 Elegiar. points to:

Sed nitidus, pulcherque veni. Nunc indue vestem
Purpuream, longas nunc bene necte comas.
Qualem te memorant Saturno rege fugato
Victoris laudes tunc cecinisse Jovis.

[2] He was then lovely, as being not yet stained with blood, and called χρυσοπήλεξ Ἄρης, quasi aureum flagellum (vel rectius auream galeam) habens.

[3] In Julius Pollux, lib. 4, cap. 19, in that part which he entitles de satyricis personis, we read, that Silenus is called πάππος, that is, avus, to note his great age: as amongst the comic persons, the reverenced for their years were called πάπποι: and with Julian in Cæs. Bacchus, when he speaks him fair, calls him παππίδιον.

[4] A name of Bacchus, Lyæus, of freeing men's minds from cares: παρα τὸ λύω, solvo.

1 *Sat.* Ay, and gild our cloven feet?
3 *Sat.* Strew our heads with powder sweet?
1 *Sat.* Bind our crookéd legs in hoops
Made of shells, with silver loops?
2 *Sat.* Tie about our tawny wrists
Bracelets of the fairy twists?
4 *Sat.* And, to spite the coy nymphs' scorns,
Hang upon our stubbéd horns
Garlands, ribands, and fine posies—
3 *Sat.* Fresh as when the flower discloses?
1 *Sat.* Yes, and stick our pricking ears
With the pearl that Tethys wears.
2 *Sat.* And to answer all things else,
Trap our shaggy thighs with bells;
That as we do strike a time,
In our dance shall make a chime—
3 *Sat.* Louder than the ratling pipes
Of the wood gods—
1 *Sat.* Or the stripes
Of the tabor;[1] when we carry
Bacchus up, his pomp to vary.
Omn. O that he so long doth tarry!
Silen. See! the rock begins to ope,
Now you shall enjoy your hope;
'Tis about the hour, I know.

There the whole scene opened, and within was discovered the frontispiece of a bright and glorious palace, whose gates and walls were transparent. Before the gates lay two SYLVANS, *armed with their clubs, and drest in leaves, asleep. At this the* SATYRS *wondering,* SILENUS *proceeds:*

Silen. Look! does not his palace show
Like another sky of lights?
Yonder, with him, live the knights,

---

[1] Erat solenne Baccho in pompa tenerorum more puerorum gestari à Sileno, et Satyris, Bacchis præcedentibus, quarum una semper erat Tympanistra, altera Tibicina, &c. Vide Athenæ.

Once, the noblest of the earth,
Quickened by a second birth:
Who for prowess and for truth
There are crowned with lasting youth:
And do hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss in Fairyland.
But their guards, methinks, do sleep!
Let us wake them.—Sirs, you keep
Proper watch, that thus do lie
Drowned in sloth!

1 *Sat.* They have ne'er an eye
To wake withal.

2 *Sat.* Nor sense, I fear;
For they sleep in either ear.[1]

3 *Sat.* Holla, Sylvans!—sure they're caves
Of sleep these, or else they're graves.

4 *Sat.* Hear you, friends!—who keeps the keepers?

1 *Sat.* They are the eighth and ninth sleepers!

2 *Sat.* Shall we cramp them?

Silen. Satyrs, no.

3 *Sat.* Would we had Boreas here, to blow
Off their heavy coats, and strip them.

4 *Sat.* Ay, ay, ay; that we might whip them.

3 *Sat.* Or that we had a wasp or two
For their nostrils.

1 *Sat.* Hairs will do
Even as well: take my tail.

2 *Sat.* What do you say to a good nail
Through their temples?

2 *Sat.* Or an eel,
In their guts, to make them feel?

---

[1] For they sleep in EITHER EAR.] The Latin phrase is, In utramvis aurem dormire; and means to sleep soundly, without any thoughts of care.—WHAL.

They had it from the Greek: it is rightly rendered by Whalley.

Επ' *αμφοτερα νυ χ' η 'πικληρος ουατα*
Μελλει *καθευδησειν.* Men. Frag.

4 *Sat.* Shall we steal away their beards?
3 *Sat.* For Pan's goat, that leads the herds?
2 *Sat.* Or try, whether is more dead,
His club, or the other's head?
Silen. Wags, no more: you grow too bold.
1 *Sat.* I would fain now see them rolled
Down a hill, or from a bridge
Headlong cast, to break their ridge-
Bones: or to some river take 'em,
Plump; and see if that would wake 'em.
2 *Sat.* There no motion yet appears.
Silen. Strike a charm into their ears.

At which the SATYRS *fell suddenly into this catch.*

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee:
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?—[*They tickle them.*
He ate the dormouse;
Else it was he.

The two SYLVANS *starting up amazed, and betaking themselves to their arms, were thus questioned by* SILENUS:

Silen. How now, Sylvans! can you wake?
I commend the care you take
In your watch! Is this your guise,
To have both your ears and eyes
Sealed so fast as these mine elves
Might have stolen you from yourselves?
3 *Sat.* We had thought we must have got
Stakes, and heated them red-hot,
And have bored you through the eyes,
With the Cyclops,[1] ere you'd rise.
2 *Sat.* Or have fetched some trees to heave

---

[1] Vid. Cyc. Euripid. ubi Satiri Ulyssi auxilio sint ad amburendum oculum Cyclopis.



Up your bulks, that so did cleave
To the ground there.
4 *Sat.* Are you free
Yet of sleep, and can you see
Who is yonder up aloof?
1 *Sat.* Be your eyes yet moon-proof?
1 *Syl.* Satyrs, leave your petulance,
And go frisk about and dance;
Or else rail upon the moon:
Your expectance is too soon.
For before the second cock
Crow, the gates will not unlock;
And, till then, we know we keep
Guard enough, although we sleep.
1 *Sat.* Say you so? then let us fall
To a song, or to a brawl:
Shall we, grandsire? Let us sport,
And make expectation short.
Silen. Do, my wantons, what you please.
I'll lie down and take mine ease.
1 *Sat.* Brothers, sing then, and upbraid,
As we use, yond' seeming maid.

SONG.

Now, my cunning lady: moon,
Can you leave the side so soon
Of the boy you keep so hid?
Midwife Juno sure will say,
This is not the proper way
Of your paleness to be rid.
But, perhaps, it is your grace
To wear sickness in your face,
That there might be wagers laid
Still, by fools, you are a maid.

Come, your changes overthrow,
What your look would carry so;
Moon, confess then, what you are,

And be wise, and free to use
Pleasures that you now do lose
  Let us Satyrs have a share.
Though our forms be rough and rude,
Yet our acts may be endued
  With more virtue: every one
  Cannot be ENDYMION.

Here they fell suddenly into an antick dance full of gesture and swift motion, and continued it till the crowing of the cock: at which they were interrupted by SILENUS.

Silen. Stay the cheerful chanticleer
Tells you that the time is near:—
See, the gates already spread!
Every Satyr bow his head.

There the whole palace opened, and the nation of Faies were discovered, some with instruments, some bearing lights, others singing; and within afar off in perspective, the knights masquers sitting in their several sieges: at the further end of all, OBERON, *in a chariot, which, to a loud triumphant music, began to move forward, drawn by two white bears, and on either side guarded by three* SYLVANS, *with one going in front.*

SONG.

Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air,
  And air fly into fire,
Whilst we in tunes, to Arthur's chair
  Bear Oberon's desire;
  Than which there's nothing can be higher,
Save JAMES, to whom it flies:
But he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

Who hath not heard, who hath not seen,
  Who hath not sung his name?
The soul that hath not, hath not been;
  But is the very same
  With buried sloth, and knows not fame,
Which doth him best comprise:
For he the wonder is of tongues, of ears, of eyes.

By this time the chariot was come as far forth as the face of the scene. And the SATYRS *beginning to leap, and express their joy for the unused state and solemnity, the foremost* SYLVAN *began to speak.*

1 *Syl.* Give place, and silence; you were rude too late;
This is a night of greatness and of state,
Not to be mixt with light and skipping sport,
A night of homage to the British court,
And ceremony due to Arthur's chair,
From our bright master, OBERON the fair,
Who with these knights attendants, here preserved
In Fairyland, for good they have deserved
Of yond' high throne, are come of right to pay
Their annual vows; and all their glories lay
At's feet, and tender to this only great,
True majesty, restoréd in this seat;
To whose sole power and magic they do give
The honour of their being; that they live
Sustained in form, fame, and felicity,
From rage of fortune or the fear to die.
Silen. And may they well. For this indeed is he,
My boys, whom you must quake at when you see.
He is above your reach; and neither doth
Nor can he think within a Satyr's tooth:
Before his presence you must fall or fly.
He is the matter of virtue, and placed high.
His meditations to his height are even:
And all their issue is akin to heaven.
He is a god o'er kings; yet stoops he then
Nearest a man, when he doth govern men,
To teach them by the sweetness of his sway,
And not by force. He's such a king as they
Who are tyrants' subjects, or ne'er tasted peace,
Would, in their wishes, form for their release.
'Tis he that stays the time from turning old,
And keeps the age up in a head of gold;
That in his own true circle still doth run;
And holds his course as certain as the sun.
He makes it ever day and ever spring
Where he doth shine, and quickens everything

Like a new nature: so that true to call
Him, by his title, is to say, He's all.
1 *Syl.* I thank the wise Silenus for his praise.
Stand forth, bright FAIES and ELVES, and tune your lays
Unto his name; then let your nimble feet
Tread subtile circles that may always meet
In point to him, and figures, to express
The grace of him and his great emperess.
That all that shall to-night behold the rites
Performed by princely Oberon and these knights,
May, without stop, point out the proper heir
Designed so long to Arthur's crowns and chair.

SONG BY TWO FAIES.

1 *Faie.* Seek you majesty, to strike?
Bid the world produce his like.
2 *Faie.* Seek you glory, to amaze?
Here let all eyes stand at gaze.
Cho. Seek you wisdom, to inspire?
Touch then at no other's fire.

1 *Faie.* Seek you knowledge, to direct?
Trust to his without suspect.
2 *Faie.* Seek you piety, to lead?
In his footsteps only tread.
Cho. Every virtue of a king,
And of all, in him, we sing.

Then the lesser Faies dance forth their dance; which ended, a full SONG *follows by all the voices.*

The solemn rites are well begun;
And though but lighted by the moon,
They show as rich as if the sun
Had made this night his noon.
But may none wonder that they are so bright,
The moon now borrows from a greater light:
Then, princely *Oberon*,
Go on,
This is not every night.



OBERON *and the knights dance out the first masque dance: which was followed with this*

SONG.

Nay, nay,
You must not stay,
Nor be weary yet;
This is no time to cast away,
Or for Faies so to forget
The virtue of their feet.
Knotty legs and plants of clay
Seek for ease, or love delay,
But with you it still should fare
As with the air of which you are.

After which they danced forth their second masque dance, and were again excited by a

SONG.

1 *Faie.* Nor yet, nor yet, O you in this night blest,
Must you have will, or hope to rest.
2 *Faie.* If you use the smallest stay,
You'll be overta'en by day.
1 *Faie.* And these beauties will suspect
That their forms you do neglect,
If you do not call them forth.
2 *Faie.* Or that you have no more worth
Than the coarse and country Fairy,
That doth haunt the hearth or dairy.

Then followed the measures, corantos, galliards, &c., till PHOSPHORUS *the day-star appeared, and called them away; but first they were invited home by one of the* SYLVANS *with this*

SONG.

Gentle knights,
Know some measure of your nights.
Tell the high-graced *Oberon,*
It is time that we were gone.
Here be forms so bright and airy,
  And their motions so they vary,
As they will enchant the Fairy
  If you longer here should tarry.

Phos. To rest, to rest! the herald of the day,
Bright Phosphorus, commands you hence; obey.
The moon is pale, and spent; and wingéd Night
Makes headlong haste to fly the Morning's sight,
Who now is rising from her blushing wars,
And with her rosy hand puts back the stars.
Of which myself the last, her harbinger,
But stay to warn you that you not defer
Your parting longer: then do I give way,
As Night hath done, and so must you, to Day.

After this, they danced their last dance into the work. And with a full SONG *the star vanished, and the whole machine closed.*

O yet how early, and before her time,
The envious morning up doth climb,
Though she not love her bed!
What haste the jealous Sun doth make,
His fiery horses up to take,
And once more show his head!
Lest, taken with the brightness of this night,
The world should wish it last, and never miss his light.

LOVE FREED FROM IGNORANCE AND FOLLY;

A MASQUE OF HER MAJESTY'S.

So soon as the King's Majesty was set, and in expectation, there was heard a strange music of wild instruments. To which a SPHYNX[1] *came forth dancing, leading* LOVE *bound.*

Sphynx. COME, sir Tyrant, lordly Love,
You that awe the gods above,
As their creatures here below,
With the sceptre called your bow;
And do all their forces bear
In the quiver that you wear,
Whence no sooner you do draw
Forth a shaft, but is a law;
Now they shall not need to tremble,
When you threaten or dissemble,
Any more; and, though you see
Whom to hurt, you have not free
Will to act your rage. The bands
Of your eyes now tie your hands.
All the triumphs, all the spoils
Gotten by your arts and toils
Over foe and over friend,
O'er your mother, here must end.
And you, now, that thought to lay
The world waste, must be my prey.

---

[1] By this Sphynx was understood Ignorance, who is always the enemy of Love and Beauty, and lies still in wait to entrap them. For which Antiquity has given her the upper parts and face of a woman: the nether parts of a lion, the wings of an eagle, to show her fierceness, and swiftness to evil, where she hath power.

Love. Cruel Sphynx, I rather strive
How to keep the world alive,
And uphold it; without me,
All again would chaos be.
Tell me, monster, what should move
Thy despight thus against Love?
Is there nothing fair and good,
Nothing bright, but burns thy blood?
Still thou art thyself, and made
All of practice to invade
Clearest bosoms. Hath this place
None will pity Cupid's case?
Some soft eye, while I can see
Who it is that melts for me,
Weep a fit. Are all eyes here
Made of marble? But a tear,
Though a false one; it may make
Others true compassion take.
I would tell you all the story
If I thought you would be sorry,
And in truth, there's none have reason,
Like yourselves, to hate the treason.
For it practised was on Beauty,
Unto whom Love owes all duty.
Let your favour but affright
Sphynx here, I shall soon recite
Every passage, how it was.
Sphynx. Do, I'll laugh, or cry alas!
Thinks poor Love, can ladies' looks
Save him from the Sphynx's hooks?
Love. No; but these can witness bear
Of my candour, when they hear
What thy malice is: or, how
I became thy captive now:
And it is no small content,
Falling, to fall innocent.

Know then, all you Glories here,
In the utmost East there were
Eleven daughters of the morn.
Ne'er were brighter bevies born,
Nor more perfect beauties seen.
The eldest of them was the queen
Of the Orient, and 'twas said,
That she should with Phœbus wed.
For which high-vouchsaféd grace,
He was loved of all their race.
And they would, when he did rise,
Do him early sacrifice
Of the rich and purest gum
That from any plant could come;
And would look at him as far
As they could discern his car:
Grieving that they might not ever
See him; and when night did sever
Their aspécts, they sat and wept
Till he came, and never slept:
Insomuch, that at the length
This their fervour gat such strength,
As they would a journey prove,
By the guard, and aid of Love,
Hither to the farthest West:
Where they heard, as in the East,
He a palace, no less bright,
Had, to feast in every night
With the Ocean, where he rested
Safe, and in all state invested.—
I, that never left the side
Of the fair, became their guide,
But behold, no sooner landing
On this isle,[1] but this commanding

[1] The meaning of this is, that these ladies being the perfect issue of beauty and

Monster Sphynx, the enemy
Of all actions great and high,
Knowing that these rites were done
To the wisdom of the sun,
From a cliff surprised them all:
And, though I did humbly fall
At her lion's feet, and prayed
As she had the face of maid,
That she would compassion take
Of these ladies, for whose sake
Love would give himself up; she
Swift to evil, as you see
By her wings, and hookéd hands,
First did take my offered bands,
Then, to prison of the night
Did condemn those sisters bright,
There for ever to remain,
'Less they could the knot unstrain
Of a riddle which she put,
Darker, than where they are shut:
Or from thence their freedoms prove
With the utter loss of Love.
They unwilling to forego
One who had deservéd so
Of all beauty, in their names,
Were content to have their flames
Hid in lasting night, ere I
Should for them untimely die.
I, on t'other side as glad

---

all worldly grace, were carried by Love to celebrate the majesty and wisdom of the king, figured in the sun, and seated in these extreme parts of the world, where they were rudely received by Ignorance, on their first approach, to the hazard of their affection, it being her nature to hinder all noble actions; but that the Love which brought them thither was not willing to forsake them, no more than they were to abandon it; yet was it enough perplexed, in that the monster Ignorance still covets to enwrap itself in dark and obscure terms and betray that way, whereas true Love affects to express itself with all clearness and simplicity.

That I such advantage had,
To assure them mine, engaged
Willingly myself, and waged
With the Monster, that if I
Did her riddle not untie,
I would freely give my life
To redeem them and the strife.
Sphynx. Have you said, sir? will you try,
Now, your known dexterity?
You presume upon your arts
Of tying and untying hearts;
And it makes you confident:
But anon you will repent.
Love. No, Sphynx, I do not presume;
But some little heart assume
From my judges here, that sit
As they would not lose Love yet.
Sphynx. You are pleasant, sir, 'tis good.
Love. Love does often change his mood.
Sphynx. I shall make you sad agen.
Love. I shall be the sorrier, then.
Sphynx. Come, sir, lend it your best ear.
Love. I begin to have half a fear.
Sphynx. First, Cupid, you must cast about
To find a world the world without,
Wherein what's done the eye doth do,
And is the light and treasure too.
This eye still moves, and still is fixed,
And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries, which Time, till now,
Nor Fate knew where to join, or how.
Yet, if you hit the right upon,
You must resolve these all by one.
Love. Sphynx, you are too quick of tongue;
Say't again, and take me along.
Sphynx. I say; you first must cast about

To find a world the world without.
Love. I say, that is already done,
And is the new world in the moon.
Sphynx. Cupid, you do cast too far;
This world is nearer by a star:
So much light I'll give you to't.
Love. Without a glass? well, I shall do't.
Your world's a lady, then: each creature
Human, is a world in feature,
Is it not?
Sphynx. Yes, but find out
A world you must, the world without.
Love. Why, if her servant be not here,
She doth a single world appear
Without her world.
Sphynx. Well you shall run!
Love. Nay, Sphynx, thus far is well begun.
Sphynx. Wherein what's done, the eye doth do,
And is the light and treasure too.
Love. That's clear as light; for wherein lies
A lady's power but in her eyes?
And not alone her grace and power,
But oftentimes, her wealth and dower.
Sphynx. I spake but of an eye, not eyes.
Love. A one-eyed mistress that unties.
Sphynx. This eye still moves, and still is fixed.
Love. A rolling eye that, native there,
Yet throws her glances everywhere;
And being but single, fain would do
The offices and arts of two.
Sphynx. And in the powers thereof are mixed
Two contraries.
Love. That's smiles and tears,
Or fire and frost; for either bears
Resemblance apt.
Sphynx. Which time, till now,

L



Nor fate knew where to join, or how.—
How now, Cupid! at a stay?
Not another word to say?
Do you find by this how long
You have been at fault and wrong?

Love. Sphynx, it is your pride to vex
Whom you deal with, and perplex
Things most easy: Ignorance
Thinks she doth herself advance
If of problems clear she make
Riddles, and the sense forsake,
Which came gentle from the Muses
Till her uttering it abuses.

Sphynx. Nay, your railing will not save you,
Cupid, I of right must have you.
Come my fruitful issue forth,
Dance and show a gladness worth
Such a captive as is Love,
And your mother's triumph prove.

Here the FOLLIES, *which were twelve* SHE-FOOLS, *enter and dance.*

Sphynx. Now, go take him up, and bear him
To the cliff,[1] where I will tear him
Piecemeal, and give each a part
Of his raw and bleeding heart.

Love. Ladies, have your looks no power
To help Love at such an hour?
Will you lose him thus? Adieu!
Think what will become of you.
Who shall praise you, who admire?
Who shall whisper by the fire
As you stand, soft tales? who bring you
Pretty news, in rhymes who sing you?

---

[1] This shows that Love's expositions are not always serious, till it be divinely instructed; and that sometimes it may be in the danger of ignorance and folly, who are the mother and issue: for no folly but is born of ignorance.



Who shall bathe him in the streams
Of your blood, and send you dreams
Of delight?

Sphynx. Away, go bear him
Hence, they shall no longer hear him.

Here the MUSES' PRIESTS, *in number twelve, advance to his rescue, and sing this* SONG *to a measure.*

Gentle love,[1] be not dismayed.
See the Muses pure and holy,
By their priests have sent thee aid
Against this brood of Folly.
It is true, that Sphynx their dame
Had the sense first from the Muses
Which in uttering she doth lame,
Perplexeth and abuses.
But they bid that thou shouldst look
In the brightest face here shining,
And the same, as would a book,
Shall help thee in divining.

Love. 'Tis done! 'tis done! I've found it out—
Britain's the world the world without.
The king's the eye, as we do call
The sun the eye of this great all.
And is the light and treasure too;
For 'tis his wisdom all doth do.
Which still is fixéd in his breast,
Yet still doth move to guide the rest.
The contraries which Time till now
Nor Fate knew where to join, or how,
Are Majesty and Love; which there,
And nowhere else, have their true sphere.
Now, Sphynx, I've hit the right upon,
And do resolve these all by one:
That is, that you meant ALBION.

1 Here is understood the power of Wisdom in the Muses' ministers, by which name all that have the spirit of prophecy are styled, and such they are that need to encounter Ignorance and Folly; and are ever ready to assist Love in any action of honour and virtue, and inspire him with their own soul.



Priests. 'Tis true in him, and in no other,
Love, thou art clear absolved.
Vanish, Follies, with your mother,
The riddle is resolved.
Sphynx must fly when Phœbus shines
And to aid of Love inclines.
[SPHYNX *retires with the* FOLLIES.

Love. Appear then, you my brighter charge,
And to light yourselves enlarge,
To behold that glorious star
For whose love you came so far,
While the monster with her elves
Do precipitate themselves.

Here the GRACES *enter, and sing this* SONG, *crowning* CUPID.

A crown, a crown for Love's bright head,
Without whose happy wit
All form and beauty had been dead,
And we had died with it.
For what are all the Graces
Without good forms and faces?
Then, Love, receive the due reward
Those Graces have prepared.
Cho. And may no hand, no tongue, no eye
Thy merit, or their thanks envý.

CHORUS *and* GRACES.

Cho. What gentle forms are these that move
To honour Love?
Gra. They are the bright and golden lights
That grace his nights.
Cho. And shot from beauty's eyes,
They look like fair Aurora's streams.
Gra. They are her fairer daughter's beams,
Who now doth rise.
Cho. Then night is lost, or fled away;
For where such beauty shines is ever day.

The Masque Dance followed.

Which done, one of the PRIESTS *alone sung.*

1 *Priest.* O what a fault, nay, what a sin
In fate or fortune had it been,

So much beauty to have lost!
Could the world with all her cost
Have redeemed it?
Cho. No, no, no.
Priest. How so?
Cho. It would nature quite undo,
For losing these, you lost her too.

The Measures and Revels follow.

2 *Priest.* How near to good is what is fair!
Which we no sooner see,
But with the lines and outward air
Our senses taken be.
We wish to see it still, and prove
What ways we may deserve;
We court, we praise, we more than love:
We are not grieved to serve.

The last Masque Dance. And after it, this full

SONG.

What just excuse had agéd Time,
His weary limbs now to have eased,
And sate him down without his crime,
While every thought was so much pleased!
But he so greedy to devour
His own, and all that he brings forth,
Is eating every piece of hour
Some object of the rarest worth.
Yet this is rescued from his rage,
As not to die by time or age:
For beauty hath a living name,
And will to heaven, from whence it came.

Grand Chorus at going out.

Now, now, gentle Love is free, and beauty blest
With the sight it so much longed to see.
Let us, the Muses' priests and Graces, go to rest,
For in them our happy labours be.

Then, then, * * * music sound, and teach our feet,
How to move in time, and measure meet:
Thus should the Muses' priests and Graces go to rest,
Bowing to the Sun throned in the west.



LOVE RESTORED, 1610

IN A MASQUE AT COURT,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

The King and Court being seated, and in expectation,

Enter MASQUERADO.

I WOULD I could make them a show myself! In troth, ladies, I pity you all. You are in expectation of a device to-night, and I am afraid you can do little else but expect it. Though I dare not show my face, I can speak truth under a vizard. Good faith, an't please your Majesty, your Masquers are all at a stand; I cannot think your Majesty will see any show to-night, at least worth your patience. Some two hours since, we were in that forwardness, our dances learned, our masquing attire on, and attired. A pretty fine speech was taken up of the poet too, which if he never be paid for now, it's no matter: his wit costs him nothing. Unless we should come in like a morrice-dance, and whistle our ballad ourselves, I know not what we should do: we have neither musician to play our tunes, but the wild music here; and the rogue play-boy that acts Cupid, is got so hoarse, your Majesty cannot hear him half the breadth of your chair.

Enter PLUTUS, *as* CUPID.

See, they have thrust him out, at adventure. We humbly beseech your Majesty to bear with us. We had both hope and purpose it should have been better, howsoever we are lost in it.

Plu. What makes this light feathered vanity here? Away, impertinent folly! Infect not this assembly.

Masq. How, boy!

Plu. Thou common corruption of all manners and places that admit thee.

Masq. Have you recovered your voice to rail at me?

Plu. No, vizarded impudence. I am neither player nor masquer; but the god himself, whose deity is here profaned by thee. Thou and thy like think yourselves authorised in this place to all license of surquedry. But you shall find custom hath not so grafted you here, but you may be rent up and thrown out as unprofitable evils. I tell thee, I will have no more masquing; I will not buy a false and fleeting delight so dear: the merry madness of one hour shall not cost me the repentance of an age.

Enter ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Rob. How! no masque, no masque? I pray you say, are you sure on't? no masque, indeed! What do I hear then? can you tell?

Masq. No, faith.

Rob. Slight, I'll be gone again, an there be no masque; there's a jest. Pray you resolve me. Is there any? or no? a masque?

Plu. Who are you?

Rob. Nay, I'll tell you that when I can. Does anybody know themselves here, think you? I would fain know if there be a masque or no.

Plu. There is none, nor shall be, sir; does that satisfy you?

Rob. Slight, a fine trick! a piece of England's Joy, this! Are these your court sports? Would I had kept me to my gambols o' the country still, selling of fish, short service, shoeing the wild mare, or roasting of robin-redbreast. These were better than, after all this time, no masque: you look at me. I have recovered myself now for you, I am the honest plain country spirit, and harmless; Robin Goodfellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot-cockles: one that has discoursed with your court spirits ere now; but was fain to-night to run a thousand hazards to arrive at this place: never poor goblin was so put to his shifts to get in to see nothing. So many thorny difficulties



as I have past, deserved the best masque; the whole shop of the revels. I would you would admit some of my feats, but I have little hope of that, i'faith, you let me in so hardly.

Plu. Sir, here's no place for them nor you. Your rude good-fellowship must seek some other sphere for your admitty.

Rob. Nay, so your stiff-necked porter told me at the gate, but not in so good words. His staff spoke somewhat to that boisterous sense: I am sure he concluded all in a non-entry, which made me e'en climb over the wall, and in by the wood-yard, so to the terrace, where when I came, I found the oaks of the guard more unmoved, and one of them, upon whose arm I hung, shoved me off o' the ladder, and dropt me down like an acorn. 'Twas well there was not a sow in the verge, I had been eaten up else. Then I heard some talk of the carpenters' way, and I attempted that; but there the wooden rogues let a huge trap-door fall on my head. If I had not been a spirit, I had been mazarded. Though I confess I am none of those subtle ones, that can creep through at a keyhole, or the cracked pane of a window. I must come in at a door, which made me once think of a trunk; but that I would not imitate so catholic a coxcomb as Coryat. Therefore I took another course. I watched what kind of persons the door most opened to, and one of their shapes I would belie to get in with. First I came with authority, and said I was an engineer, and belonged to the motions. They asked me if I were the fighting bear of last year, and laughed me out of that, and said the motions were ceased. Then I took another figure, of an old tire-woman; but tired under that too, for none of the masquers would take note of me, the mark was out of my mouth. Then I pretended to be a musician, marry I could not show mine instrument, and that bred a discord. Now there was nothing left for me that I could presently think on, but a feather-maker of Blackfriars, and in that shape I told them, Surely I must come in, let it be opened unto me; but they all made as light of me, as of my feathers; and wondered how I could be a Puritan, being of so vain a vocation. I answered, We are all masquers sometimes: with which they knocked Hypocrisy o' the pate, and

made room for a bombard man, that brought bouge for a country lady or two, that fainted, he said, with fasting for the fine sight since seven o'clock in the morning. O how it grieved me, that I was prevented of that shape, and had not touched on it in time, it liked me so well; but I thought I would offer at it yet. Marry before I could procure my properties, alarum came that some of the whimlens had too much; and one showed how fruitfully they had watered his head, as he stood under the grices; and another came out, complaining of a cataract shot into his eyes by a planet, as he was star-gazing. There was that device defeated! By this time I saw a fine citizen's wife or two let in; and that figure provoked me exceedingly to take it; which I had no sooner done, but one of the blackguards had his hand in my vestry, and was groping of me as nimbly as the Christmas cut-purse. He thought he might be bold with me, because I had not a husband in sight to squeak to. I was glad to forego my form, to be rid of his hot steaming affection, it so smelt of the boiling house. Forty other devices I had of wiremen and the chandrie, and I know not what else; but all succeeded alike. I offered money too, but that could not be done so privately, as it durst be taken, for the danger of an example. At last a troop of strangers came to the door, with whom I made myself sure to enter; but before I could mix, they were all let in, and I left alone without, for want of an interpreter. Which, when I was fain to be to myself, a Colossus of the company told me, I had English enough to carry me to bed; with which all the other statues of flesh laughed. Never till then did I know the want of an hook and a piece of beef, to have baited three or four of those goodly wide mouths with. In this despair, when all invention and translation too failed me, I e'en went back, and stuck to this shape you see me in of mine own, with my broom and my candles, and came on confidently, giving out I was a part of the Device; at which, though they had little to do with wit, yet because some on't might be used here to-night, contrary to their knowledge, they thought it fit way should be made for me; and as it falls out, to small purpose.

Plu. Just as much as you are fit for. Away, idle spirit; and

thou the idle cause of his adventuring hither, vanish with him. 'Tis thou that art not only the sower of vanities in these high places, but the call of all other light follies to fall and feed on them. I will endure thy prodigality nor riots no more; they are the ruin of states. Nor shall the tyranny of these nights hereafter impose a necessity upon me of entertaining thee. Let them embrace more frugal pastimes. Why should not the thrifty and right worshipful game of Post and Pair content them; or the witty invention of Noddy, for counters; or God make them rich, at the tables? but masquing and revelling! Were not these ladies and their gentlewomen more housewifely employed, a dozen of them to a light, or twenty (the more the merrier) to save charges, in their chambers at home and their old night-gowns, at draw-gloves, riddles, dreams, and other pretty purposes, rather than to wake here, in their flaunting wires and tires, laced gowns, embroidered petticoats, and other taken up braveries? Away, I will no more of these superfluous excesses. They are these make me hear so ill both in town and country, as I do; which if they continue, I shall be the first shall leave them.

Masq. Either I am very stupid, or this is a reformed Cupid.

Rob. How! does any take this for Cupid? the Love in court?

Masq. Yes, is't not he?

Rob. Nay, then we spirits, I see, are subtler yet, and somewhat better discoverers. No; it is not he, nor his brother Anti-cupid, the love of virtue, though he pretend to it with his phrase and face: 'tis that impostor Plutus, the god of money, who has stolen Love's ensigns, and in his belied figure rules the world, making friendships, contracts, marriages, and almost religion; begetting, breeding, and holding the nearest respects of mankind: and usurping all those offices in this age of gold, which Love himself performed in the golden age. 'Tis he that pretends to tie kingdoms, maintain commerce, dispose of honours, make all places and dignities arbitrary from him, even to the very country, where Love's name cannot be razed out, he has yet gained there upon him by a proverb, *Not for Love or Money.* There Love lives confined, by his tyranny, to a cold region, wrapt up in furs like a Muscovite,

and almost frozen to death: while he, in his inforced shape, and with his ravished arms, walks as if he were to set bounds and give laws to destiny. 'Tis you, mortals, that are fools; and worthy to be such, that worship him: for if you had wisdom, he had no godhead. He should stink in the grave with those wretches whose slave he was; contemn him, and he is one. Come, follow me. I'll bring you where you shall find Love, and by the virtue of this Majesty, who projecteth so powerful beams of light and heat through this hemisphere, thaw his icy fetters, and scatter the darkness that obscures him. Then, in despight of this insolent and barbarous Mammon, your sports may proceed, and the solemnities of the night be complete, without depending on so earthly an idol.

Plu. Ay, do; attempt it: 'tis like to find most necessary and fortunate event, whatsoever is enterprised without my aids. Alas, how bitterly the spirit of poverty spouts itself against my weal and felicity! but I feel it not. I cherish and make much of myself, flow forth in ease and delicacy, while that murmurs and starves.

Enter CUPID *in his chariot, guarded with the Masquers, in number ten.*

SONG.

O how came Love, that is himself a fire,
To be so cold?
Yes, tyrant Money quencheth all desire,
Or makes it old.
But here are beauties will revive
Love's youth, and keep his heat alive:
As often as his torch here dies,
He need but light it at fresh eyes.
Joy, joy, the more: for in all courts,
If Love be cold, so are his sports.

Cup. I have my spirits again, and feel my limbs.
Away with this cold cloud, that dims
My light! lie there, my furs and charms,
Love feels a heat, that inward warms,
And guards him naked, in these places,
As at his birth, or 'mongst the Graces.

Impostor Mammon, come, resign
This bow and quiver; they are mine.
Thou hast too long usurped my rites,
I now am lord of mine own nights.
Be gone, whilst yet I give thee leave.
When thus the world thou wilt deceive,
Thou canst in youth and beauty shine,
Belie a godhead's form divine,
Scatter thy gifts, and fly to those
Where thine own honour may dispose;
But when to good men thou art sent,
By Jove's direct commandment,
Thou then art agéd, lame, and blind,
And canst nor path nor persons find.
Go, honest spirit, chase him hence
To his caves; and there let him dispense
For murders, treasons, rapes, his bribes
Unto the discontented tribes;
Where let his heaps grow daily less,
And he and they still want success.
The Majesty that here doth move,
Shall triumph, more secured by Love,
Than all his earth; and never crave
His aids, but force him as a slave.
To those bright beams I owe my life,
And I will pay it in the strife
Of duty back. See, here are ten,
The spirits of courts, and flower of men,
Led on by me, with flamed intents,
To figure the ten ornaments,
That do each courtly presence grace.
Nor will they rudely strive for place,
One to precede the other; but
As music them in form shall put,
So will they keep their measures true,
And make still their proportions new,

Till all become one harmony,
Of Honour, and of Courtesy,
True Valour and Urbanity,
Of Confidence, Alacrity,
Of Promptness, and of Industry,
Hability, Reality.
Nor shall those graces ever quit your court,
Or I be wanting to supply their sport.

Here the first dance.

SONG.

This motion was of Love begot,
It was so airy, light, and good,
His wings into their feet he shot,
Or else himself into their blood.
But ask not how : the end will prove,
That Love's in them, or they're in Love.

Second dance.

SONG.

Have men beheld the Graces dance,
Or seen the upper orbs to move ?
So these did turn, return, advance,
Drawn back by Doubt, put on by Love.
And now like earth, themselves they fix,
Till greater powers vouchsafe to mix
Their motions with them. Do not fear,
You brighter planets of the sphere :
Not one male heart you see,
But rather to his female eyes
Would die a destined sacrifice,
Than live at home, and free.

Third dance.

SONG.

Give end unto thy pastimes, Love,
Before they labours prove :
A little rest between,
Will make thy next shows better seen.
Now let them close their eyes, and see
If they can dream of thee,
Since morning hastes to come in view ;
And all the morning dreams are true.

A CHALLENGE AT TILT,

AT A MARRIAGE.

THE DAY AFTER THE MARRIAGE.

The Court being in expectation, as before,

Enter Two CUPIDS, *striving.*

1 *Cup.* It is my right, and I will have it.

2 *Cup.* By what law or necessity? Pray you, come back.

1 *Cup.* I serve the man, and the nobler creature.

2 *Cup.* But I the woman, and the purer; and therefore the worthier. Because you are a handful above me, do you think to get a foot afore me, sir? No, I appeal to you, ladies.

1 *Cup.* You are too rude, boy, in this presence.

2 *Cup.* That cannot put modesty in me, to make me come behind you, though; I will stand for mine inches with you, as peremptory as an ambassador. Ladies, your sovereignties are concerned in me; I am the wife's page.

1 *Cup.* And I the husband's.

2 *Cup.* How!

1 *Cup.* Ha!

2 *Cup.* One of us must break the wonder; and therefore I that have best cause to be assured of mine own truth, demand of thee, by what magic thou wearest my ensigns? or hast put on my person?

1 *Cup.* Beware, young ladies, of this impostor; and mothers, look to your daughters and nieces: a false Cupid is abroad: it is I that am the true, who to do these glad solemnities their proper rites, have been contented, not to put off, but to conceal my deity, and in this habit of a servant do attend him who was

yesterday the happy Bridegroom, in the compliment of his nuptials, to make all his endeavours and actions more gracious and lovely.

2 *Cup.* He tells my tale, he tells my tale; and pretends to my act. It was I that did this for the Bride: I am the true Love, and both this figure and those arms are usurped by most unlawful power. Can you not perceive it? Do not I look liker a Cupid than he? Am I not more a child? Ladies, have none of you a picture of me in your bosom? Is the resemblance of Love banished your breasts? Sure they are these garments that estrange me to you! if I were naked, you would know me better: no relic of love left in an old bosom here! What should I do?

1 *Cup.* My little shadow is turned furious.

2 *Cup.* What can I turn other than a fury itself, to see thy impudence? If I be a shadow, what is substance? Was it not I that yesternight waited on the bride into the nuptial chamber, and, against the bridegroom came, made her the throne of love? Had I not lighted my torches in her eyes, planted my mother's roses in her cheeks; were not her eyebrows bent to the fashion of my bow, and her looks ready to be loosed thence, like my shafts? Had I not ripened kisses on her lips, fit for a Mercury to gather, and made her language sweeter than his upon her tongue? Was not the girdle about her he was to untie, my mother's, wherein all the joys and delights of love were woven?

1 *Cup.* And did not I bring on the blushing bridegroom to taste those joys? and made him think all stay a torment? Did I not shoot myself into him like a flame, and made his desires and his graces equal? Were not his looks of power to have kept the night alive in contention with day, and made the morning never wished for? Was there a curl in his hair that I did not sport in, or a ring of it crisped that might not have become Juno's fingers? His very undressing was it not Love's arming? Did not all his kisses charge? and every touch attempt? But his words, were they not feathered from my wings, and flew in singing at her ears, like arrows tipt with gold?

2 *Cup.* Hers, hers did so into his; and all his virtue was



borrowed from my powers in her, as thy form is from me. But that this royal and honoured assembly be no longer troubled with our contention, behold, I challenge thee of falsehood; and will bring, upon the first day of the new year, into the lists, before this palace, ten knights armed, who shall undertake against all assertion that I am a child of Mars and Venus: and in the honour of that lady (whom it is my ambition to serve) that that love is the most true and perfect that still waiteth on the woman, and is the servant of that sex.

1 *Cup.* But what gage gives my confident counterfeit of this?

2 *Cup.* My bow and quiver, or what else I can make.

1 *Cup.* I take only them; and in exchange give mine, to answer, and punish this thy rashness, at thy time assigned, by a just number of knights, who by their virtue shall maintain me to be the right Cupid, and true issue of valour and beauty; and that no love can come near either truth or perfection, but what is manly, and derives his proper dignity from thence.

2 *Cup.* It is agreed.

1 *Cup.* In the meantime, ladies, suspend your censures which is the right; and to entertain your thoughts till the day, may the court hourly present you with delicate and fresh objects, to beget on you pretty and pleasing fancies! May you feed on pure meats, easy of concoction, and drink that will quickly turn into blood, to make your dreams the clearer, and your imaginations the finer!

So they departed.

On New-Year's Day, he that before is numbered the second CUPID, *came now the first, with his ten Knights, attired in the Bride's colours, and lighting from his chariot, spake:*

1 *Cup.* Now, ladies, to glad your aspects once again with the sight of Love, and make a spring smile in your faces, which must have looked like winter without me; behold me, not like a servant now, but a champion, and in my true figure, as I used to reign and revel in your faces, tickling your soft ears with my



feathers, and laying little straws about your hearts, to kindle bonfires shall flame out at your eyes, playing in your bloods like fishes in a stream, or diving like the boys in the bath, and then rising on end like a monarch, and treading humour like water, bending those stiff pickardils of yours under this yoke my bow; or, if they would not bend, whipping your rebellious vardingales with my bow-string, and made them run up into your waists (they have lain so flat) for fear of my indignation. What! is Cupid of no name with you? have I lost all reputation, or what is less, opinion, by once putting off my deity? Because I was a page at this solemnity, and would modestly serve one, for the honour of you all, am I therefore dishonoured by all, and lost in my value so, that every juggler that can purchase him a pair of wings and a quiver, is committed with me in balance, and contends with me for sovereignty? Well, I will chastise you, ladies; believe it, you shall feel my displeasure for this; and I will be mighty in it. Think not to have those accesses to me you were wont; you shall wait four of those galleries off, and six chambers for me; ten doors locked between you and me hereafter, and I will allow none of you a key: when I come abroad, you shall petition me, and I will not hear you; kneel, and I will not regard you; I will pass by like a man of business, and not see you, and I will have no Master of Requests for you. There shall not the greatest pretender to a state-face living put on a more supercilious look than I will do upon you. Trust me—ha! what's this?

Enter 2 CUPID, *with his company of ten Knights.*

2 *Cup.* O, are you here, sir! You have got the start of me now, by being challenger, and so the precedency, you think. I see you are resolved to try your title by arms then; you will stand to be the right Cupid still? How now! what ails you that you answer not? Are you turned a statue upon my appearance? or did you hope I would not appear, and that hope has deceived you?

1 *Cup.* Art thou still so impudent to belie my figure? that in what shape soever I present myself, thou wilt seem to be the



same; not so much as my chariot, but resembled by thee? and both the doves and swans I have borrowed of my mother to draw it? the very number of my champions emulated, and almost their habits! What insolence is this?

2 *Cup.* Good little one, quarrel not; you have now put yourself upon others' valour, not your own, and you must know you can bring no person hither to strengthen your side, but we can produce an equal. Be it Persuasion you have got there, the peculiar enchantress of your sex; behold we have Mercury here to charm against her, who gives all lovers their true and masculine eloquence; or are they the Graces you presume on, your known clients, Spring, Beauty, and Cheerfulness? here are Youth, Audacity, and Favour to encounter them, three more manly perfections, and much more powerful in working for Love. Child, you are all the ways of winning too weak; there is no thinking, either with your honour or discretion kept safe, to continue on a strife wherein you are already vanquished. Yield, be penitent early, and confess it.

1 *Cup.* I will break my bow and quiver into dust first (restore me mine own arms) or be torn in pieces with Harpies, marry one of the Furies, turn into Chaos again, and dissolve the harmony of nature.

2 *Cup.* O, most stiffly spoken, and fit for the sex you stand for! Well, give the sign then: let the trumpets sound, and upon the valour and fortune of your champions put the right of your cause.

1 *Cup.* 'Tis done.

Here the TILTING *took place.*

After which,

2 *Cup.* Now, sir, you have got mightily by this contention, and advanced your cause to a most high degree of estimation with these spectators! have you not?

1 *Cup.* Why, what have you done, or won?



2 *Cup.* It is enough for me who was called out to this trial, that I have not lost, or that my side is not vanquished.

Enter HYMEN.

Hy. Come, you must yield both; this is neither contention for you, nor time fit to contend: there is another kind of tilting would become Love better than this; to meet lips for lances, and crack kisses instead of staves: which there is no beauty here, I presume, so young, but can fancy, nor so tender, but would venture. Here is the palm for which you must strive: which of you wins this bough, is the right and best Cupid; and whilst you are striving, let Hymen, the president of these solemnities, tell you something of your own story, and what yet you know not of yourselves. You are both true Cupids, and both the sons of Venus by Mars, but this the first born, and was called Eros; who upon his birth proved a child of excellent beauty, and right worthy his mother; but after, his growth not answering his form, not only Venus, but the Graces, who nursed him, became extremely solicitous for him; and were impelled, out of their grief and care, to consult the oracle about him. Themis (for Apollo was not yet of years) gave answer, there wanted nothing to his perfection; but that they had not enough considered, or looked into the nature of the infant, which indeed was desirous of a companion only: for though Love, and the true, might be born of Venus single and alone, yet he could not thrive and increase alone. Therefore if she affected his growth, Venus must bring forth a brother to him, and name him Anteros, that with reciprocal affection might pay the exchange of Love. This made that thou wert born her second birth. Since when, your natures are, that either of you, looking upon other, thrive, and by your mutual respects and interchange of ardour, flourish and prosper; whereas, if the one be deficient or wanting to the other, it fares worse with both. This is the Love that Hymen requires, without which no marriage is happy: when the contention is not, who is the true Love, but, being both true, who loves most; cleaving the bough between you, and dividing the

palm. This is a strife wherein you both win, and begets a concord worthy all married minds' emulation, when the lover transforms himself into the person of his beloved, as you two do now; by whose example, let your knights (all honourable friends and servants of Love) affect the like peace, and depart the lists equal in their friendships for ever, as to-day they have been in their fortunes. And may this royal court never know more difference in humours; or these well-graced nuptials more discord in affections, than what they presently feel, and may ever avoid?

1 *and* 2 *Cup.* To this Love says, Amen.

THE IRISH MASQUE,

AT COURT,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

The King being set in expectation, out ran a fellow attired like a citizen: after him, three or four footmen, DENNISE, DONNELL, DERMOCK, *and* PATRICK.

Pat. For chreeshes sayk, phair ish te king? phich ish he, ant be? show me te shweet faish, quickly. By got, o' my conshence, tish ish he! ant tou be king Yamish, me name is Dennish, I sherve ti majesties owne cashtermonger, be me trote; and cry peepsh, and pomwatersh in ti mayesties shervice, 'tis five year now. Ant tou vilt not trush me now, call up ti clarke o' ti kitchen, be ant be, shall give hish wort, upon hish book, ish true.

Don. Ish it te fashion, to beate te imbasheters here, and knocke 'hem o'te heads phit te phoit stick?

Der. Ant make ter meshage run out a ter mouthsh, before tey shpeake vit te king?

Den. Peash, Dermock, here ish te king.

Der. Phair ish te king?

Don. Phich ish te king?

Den. Tat ish te king.

Der. Ish tat te king? Got blesh him!

Den. Peash, and take heet, vat tou shaysht, man.

Der. Creesh blesh him, I shay. Phat reason I tayk heet, for tat?

Don. Creesh blesh ti shweet faish, king Yamish; and my mishtresh faish too: pre te, hear me now. I am come a great vay of miles to she te now, by my fayt and trote, and graish o' got.

Den. Phat ish te meaning o' tish, Donnell? didsh tou not shay, a gotsh name, I should tell ty tale for tee? ant entrayt me come to te court, and leave me vare at shiede, and seven? by got, ish true now.

Don. Yesh. But I thanke got I can tell my tayle myshelfe, now I be here, I warrant tee: pre de hear me, king Yamish.

Den. Pree dee heare me, king Yamish: I can tell tee better ten he.

Pat. Pree dee heare neder noder on 'hem: here'sh Dermock will shpeake better ten eder oder on 'hem.

Der. No fayt, shweet hart, tow lyesht. Patrick here ish te vesht man of hish tongue, of all de foure; pre tee now heare him.

Pat. By chreesh shave me, tow lyesht. I have te vorsht tongue in de company at thy shervish. Vill shomebody shpeak?

Don. By my fayt, I vill not.

Der. By my goship's hand, I vill not.

Pat. Speake, Dennish, ten.

Den. If I speake, te divell tayke me. I vill give tee leave to cram my mouth phit shamrokes and butter, and vater creeshes instead of pearsh and peepsh.

Pat. If nobody will shpeake, I vill shpeake. Pleash ty shweet faish, we come from Ireland.

Der. We be Irishmen, an't pleash tee.

Don. Ty good shubshects of Ireland, and pleash ty mayesty.

Den. Of Connough, Leynster, Ulster, Munster. I mine one shelfe vash born in the English payle, and pleash ty mayesty.

Pat. Sacrament o' chreesh, tell ty tale ty shelfe, and be all tree.

Den. And pleash ty graish, I vill tell tee, tere vash a great newesh in Ireland of a great brideal of one o' ty lords here ant be.

Pat. Ty man Robyne, tey shay.

Don. Mary ty man Toumaish, his daughter, tey shay.

Der. Ay, ty good man, Toumaish o' Shuffolke.

Don. He knoke ush o'te payt here, ash we come by, by a good token.

Der. I' fayt, tere ish very much phoyt stick here stirring to-night. He takes ush for no shquires, I tinke.

Pat. No, he tinksh not ve be imbasheters.

Don. No fayt, I tinke sho too. But tish marriage bring over a doshen of our besht mayshters, to be merry perht tee shweet faish, an't be; and daunsh a fading at te vedding.

Den. But tey vere leeke to daunsh naked, and pleash ty mayesty; for tey villanous vild Irish sheas have casht away all ter fine cloysh, as many ash cosht a towsand cowes, and garraves, I warrant tee.

Der. And te prishe of a cashtell or two upon teyr backs.

Don. And tey tell ty mayesty, tey have ner a great fish now, nor a shea moynshter to shave teyr cloyth alive now.

Pat. Nor a devoish vit a clowd to fesh 'hem out o' te bottom o' te vayter.

Der. But tey musht eene come and daunsh in teyr mantles now; and show tee how teye can foot te fading and te fadow, and te phip a' Dunboyne, I trow.

Don. I pre dee now, let not ty sweet faysh, ladies, make a mock on 'hem and scorn to daunsht vit 'hem now, becash tey be poor.

Pat. Tey drink no bonny clabbe, i' fayt, now.

Don. It ish better ten usquebagh to daunsh vit, Patrick.

Pat. By my fater's hand, tey vill daunsh very vell.

Der. Ay, by St. Patrick, vill tey; for tey be nimble men.

Den. And vill leap ash light, be creesh save me, ash he tat veares te biggest fether in ty court, king Yamish.

Der. For all tey have no good vindsh to blow tem heter, nor elementsh to preserve 'hem.

Don. Nor all te four cornersh o' te world, to creep out on.

Pat. But tine own kingdomes.

Don. Tey be honesht men.

Pat. And goot men: tine own shubshects.

Der. Tou hast very good shubshects in Ireland.

Den. A great goot many, o' great goot shubshects.

Don. Tat love ty mayesty heartily.

Den. And vill run t'rough fire and vater for tee, over te bog and te bannoke, be te graish o' got, and graish o' king.

Der. By got, tey vill fight for tee, king Yamish, and for my mistresh tere.

Den. And my little maishter.

Pat. And te vfrow, ty daughter, tat is in Tuchland.

Don. Tey vill spend ter heart in ter belly for tee, as vell as ter legs in ter heelsh.

Der. By creesh, tey vill shpend all teyr cowesn for tee.

Den. Pre tee make mush on t'em.

Pat. Pre tee, sweet faysh, do.

Don. Be not angry vit te honesh men, for te few rebelsh, and knavesh.

Pat. Nor beleeve no tayles, king Yamish.

Der. For, by got, tey love tee in Ireland.

Don. Predee, bid 'em welcome, and got make 'em rish for tee.

Der. Tey vill make temshelves honesht.

Den. Tou hasht not a hundret tousand sush men, by my trote.

Pat. No, nor forty, by my hant.

Don. By justish Delounes hant, not twenty.

Der. By my lord Deputish hant, not ten, in all ti great Brittayne. Shall I call hem to tee?

Don. Tey shit like poore men i' te porsh yonder.

Pat. Shtay, tee peepe ish come! [*Bagpipe, &c., enter.*] Harke, harke!

Der. Let ush daunsh ten. Daunsh, Dennish.

Den. By creesh sa'me, I ha' forgot.

Don. A little till our mayshtersh be ready.

Here the FOOTMEN *had a* DANCE, *being six men and six boys, to the bagpipe and other rude music; after which they had a* SONG, *and then they cried,*

Peash! Peash! Now room for our mayshters! Room for our mayshters!

Then the GENTLEMEN *dance forth a dance in their Irish mantles to a solemn music of harps: which done, the* FOOTMEN *fall to speak again.*

Der. How like tou tish, Yamish? and tey had fine cloyshs now, and liveries, like tine own men ant be!

Don. But te rugs make t'em shrug a little.
Der. Tey have shit a great phoyle i' te cold, ant be.
Don. Isht not pity te cloysh be drowned now?
Pat. Pre tee shee another daunsh, and be not veary.

Here they were interrupted by a civil GENTLEMAN *of the nation, who brought in a* BARD.

Gent. He may be of your rudeness. Hold your tongues,
And let your coarser manners seek some place,
Fit for their wildness: this is none; be gone!
Advance, immortal Bard, come up and view
The gladding face of that great king, in whom
So many prophecies of thine are knit.
This is that James of which long since thou sung'st,
Should end our countries' most unnatural broils;
And if her ear, then deafened with the drum,
Would stoop but to the music of his peace,
She need not with the spheres change harmony.
This is the man thou promis'dst should redeem,
If she would love his counsels as his laws,
Her head from servitude, her feet from fall,
Her fame from barbarism, her state from want,
And in her all the fruits of blessings plant.
Sing then some charm, made from his present looks,
That may assure thy former prophecies,
And firm the hopes of these obedient spirits,
Whose love no less than duty hath called forth
Their willing powers: who if they had much more,
Would do their all, and think they could not move
Enough to honour that which he doth love.

Here the BARD *sings to two harps.*

SONG.

Bow both your heads at once and hearts;
Obedience doth not well in parts.
It is but standing in his eye,
You'll feel yourselves changed by and by.

Few live, that know, how quick a spring
   Works in the presence of a king:
'Tis done by this; your slough let fall,
   And come forth new-born creatures all.

During this song, the MASQUERS *let fall their mantles, and discover their masquing apparel. Then they dance forth.*

After the dance the BARD *sings this*

SONG.

So breaks the sun earth's rugged chains,
   Wherein rude winter bound her veins;
So grows both stream and source of price,
   That lately fettered were with ice.
So naked trees get crispéd heads,
   And coloured coats the roughest meads,
And all get vigour, youth, and spright,
   That are but looked on by his light.

THUS IT ENDED.

MERCURY VINDICATED

FROM THE ALCHEMISTS, AT COURT,

BY GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS

Loud music. After which the Scene is discovered; being a Laboratory or Alchemist's work-house: VULCAN *looking to the registers, while a* CYCLOPE, *tending the fire, to the cornets began to sing.*

Cyc. Soft, subtile fire, thou soul of art,
Now do thy part
On weaker nature, that through age is lamed.
Take but thy time, now she is old,
And the sun her friend grown cold,
She will no more in strife with thee be named.

Look, but how few confess her now,
In cheek or brow!
From every head, almost, how she is frighted!
The very age abhors her so,
That it learns to speak and go,
As if by art alone it could be righted.

The Song ended, MERCURY *appeared, thrusting out his head, and afterward his body, at the tunnel of the middle furnace: which* VULCAN *espying, cried out to the* CYCLOPS.

Vul. Stay, see! our Mercury is coming forth; art and all the elements assist! Call forth our philosophers. He will be gone, he will evaporate. Dear Mercury! help. He flies. He is scaped. Precious golden Mercury, be fixt: be not so volatile! Will none of the sons of art appear?

In which time MERCURY *having run once or twice about the room, takes breath, and speaks.*

Mer. Now the place and goodness of it protect me. One tender-hearted creature or other, save Mercury, and free him. Ne'er an old gentlewoman in the house, that has a wrinkle about her to hide me in? I could run into a serving-woman's pocket now; her glove, any little hole. Some merciful verdingale among so many, be bounteous, and undertake me: I will stand close up, anywhere, to escape this polt-footed philosopher, old Smug here of Lemnos, and his smoky family. Has he given me time to breathe! O the variety of torment that I have endured in the reign of the Cyclops, beyond the most exquisite wit of tyrants! The whole household of them are become Alchemists, since their trade of armour-making failed them, only to keep themselves in fire, for this winter; for the mischief a secret that they know, above the consuming of coals, and drawing of usquebagh! howsoever they may pretend, under the specious names of Geber, Arnold, Lully, Bombast of Hohenheim, to commit miracles in art, and treason against nature; and, as if the title of philosopher, that creature of glory, were to be fetched out of a furnace, abuse the curious and credulous nation of metal-men through the world, and make Mercury their instrument. I am their crude, and their sublimate; their precipitate, and their unctuous; their male and their female; sometimes their hermaphrodite: what they list to style me. It is I that am corroded, and exalted, and sublimed, and reduced, and fetched over, and filtered, and washed, and wiped; what between their salts and their sulphurs, their oils and their tartars, their brines and their vinegars, you might take me out now a soused Mercury, now a salted Mercury, now a smoked and dried Mercury, now a powdered and pickled Mercury: never herring, oyster, or cucumber past so many vexations. My whole life with them hath been an exercise of torture: one, two, three, four, and five times an hour have they made me dance the philosophical circle, like an ape through a hoop, or a dog in a wheel. I am their turnspit indeed: they eat and smell no roast-meat but in my name. I am their bill of credit still, that passes for their victuals and house-room. It is through me they have got this corner of the Court to cozen in, where they shark for a

hungry diet below stairs, and cheat upon your under-officers, promising mountains for their meat, and all upon Mercury's security. A poor page of the larder, they have made obstinately believe, he shall be physician for the household next summer; they will give him a quantity of the quintessence, shall serve him to cure kibes or the mormal o' the shin, take away the pustules in the nose, and Mercury is engaged for it. A child of the scullery steals all their coals for them too, and he is bid sleep secure, he shall find a corner of the philosopher's stone for't under his bolster one day, and have the proverb inverted. Against which, one day I am to deliver the buttery in, so many firkins of *aurum potabile*, as it delivers out bombards of bouge to them, between this and that. For the pantry, they are at a certainty with me, and keep a tally, an ingot, a loaf, or a wedge of some five pounds weight, which is nothing of nothing, a trifle. And so the blackguards are pleased with any lease of life (for some 999), especially those of the boiling house; they are to have Medea's kettle hung up, that they may souse into it when they will, and come out renewed like so many stript snakes at their pleasure. But these are pretty engagements, and, as I said, below the stairs; marry above here, perpetuity of beauty, (do you hear, ladies?) health, riches, honour; a matter of immortality is nothing. They will calcine you a grave matron, as it might be a mother o' the maids, and spring up a young virgin, out of her ashes, as fresh as a Phœnix: lay you an old courtier on the coals like a sausage, or a bloat herring, and after they have broiled him enough, blow a soul into him with a pair of bellows, till he start up into his galliard, that was made when Monsieur was here. They profess familiarly to melt down all the old sinners of the suburbs once in a half year into fresh gamesters again; get all the cracked maidenheads, and cast them into new ingots: half the wenches of the town are alchemy. See, they begin to muster again, and draw their forces out against me! the Genius of the place defend me! You that are both the Sol and Jupiter of this sphere, Mercury invokes your majesty against the sooty tribe here; for in your favour only I grow recovered and warm.

At which time VULCAN *entering with a troop of threadbare* ALCHEMISTS, *prepares them to the first* ANTIMASQUE.

Vul. Begin your charm, sound music, circle him in, and take him: if he will not obey, bind him.

They all danced about MERCURY *with variety of changes, whilst he defends himself with his Caduceus, and after the* DANCE, *speaks.*

Mer. It is in vain, Vulcan, to pitch your net in the sight of the fowl thus: I am no sleepy Mars, to be catched in your subtile toils. I know what your aims are, sir, to tear the wings from my head and heels, lute me up in a glass with my own seals, while you might wrest the Caduceus out of my hand, to the adultery and spoil of nature, and make your accesses by it, to her dishonour, more easy. Sir, would you believe it should be come to that height of impudence in mankind, that such a nest of fire-worms as these are, because their patron Mulciber heretofore has made stools stir, and statues dance, a dog of brass to bark, and (which some will say, was his worst act) a woman to speak, should therefore with their heats called *Balnei Cineris*, or horse-dung, profess to outwork the sun in virtue, and contend to the great act of generation, nay almost creation? It is so, though: for in yonder vessels which you see in their laboratory, they have inclosed materials to produce men, beyond the deeds of Deucalion, or Prometheus; of which, one, they say, had the philosopher's stone, and threw it over his shoulder, the other, the fire, and lost it. And what men are they, they are so busy about, think you? not common ordinary creatures, but of rarity and excellence, such as the times wanted, and the age had a special deal of need of: such as there was a necessity, they should be artificial: for nature could never have thought or dreamt of their composition. I can remember some of their titles to you, and the ingredients; do not look for Paracelsus' man among them, that he promised you out of white bread, and Dele-wine, for he never came to light. But of these let me see; the first that occurs; a master of the duel, a carrier of the differences. To him went spirit of ale, a good quantity, with the

amalgama of sugar and nut-megs, oil of oaths, sulphur of quarrel, strong waters, valour precipitate, vapoured o'er the helm with tabacco, and the rosin of Mars with a drachm of the business, for that's the word of tincture, the *business*. Let me alone with the business. I will carry the business. I do understand the business. I do find an affront in the business. Then another is a fencer in the mathematics, or the town's cunning-man, a creature of art too, a supposed secretary to the stars; but, indeed, a kind of lying intelligencer from those parts. His materials, if I be not deceived, were juice of almanacs, extraction of ephemerides, scales of the globe, filings of figures, dust of the twelve houses, conserve of questions, salt of confederacy, a pound of adventure, a grain of skill, and a drop of truth. I saw vegetals too, as well as minerals, put into one glass there, as adder's-tongue, title-bane, nitre of clients, tartar of false conveyance, *aurum palpabile*, with a huge deal of talk, to which they added tincture of conscience, with the faces of honesty; but for what this was I could not learn; only I have overheard one of the artists say, out o' the corruption of a lawyer was the best generation of a broker in suits: whether this were he or no, I know not.

Vul. Thou art a scorner, Mercury, and out of the pride of thy protection here, makest it thy study to revile art, but it will turn to thine own contumely soon. Call forth the creatures of the first class, and let them move to the harmony of our heat, till the slanderer have sealed up his own lips to his own torment.

Mer. Let them come, let them come, I would not wish a greater punishment to thy impudence.

Enter the second ANTIMASQUE, *of imperfect creatures, with helms of limbecks on their heads: whose dance ended,* MERCURY *proceeded.*

Mer. Art thou not ashamed, Vulcan, to offer, in defence of thy power and art, against the excellence of the sun and nature, creatures more imperfect than the very flies and insects that are her trespasses and scapes? Vanish, with thy insolence, thou and thy impostors, and all mention of you melt before the

majesty of this light, whose Mercury henceforth I profess to be, and never again the philosophers'. Vanish, I say, that all who have but their senses, may see and judge the difference between thy ridiculous monsters and his absolute features.

At which the whole scene changed to a glorious bower, wherein NATURE *was placed, with* PROMETHEUS *at her feet, and the twelve* MASQUERS *standing about them. After they had been a while viewed,* PROMETHEUS *descended, and* NATURE *after him, singing.*

Nat. How young and fresh am I to-night
To see't kept day by so much light,
And twelve my sons stand in their maker's sight?
Help, wise Prometheus, something must be done,
To show they are the creatures of the Sun;
That each to other
Is a brother,
And Nature here no step-dame, but a mother.
Cho. Come forth, come forth, prove all the numbers then
That make perfection up and may absolve you men.
Nat. But show thy winding ways and arts,
Thy risings, and thy timely starts,
Of stealing fire from ladies' eyes and hearts.
Those softer circles are the young man's heaven,
And there more orbs and planets are than seven,
To know whose motion
Were a notion
As worthy of youth's study as devotion.
Cho. Come forth, come forth, prove all the time will gain,
For Nature bids the best, and never bade in vain.

HERE THE FIRST DANCE.

After which this

SONG.

Pro. How many 'mongst these ladies here,
Wish now they such a mother were!
Nat. Not one, I fear,
And read it in their laughters:
There's more, I guess, would wish to be my daughters.
Pro. You think they would not be so old,
For so much glory.

Nat. I think that thoughts so told
Is no false piece of story.
'Tis yet with them but beauty's noon,
They would not grandames be too soon.
Pro. Is that your sex's humour?
'Tis then since Niobe was changed that they have left that tumour.
Cho. Move, move again, in forms as heretofore.
Nat. 'Tis form allures.
Then move, the ladies here are store.
Pro. Nature is Motion's mother, as she's yours.
Cho. The spring whence order flows, that all directs,
And knits the causes with the effects.

HERE THEY DANCE THE MAIN DANCE.

Then they dance with the Ladies. Then their last Dance.

After which PROMETHEUS *calls to them in this*

SONG.

Pro. What! have you done
So soon?
And can you from such beauty part?
You'll do a wonder more than I.
I woman with her ills did fly;
But you their good, and them deny.
Cho. Sure each hath left his heart
In pawn to come again, or else he durst not start.
Nat. They are loth to go
I know,
Or sure they are no sons of mine.
There is no banquet, boys, like this,
If you hope better, you will miss;
Stay here, and take each one a kiss.
Cho. Which if you can refine,
The taste knows no such cates, nor yet the palate wine.
No cause of tarrying shun,
They are not worth his light, go backward from the sun.

WITH WHICH IT ENDED.

THE GOLDEN AGE RESTORED,

IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1615,

BY THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN, THE KING'S SERVANTS.

The Court being seated, and in expectation,
Loud music: PALLAS *in her chariot descending, to a softer music.*

LOOK, look! rejoice and wonder
That you, offending mortals, are
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him that bears the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your less invade;
Or that your weak, though bad, be made
A prey unto the stronger,

And therefore means to settle
Astræa in her seat again;
And let down in his golden chain
The Age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even Envy may behold
Time not enjoyed his heap of gold
Alone beneath his father.

But that his care conserveth,
As Time, so all Time's honours too,
Regarding still what heaven should do,
And not what earth deserveth.

[*A tumult, and clashing of arms heard within.*

But hark! what tumult from yon cave is heard?
What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarms.

As troubled Nature for her maker feared;
  And all the Iron Age were up in arms!

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,
  Till insolent Rebellion take the field:
And as their spirits with their counsels rise,
  I frustrate all with showing but my shield.
[*She retires behind a cloud.*

The IRON AGE *presents itself, calling forth the* EVILS.

I. Age. Come forth, come forth, do we not hear
  What purpose, and how worth our fear,
    The King of Gods hath on us?
  He is not of the Iron breed,
  That would, though Fate did help the deed,
    Let Shame in so upon us.

  Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice
  Of all my issue, Avarice,
    Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
  Corruption with the golden hands,
  Or any subtler Ill, that stands
    To be a more commander.

  Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
  Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,
    Smooth Treachery, call hither.
  Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,
  And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance:
    We may triúmph together

  Upon this enemy so great,
  Whom if our forces can defeat,
    And but this once bring under,
  We are the masters of the skies,
  Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
    The sceptre, and the thunder.

  Which of you would not in a war
  Attempt the price of any scar,

To keep your own states even?
But here, which of you is that he,
Would not himself the weapon be,
To ruin Jove and heaven?
About it then, and let him feel
The Iron Age is turned to steel,
Since he begins to threat her:
And though the bodies here are less
Than were the giants; he'll confess
Our malice is far greater.

The EVILS *enter for the Antimasque and* DANCE, *to two drums, trumpets, and a confusion of martial music: at the end of which* PALLAS *reappears, showing her shield. The* EVILS *are turned to Statues.*

Pal. So change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,
That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,
And think to equal, with your mortal dates,
Their lives that are obnoxious to no Fates.
'Twas time to appear, and let their folly see,
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny.
Die all that can remain of you but stone,
And that be seen a while, and then be none!
Now, now descend, you both beloved of Jove,
And of the good on earth no less the love;
[*The scene changes; and she calls*

ASTRÆA *and the* GOLDEN AGE.

Descend, you long, long wished and wanted pair,
And as your softer times divide the air,
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair;
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

ASTRÆA *and the* GOLDEN AGE *descending with a*

SONG.

Ast. G. Age. And are we then
To live agen,
With men?

Ast. Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore
As justice?
G. Age. Or the purer ore?
Pal. Once more.
G. Age. But do they know,
How much they owe
Below?
Ast. And will of grace receive it, not as due?
Pal. If not, they harm themselves, not you.
Ast. True.
G. Age. True.
Cho. Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,
The great should still be good for their own sake.
[*They come forward.*
Pal. Welcome to earth, and reign!
Ast. G. Age. But how, without a train
Shall we our state sustain?
Pal. Leave that to Jove: therein you are
No little part of his Minerva's care.

Expect awhile.——
You far-famed spirits of this happy isle,
That, for your sacred songs have gained the style
Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire
Of the old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,
That CHAUCER, GOWER, LYDGATE, SPENSER, hight,
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,
Since Virtue pressed shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish.

Chau. Gow. We come.
Lyd. Spen. We come.
Omnes. Our best of fire,
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.
[*They descend.*

Pal. Then see you yonder souls, set far within the shade,
That in Elysian bowers the blessèd seats do keep,
That for their living good now semi-gods are made,
And went away from earth as if but tamed with sleep;
These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain
That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

Cho. Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept,
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept!
Make haste and put on air, to be their guard
Whom once but to defend is still reward.

Pal. Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield.
[*The scene of light discovered.*
Cho. To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.
Ast. Now Peace.
G. Age. And Love.
Ast. Faith.
G. Age. Joys.
Ast. G. Age. All, all increase. [*A pause.*
Chau. And Strife,
Gow. And Hate,
Lyd. And Fear,
Spen. And Pain,
Omnes. All cease.
Pal. No tumour of an iron vein.
The causes shall not come again.

Cho. But, as of old, all now be gold.
Move, move then to the sounds;
And do not only walk your solemn rounds,
But give those light and airy bounds,
That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.

The first DANCE.

Pal. Already do not all things smile?
Ast. But when they have enjoyed awhile
The Age's quickening power:
Age. That every thought a seed doth bring,
And every look a plant doth spring,
And every breath a flower:

Pal. The earth unploughed shall yield her crop,
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,
The fountain shall run milk:
The thistle shall the lily bear,

And every bramble roses wear,
  And every worm make silk.

Cho. The very shrub shall balsam sweat,
  And nectar melt the rock with heat,
    Till earth have drunk her fill:
  That she no harmful weed may know,
  Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,
    Nor mineral to kill.

Here the main DANCE.

After which,

Pal. But here's not all: you must do more,
  Or else you do but half restore
    The Age's liberty.

Poe. The male and female used to join,
  And into all delight did coin
    That pure simplicity.

Then Feature did to Form advance,
And Youth called Beauty forth to dance,
  And every Grace was by:
It was a time of no distrust,
So much of love had nought of lust,
  None feared a jealous eye.
The language melted in the ear,
Yet all without a blush might hear,
  They lived with open vow.

Cho. Each touch and kiss was so well placed,
  They were as sweet as they were chaste,
    And such must yours be now.

Here they dance with the Ladies.

Ast. What change is here? I had not more
  Desire to leave the earth before,
    Than I have now to stay;
  My silver feet, like roots, are wreathed
  Into the ground, my wings are sheathed,
    And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth,
It is become a heaven on earth,
  And Jove is present here.
I feel the god-head; nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
  Whose power is everywhere.

This, this, and only such as this
The bright Astræa's region is,
  Where she would pray to live,
And in the midst of so much gold,
Unbought with grace or fear unsold,
  The law to mortals give.

Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.

PALLAS [*ascending, and calling the Poets*].
'Tis now enough; behold you here,
What Jove hath built to be your sphere;
  You hither must retire.
And as his bounty gives you cause
Be ready still without your pause,
  To show the world your fire.

Like lights about Astræa's throne,
You here must shine, and all be one
  In fervour and in flame;
That by your union she may grow,
And you, sustaining her, may know
  The Age still by her name

Who vows, against or heat or cold,
To spin your garments of her gold,
  That want may touch you never;
And making garlands every hour,
To write your names in some new flower,
  That you may live for ever.

Cho. To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour given,
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.

THE MASQUE OF CHRISTMAS,

AS IT WAS PRESENTED AT COURT, 1616.

The Court being seated,

Enter CHRISTMAS, *with two or three of the guard, attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat, with a brooch, a long thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied cross, and his drum beaten before him.*

WHY, gentlemen, do you know what you do? Ha! would you have kept me out? CHRISTMAS, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and captain Christmas? Pray you, let me be brought before my lord chamberlain, I'll not be answered else: *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all:* I have seen the time you have wished for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you have me, they would not let me in: *I must come another time!* a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year: why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends of the guard. I am old Gregory Christmas still, and though I come out of Pope's-head Alley, as good a Protestant as any in my parish. The truth is, I have brought a Masque here, out o' the city, of my own making, and do present it by a set of my sons, that come out of the lanes of London, good dancing boys all. It was intended, I confess, for Curriers' Hall; but because the weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the groom of the revels' hand to't, to fit it for a higher place; which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of device than your New Year's Night. Bones o' bread, the king! (*seeing James*). Son Rowland! son Clem! be ready there in a trice: quick, boys!

Enter his SONS *and* DAUGHTERS (*ten in number*), *led in*, *in a string*, *by* CUPID, *who is attired in a flat cap*, *and a prentice's coat*, *with wings at his shoulders.*

MISRULE, *in a velvet cap*, *with a sprig*, *a short cloak*, *great yellow ruff*, *like a reveller; his torch-bearer bearing a rope*, *a cheese*, *and a basket.*

CAROL, *a long tawney coat*, *with a red cap*, *and a flute at his girdle; his torch-bearer carrying a song-book open.*

MINCED-PIE, *like a fine cook's wife*, *drest neat; her man carrying a pie*, *dish and spoons.*

GAMBOL, *like a tumbler*, *with a hoop and bells; his torch-bearer armed with a colt-staff and a binding cloth.*

POST AND PAIR, *with a pair-royal of aces in his hat; his garment all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying a box*, *cards*, *and counters.*

NEW YEAR'S GIFT, *in a blue coat*, *serving-man like*, *with an orange*, *and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head*, *his hat full of brooches*, *with a collar of gingerbread; his torch-bearer carrying a march-pane with a bottle of wine on either arm.*

MUMMING, *in a masquing pied suit*, *with a vizard; his torch-bearer carrying the box*, *and ringing it.*

WASSEL, *like a neat sempster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl*, *drest with ribands*, *and rosemary before her.*

OFFERING, *in a short gown*, *with a porter's staff in his hand*, *a wyth born before him*, *and a bason*, *by his torch-bearer.*

BABY-CAKE, *drest like a boy*, *in a fine long coat*, *biggin-bib*, *muck-ender*, *and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake*, *with a bean and a pease.*

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well do deserve,
   Your majesties all two there;
Your highness small, with my good lords all,
   And ladies, how do you do there?

Give me leave to ask, for I bring you a masque
   From little, little, little London;
Which say the king likes, I have passed the pikes,
   If not, old Christmas is undone. [*Noise without.*

Chris. Ha, peace! what's the matter there?

Gam. Here's one o' Friday Street would come in.

Chris. By no means, nor out of neither of the Fish Streets, admit not a man; they are not Christmas creatures; fish and fasting days, foh! Sons, said I well? look to't.

Gam. Nobody out o' Friday Street, nor the two Fish Streets there, do you hear?

Car. Shall John Butter o' Milk Street come in? ask him.

Gam. Yes, he may slip in for a torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the masque be done.

Chris. Right, son.

Our dance's freight is a matter of eight,
And two, the which are wenches:
In all they be ten, four cocks to a hen,
And will swim to the tune like tenches.

Each hath his knight for to carry his light,
Which some would say are torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
And home again to their own porches.

Now their intent.——

Enter VENUS, *a deaf tire-woman.*

Ven. Now, all the lords bless me! where am I, trow? Where is Cupid? "Serve the king!" they may serve the cobler well enough, some of 'em, for any courtesy they have, I wisse; they have need o' mending: unrude people they are, your courtiers; here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, trow?

Chris. How now? what's the matter?

Ven. A place, forsooth, I do want a place: I would have a good place to see my child act in before the king and queen's majesties, God bless 'em! to-night.

Chris. Why, here is no place for you.

Ven. Right, forsooth, I am Cupid's mother, Cupid's own mother, forsooth; yes, forsooth: I dwell in Pudding Lane:—ay, forsooth, he is prentice in Love Lane, with a bugle maker, that makes of your bobs and bird-bolts for ladies.

Chris. Good lady Venus of Pudding Lane, you must go out for all this.

Ven. Yes, forsooth, I can sit anywhere, so I may see Cupid act. He is a pretty child, though I say it, that perhaps should not, you will say. I had him by my first husband—he was a smith, forsooth; we dwelt in Do-little Lane then. He came a month before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect; but I was a fishmonger's daughter.

Chris. No matter for your pedigree, your house: good Venus, will you depart?

Ven. Ay, forsooth, he'll say his part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a play-boy of 'em all. I could have had money enough for him, an I would have been tempted, and have let him out by the week to the king's players. Master Burbage has been about and about with me, and so has old Master Hemings too; they have need of him: where is he, trow, ha! I would fain see him—pray God they have given him some drink since he came.

Chris. Are you ready, boys! Strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a drum: a' peace, yet! I have not done. Sing—

Now their intent is above to present—

Car. Why, here be half of the properties forgotten, father.

Offer. Post and Pair wants his pur-chops, and his pur dogs.

Car. Have you ne'er a son at the groom porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of cards quickly?

Gamb. It shall not need; here's your son Cheater without has cards in his pocket.

Offer. Ods so! speak to the guards to let him in, under the name of a property.

Gamb. And here's New Year's Gift has an orange and rosemary, but not a clove to stick in't.

New Year. Why, let one go to the spicery.

Chris. Fy, fy, fy! it's naught, it's naught, boys!

Ven. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want; I have cloves in my purse; I never go without one in my mouth.

Car. And Mumming has not his vizard neither.

Chris. No matter! his own face shall serve, for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough. Has Wassel her bowl, and Minced-pie her spoons?

Offer. Ay, ay; but Misrule doth not like his suit. He says the players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

Chris. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will be the less. What! shall we proclaim where we were furnished? Mum! mum! a' peace! be ready, good boys.

Now their intent, is above to present,
With all the appurtenances,
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
To be gathered out of the dances.

Which they do bring, and afore the king,
The queen, and prince, as it were now
Drawn here by love: who over and above,
Doth draw himself in the gear too.

Here the drum and fife sounds, and they march about once. In the second coming up, CHRISTMAS *proceeds in his* SONG.

Hum drum, sauce for a coney;
No more of your martial music;
Even for the sake o' the next new stake,
For there I do mean to use it.

And now to ye, who in place are to see
With roll and farthingale hoopéd:
I pray you know, though he want his bow,
By the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might go back, for to cry *What you lack?*
But that were not so witty:
His cap and coat are enough to note,
That he is the Love o' the city.

And he leads on, though he now be gone,
For that was only his-rule:
But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms-inn,
And he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know, by the very show,
Albeit you never ask it:
For there you may see, what his ensigns be,
The rope, the cheese, and the basket.

This Carol plays, and has been in his days
A chirping boy, and a kill-pot:
Kit cobler it is, I'm a father of his,
And he dwells in the lane called Fill-pot.

But who is this? O, my daughter Cis,
  Minced-pie; with her do not dally
On pain o' your life: she's an honest cook's wife
  And comes out of Scalding Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place;
  And, to make my tale the shorter,
My son Hercules, tane out of Distaff Lane,
  But an active man, and a porter.

Now Post and Pair, old Christmas's heir,
  Doth make and a gingling sally;
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
  Sons, card-makers in Pur Alley.

Next in a trice, with his box and his dice,
  Mac'-pipin my son, but younger,
Brings Mumming in; and the knave will win,
  For he is a costermonger.

But New Year's Gift, of himself makes shift,
  To tell you what his name is:
With orange on head, and his gingerbread
  Clem Waspe of Honey Lane 'tis.

This, I you tell, is our jolly Wassel,
  And for Twelfth-night more meet too:
She works by the ell, and her name is Nell,
  And she dwells in Threadneedle Street too.

Then Offering, he, with his dish and his tree,
  That in every great house keepeth,
Is by my son, young Little-worth, done,
  And in Penny-rich Street he sleepeth.

Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make
  Of Christmas' merry, merry vein-a,
Is child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
  Though he come out of Crooked Lane-a,

There should have been and a dozen I ween,
  But I could find but one more
Child of Christmas, and a Log it was,
  When I them all had gone o'er.

I prayéd him, in a time so trim,
  That he would make one to prance it:
And I myself would have been the twelfth,
  O but Log was too heavy to dance it.

Now, Cupid, come you on.

Cup. *You worthy wights, king, lords, and knights,*
Or queen and ladies bright:
Cupid invites you to the sights
He shall present to-night.

Ven. 'Tis a good child, speak out; hold up your head, Love.

Cup. *And which Cupid—and which Cupid—*

Ven. Do not shake so, Robin; if thou be'st a-cold, I have some warm waters for thee here.

Chris. Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your waters, and your fisling. Will you be gone?

Ven. Ay, forsooth, he's a child, you must conceive, and must be used tenderly. He was never in such an assembly before, forsooth, but once at the Warmoll Quest, forsooth, where he said grace as prettily as any of the sheriff's hinch-boys, forsooth.

Chris. Will you peace, forsooth?

Cup. *And which Cupid—and which Cupid—*

Ven. Ay, that's a good boy, speak plain, Robin. How does his majesty like him, I pray? Will he give eightpence a day, think you? Speak out, Robin.

Chris. Nay, he is out enough; you may take him away, and begin your dance: this it is to have speeches.

Ven. You wrong the child, you do wrong the infant; I 'peal to his majesty.

Here they dance.

Chris. Well done, boys, my fine boys, my bully boys!

THE EPILOGUE.

Sings. Nor do you think that their legs is all
The commendation of my sons,
For at the Artillery garden they shall
As well forsooth use their guns,

And march as fine as the Muses nine
Along the streets of London:
And in their brave tires, to give their false fires,
Especially Tom my son.

Now if the lanes and the allies afford
 Such an ac-ativity as this;
At Christmas next, if they keep their word,
 Can the children of Cheapside miss?

Though, put the case, when they come in place,
 They should not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their silk, would 'em grace,
 Having so many knights o' the shop.

But were I so wise, I might seem to advise
 So great a potentate as yourself:
They should, sir, I tell ye, spare't out of their belly,
 And this way spend some of their pelf.

Ay, and come to the court, for to make you some sport,
 At the least once every year;
As Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eighth son,
 And his couple of daughters dear.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

A MASQUE,

PRESENTED IN THE HOUSE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD HAY,
BY DIVERS OF NOBLE QUALITY HIS FRIENDS,

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF

MONSIEUR LE BARON DE TOUR,

EXTRAORDINARY AMBASSADOR FOR THE FRENCH KING,

On Saturday, February 22, 1617.

QUID TITULUM POSCIS? VERSUS DUO TRESVE LEGANTUR.—MART.

THE MASQUE OF LETHE.

The FRONT *before the* SCENE *was an* ARCH TRIUMPHAL,

On the top of which, HUMANITY, *placed in figure, sat with her lap of flowers, scattering them with her right hand, and holding a golden chain in her left hand, to show both the freedom and the bond of courtesy, with this inscription:*

SUPER OMNIA VULTUS.

On the two sides of the arch, CHEERFULNESS *and* READINESS, *her servants.*

CHEERFULNESS, *in a loose flowing garment, filling out wine from an antique piece of plate, with this word,*

ADSIT LÆTITIÆ DATOR.

READINESS, *a winged maid, with two flaming bright lights in her hands; and her word,*

AMOR ADDIDIT ALAS.

The SCENE *discovered, is, on the one side, the head of a boat, and in it* CHARON *putting off from the shore, having landed certain imagined ghosts, whom* MERCURY *there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the river* LETHE, *who appears lying in the person of an old man; the* FATES *sitting by him on his bank; a grove of myrtles behind them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer side of the scene.* MERCURY, *perceiving them to faint, calls them on, and shows them his golden rod.*

Mer. Nay, faint not now, so near the fields of rest.
Here no more Furies, no more torments dwell
Than each hath felt already in his breast;
Who hath been once in love, hath proved his hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to agéd Lethe's shore,
Who pours his waters from his urn abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

Lethe. Stay; who or what fantastic shades are these that Hermes leads?
Mer. They are the gentle forms
Of lovers, tost upon those frantic seas
Whence Venus sprung.
Lethe. And have rid out her storms?
Mer. No.
Lethe. Did they perish?
Mer. Yes.
Lethe. How?
Mer. Drowned by Love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
The unfaithful waters he desired them prove.
Lethe. And turned a tempest when he had them there?
Mer. He did, and on the billow would he roll,
And laugh to see one *throw his heart away;*
Another sighing, *vapour forth his soul;*
A third, to *melt himself in tears, and say,*

O Love, I now to salter water turn
Than that I die in ; then a fourth, to cry
Amid the surges, *Oh ! I burn, I burn.*
A fifth laugh out, *It is my ghost, not I.*

And thus in pairs I found them. Only one
There is, that walks, and stops, and shakes his head,
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himself, *he is not dead.*

Fates. No more are all the rest.
Mer. No !
1 *Fate.* No.
Mer. But why
Proceeds this doubtful voice from destiny ?
Fates. It is too sure.
Mer. Sure !
2 *Fate.* Ay. Thinks Mercury,
That any things or names on earth do die
That are obscured from knowledge of the Fates,
Who keep all rolls ?
3 *Fate.* And know all nature's dates ?
Mer. They say themselves, *they are dead.*
1 *Fate.* It not appears,
Or by our rock,
2 *Fate.* Our spindle,
3 *Fate.* Or our shears.
Fates. Here all their threads are growing yet, none cut.
Mer. I 'gin to doubt, that Love with charms hath put
This phant'sie in them ; and they only think
That they are ghosts.
1 *Fate.* If so, then let them drink
Of Lethe's stream.
2 *Fate.* 'Twill make them to forget
Love's name.
3 *Fate.* And so they may recover yet.

Mer. Go, bow unto the reverend Lake :
[*To the Shades.*
And having touched there ; up and shake
The shadows off, which yet do make
Us you and you yourselves mistake.

Here they all stoop to the water, and dance forth their Antimasque in several gestures, as they lived in love ; and retiring into the grove, before the last person be off the stage, the first Couple appear in their posture between the trees, ready to come forth, changed.

Mer. See ! see ! they are themselves again.
1 *Fate.* Yes, now they are substances and men.
2 *Fate.* Love at the name of Lethe flies.
Lethe. For, in oblivion drowned, he dies.
3 *Fate.* He must not hope, though other states
He oft subdue, he can the Fates.
Fates. 'Twere insolence to think his powers
Can work on us, or equal ours.

Cho. Return, return,
Like lights to burn,
On earth
For others good :
Your second birth
Will fame old Lethe's flood ;
And warn a world,
That now are hurled
About in tempest, how they prove
Shadows for Love.
Leap forth : your light it is the nobler made,
By being struck out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entry, or first dance : after which CUPID *appearing, meets them.*

Cup. Why, now you take me ! these are rites
That grace Love's days, and crown his nights !
These are the motions I would see,
And praise in them that follow me !

Not sighs, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts: but airy parts
Tried and refined as yours have been,
And such they are, I glory in.

Mer. Look, look unto this snaky rod,
And stop your ears against the charming god;
His every word falls from him is a snare:
Who have so lately known him, should beware.

Here they dance their Main Dance.

Cup. Come, do not call it Cupid's crime
You were thought dead before your time;
If thus you move to Hermes' will
Alone, you will be thought so still.
Go, take the ladies forth, and talk,
And touch, and taste too: ghosts can walk.
'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutual strife
Is bred that tries the truth of life.
They do, indeed, like dead men move,
That think they live and not in love!

Here they take forth the LADIES, *and the* REVELS *follow.*

After which,

Mer. Nay, you should never have left off;
But staid, and heard your Cupid scoff,
To find you in the line you were.

Cup. Your too much wit, breeds too much fear.

Mer. Good fly, good night.

Cup. But will you go?
Can you leave Love, and he entreat you so?
Here, take my quiver and my bow,
My torches too; that you, by all, may know
  I mean no danger to your stay:
This night, I will create my holiday,
  And be yours naked and entire.

Mer. As if that Love disarmed were less a fire!
Away, away.

They dance their going out: which done,

Mer. Yet lest that Venus' wanton son
Should with the world be quite undone,
For your fair sakes (you brighter stars,
Who have beheld these civil wars)
Fate is content these lovers here
Remain still such; so Love will swear
Never to force them act to do
But what he will call Hermes to.

Cup. I swear; and with like cause thank Mercury,
As these have to thank him and Destiny.

Cho. All then take cause of joy; for who hath not?
Old Lethe, that their follies are forgot:
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit;
They, that they still shall love, and love with wit.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

THE VISION OF DELIGHT;

PRESENTED AT COURT IN CHRISTMAS, 1617.

The SCENE.—*A Street in Perspective of fair building discovered.*

DELIGHT

Is seen to come as afar off, accompanied with GRACE, LOVE, HARMONY, REVEL, SPORT, LAUGHTER; *and followed by* WONDER.

Stilo recitativo.

Del. Let us play and dance, and sing,
Let us now turn every sort
Of the pleasures of the spring
To the graces of a court,
From air, from cloud, from dreams, from toys,
To sounds, to sense, to love, to joys;
Let your shows be new, as strange,
  Let them oft and sweetly vary;
Let them haste so to their change,
  As the seërs may not tarry.
Too long to expect the pleasing'st sight
Doth take away from the delight.

Here the first ANTIMASQUE *entered.*

A She-monster delivered of six BURRATINES, *that dance with six* PANTALOONS: *which done,*

Del. Yet hear what your Delight doth pray:
All sour and sullen looks away,
That are the servants of the day;
Our sports are of the humorous Night,
Who feeds the stars that give her light,

And useth, than her wont more bright,
To help the VISION OF DELIGHT.

NIGHT *rises slowly, and takes her chariot bespangled with stars.*

See, see, her sceptre and her crown
Are all of flame, and from her gown
A train of light comes waving down.
This night, in dew she will not steep
The brain, nor lock the sense in sleep;
But all awake with phantoms keep,
And those to make delight more deep.

By this time the Night and Moon being both risen, NIGHT *hovering over the place, sung.*

Night. Break, Phant'sie, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Cho. Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

The Scene here changed to cloud, from which PHANT'SIE *breaking forth, spake.*

Phan. Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call,
But it is no one dream that can please these all;
Wherefore I would know what dreams would delight 'em:
For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.
And Phant'sie, I tell you, has dreams that have wings,
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings:
Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,
Dreams of the kitchen, and dreams of the cellar:
Some that are tall, and some that are dwarfs,
Some that are haltered, and some that wear scarfs;
Some that are proper, and signify o' thing,
And some another, and some that are nothing.—

For say the French verdingale and the French hood
Were here to dispute; must it be understood
A feather for a wisp were a fit moderator?
Your ostrich, believe it, 's no faithful translator
Of perfect Utopian; and then 'twere an odd piece
To see the conclusion peep forth at a cod-piece.
The politic pudding hath still his two ends,
Though the bellows and bagpipe were ne'er so good friends:
And who can report what offence it would be
For a squirrel to see a dog climbing a tree?
If a dream should come in now to make you afeard,
With a windmill on 's head, and with bells at his beard;
Would you straight wear your spectacles here at your toes,
And your boots on your brows, and your spurs on your nose?
Your whale he will swallow a hogshead for a pill;
But the maker o' the mousetrap is he that hath skill.
And the nature of the onion is to draw tears,
As well as the mustard: peace, pitchers have ears,
And shittle-cocks wings, these things do not mind 'em,
If the bell have any sides, the clapper will find 'em:
There's twice so much music in beating the tabor,
As in the stock-fish, and somewhat less labour.
Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted
'Twixt an egg and an ox, though both have been roasted;
For grant that most barbers can play on the cittern,
Is it requisite a lawyer should plead to a ghittern?
You will say now the morris-bells were but bribes
To make the heel forget that e'er it had kibes;
I say, let the wine make ne'er so good jelly,
The conscience of the bottle is much in the belly:
For why? do but take common council i' your way,
And tell me who'll then set a bottle of hay
Before the old usurer, and to his horse
A slice of salt butter, perverting the course
Of civil society? open that gap,
And out skip your fleas, four and twenty at a clap,

With a chain and a trundle-bed following at th' heels,
And will they not cry then, the world runs a-wheels?
As for example, a belly and no face,
With the bill of a shoveler may here come in place;
The haunches of a drum, with the feet of a pot,
And the tail of a Kentish man to it: why not?
Yet would I take the stars to be cruel
If the crab and the rope-maker ever fight duel,
On any dependence, be it right, be it wrong:
But, mum: a thread may be drawn out too long.

Here the second Antimasque of Phantasms came forth, and danced.

Phan. Why, this you will say was fantastical now,
As the Cock and the Bull, the Whale and the Cow,
But vanish! away! [*They retire.*] I have change to present you,
And such as I hope will more truly content you.—
Behold the gold-haired Hour descending here,
That keeps the gate of heaven, and turns the year!
Already with her sight how she doth cheer,
And makes another face of things appear.

Here one of the HOURS *descending, the whole scene changed to the bower of* ZEPHYRUS, *whilst* PEACE *sung as followeth:*

Peace. Why look you so, and all turn dumb,
To see the opener of the New Year come;
My presence rather should invite,
And aid, and urge, and call, to your delight;
The many pleasures that I bring
Are all of youth, of heat, of life and spring,
And were prepared to warm your blood,
Not fix it thus, as if you statues stood.
Cho. We see, we hear, we feel, we taste,
We smell the change in every flower,
We only wish that all could last,
And be as new still as the hour.

Wonder. Wonder, must speak or break; what is this? grows
The wealth of nature here, or art? it shows
As if Favonius, father of the spring,
Who in the verdant meads doth reign sole king,

Had roused him here, and shook his feathers, wet
With purple swelling nectar; and had let
The sweet and fruitful dew fall on the ground
To force out all the flowers that might be found:
Or a Minerva with her needle had
The enamoured earth with all her riches clad,
And made the downy Zephyr as he flew
Still to be followed with the Spring's best hue.
The gaudy peacock boasts not in his train
So many lights and shadows, nor the rain-
Resolving Iris, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor purple pheasant while his aunt doth sport her
To hear him crow, and with a perchéd pride
Wave his discoloured neck and purple side.
I have not seen the place could more surprise,
It looks, methinks, like one of Nature's eyes,
Or her whole body set in art: behold!
How the blue bindweed doth itself infold
With honeysuckle, and both these entwine
Themselves with bryony and jessamine,
To cast a kind and odoriferous shade.
Phan. How better than they are, are all things made
By Wonder? But awhile refresh thine eye,
I'll put thee to thy oftener, What and Why?

Here, to a loud music, the Bower opens, and the MASQUERS *are discovered as the Glories of the Spring.*

Won. Thou wilt indeed; what better change appears?
Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,
And all things in a moment turn so mild?
Whose breath or beams have got proud earth with child
Of all the treasure that great Nature's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it winter is so quite forced hence,
And locked up under ground? that every sense
Hath several objects? trees have got their heads,



And fields their coats? that now the shining meads
Do boast the paunce, the lily, and the rose;
And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows?
That seas are now more even than the land?
The rivers run as smoothéd by his hand;
Only their heads are crispéd by his stroke:—
How plays the yearling with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open grass! and frisking lambs
Make wanton salts about their dry-sucked dams,
Who to repair their bags do rob the fields!
How is't each bough a several music yields?
The lusty throstle, early nightingale,
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale;
The chirping swallow called forth by the sun,
And crested lark doth his division run?
The yellow bees the air with murmur fill,
The finches carol, and the turtles bill?
Whose power is this? what god?
Phan. Behold a king,
Whose presence maketh this perpetual spring;
The glories of which spring grow in that bower,
And are the marks and beauties of his power.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he, and no power else,
That makes all this what Phant'sie tells;
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the bees,
The herds, the flocks, the grass, the trees,
Do all confess him; but most these
Who call him lord of the four seas,
King of the less and greater isles,
And all those happy when he smiles.
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your this night's homage in a dance.

Here they danced their ENTRY, *after which they sung again.*

Cho. Again! again! you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which, who once saw, would ever see:
And if they could the object prize,

Would, while it lasts, not think to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

Here they danced their Main Dance, after which they sung.

Cho. In curious knots and mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came to woo
His Flora, had their motions too:
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk;
Nor prest a flower, nor bowed a stalk.

Here they danced with the LADIES, *ana the whole* REVELS *followed: after which* AURORA *appeared (the Night and Moon being descended), and this Epilogue followed.*

Aur. I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tithon's side to-night,
Than I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.
But I am urgéd by the Day,
Against my will, to bid you come away.

Cho. They yield to time, and so must all.
As night to sport, day doth to action call;
Which they the rather do obey,
Because the Morn with roses strews the way.

Here they danced their going off

AND THUS IT ENDED.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE:

A MASQUE;

As it was presented at Court, before King James, 1619.

The Scene was the Mountain

ATLAS,

Who had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow: the rest wood and rock. A grove of ivy at his feet; out of which, to a wild music of cymbals, flutes, and tabors, is brought forth COMUS, *the god of Cheer, or the Belly, riding in triumph, his head crowned with roses and other flowers, his hair curled: they that wait upon him crowned with ivy, their javelins done about with it; one of them going with* HERCULES *his bowl bare before him, while the rest present him with this*

HYMN.

FULL CHORUS.

(Room! room! make room for the Bouncing Belly,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jelly;
Prime master of arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent engine the spit;
The plough and the flail, the mill and the hopper,
The hutch and the boulter, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peel,
The hearth and the range, the dog and the wheel:
He, he first invented the hogshead and tun,
The gimlet and vice too, and taught them to run,
And since with the funnel and Hippocras bag,
He has made of himself, that now he cries swag!)
Which shows, though the pleasure be but of four inches,
Yet he is a weasel, the gullet that pinches
Of any delight, and not spares from his back
Whatever to make of the belly a sack!

Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder of taste,
For fresh meats, or powdered, or pickle, or paste,
Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted, or sod;
And emptier of cups, be they even or odd:
All which have now made thee so wide in the waist,
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced;
But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
Thou break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god.

Bowl bearer. Do you hear, my friends? to whom did you sing all this now? Pardon me, only that I ask you, for I do not look for an answer; I'll answer myself: I know it is now such a time as the Saturnals for all the world, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat, and sings what pleases him; that's the right and the liberty of it. Now you sing of god Comus, here, the belly-god; I say it is well, and I say it is not well; it is well as it is a ballad, and the belly worthy of it, I must needs say, an 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as tripe. But when the Belly is not edified by it, it is not well; for where did you ever read or hear that the Belly had any ears? Come, never pump for an answer, for you are defeated: our fellow Hunger there, that was as ancient a retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turned away for being unseasonable; not unreasonable, but unseasonable: and now is he, poor thin-gut, fain to get his living with teaching of starlings, magpies, parrots, and jack-daws, those things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talked to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed la! Some in derision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor of great ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on festival days. Would we had a fit feast for him, i' faith, to show his activity; I would have something now fetched in to please his five senses, the throat; or the two senses, the eyes: pardon me for my two senses; for I that carry Hercules's bowl in the service, may see double by my place; for I have drunk like a frog to-day: I would have a tun now brought in to dance, and so many bottles about him. Ha! you look as if you would make a problem of

this; do you see, do you see? a problem: why bottles, and why a tun? and why a tun and why bottles, to dance? I say that men that drink hard, and serve the Belly in any place of quality, (as the jovial tinkers, or the lusty kindred), are living measures of drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day, to bottles or tuns, when they please: and when they have done all they can, they are as I say again (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink, and there is a piece in the cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good, if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the Belly does all by signs; and I am for the Belly, the truest clock in the world to go by.

Here the first ANTIMASQUE, *danced by Men in the shape of bottles, tuns, &c.*

Enter HERCULES.

Her. What rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?
Antæus scarce is cold: what can beget
This store, and stay such contraries upon her!
Is earth so fruitful of her own dishonour?
Or 'cause his vice was inhumanity,
Hopes she by vicious hospitality
To work an expiation first, and then
Help virtue? These are sponges, and not men;
Bottles; mere vessels; half a ton of paunch!
How? and the other half thrust forth in haunch!
Whose feast? the Belly's? Comus! and my cup
Brought in to fill the drunken orgies up,
And here abused; that was the crowned reward
Of thirsty heroes, after labour hard!
Burdens and shames of nature, perish, die!
For yet you never lived, but in the sty
Of vice have wallowed, and in that swine's strife
Been buried under the offence of life:
Go reel and fall under the load you make,
Till your swollen bowels burst with what you take.
Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man,

Or so quite change him in his figure? can
The Belly love his pain, and be content
With no delight but what's a punishment?
These monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,
For they do suffer what, and all, they do.
But here must be no shelter, nor no shroud
For such: Sink, grove, or vanish into cloud!

At this the Grove and Antimasque vanished, and the whole Music was discovered, sitting at the foot of the mountain, with PLEASURE *and* VIRTUE *seated above them.*

Cho. Great friend and servant of the good,
Let cool awhile thy heated blood,
And from thy mighty labour cease.
Lie down, lie down,
And give thy troubled spirits peace:
Whilst Virtue, for whose sake
Thou dost this godlike travail take,
May of the choicest herbage make,
Here on this mountain bred,
A crown, a crown
For thy immortal head.

Here HERCULES *lay down at their feet, and the second Antimasque, which was of* PIGMIES, *appeared.*

1 *Pig.* Antæus dead, and Hercules yet live!
Where is this Hercules? what would I give
To meet him now? meet him! nay, three such other,
If they had hand in murder of our brother?
With three! with four, with ten, nay, with as many
As the name yields? pray anger there be any
Whereon to feed my just revenge, and soon!
How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst the moon,
And break him in small portions! give to Greece
His brain, and every tract of earth a piece!
2 *Pig.* He's yonder.
1 *Pig.* Where?
3 *Pig.* At the hill-foot asleep.
1 *Pig.* Let one go steal his club.
2 *Pig.* My charge;—I'll creep.

4 *Pig.* He's ours!
1 *Pig.* Yes, peace.
3 *Pig.* Triumph! we have him, boy.
4 *Pig.* Sure, sure, he's sure.
1 *Pig.* Come, let us dance for joy. [*Music.*

At the end of their DANCE *they thought to surprise him, when suddenly, being awaked by the music, he roused himself, and they all ran into holes.*

SONG.

Wake, Hercules, awake; but heave up thy black eye,
'Tis only asked from thee to look, and these will die,
Or fly:—
Already they are fled,
Whom scorn had else left dead.

At which MERCURY *descended from the hill, with a garland of poplar, to crown him.*

Mer. Rest still, thou active friend of Virtue: these
Should not disturb the peace of Hercules:
Earth's worms, and honour's dwarfs, at too great odds
Prove or provoke the issue of the gods.
See here a crown the aged Hill hath sent thee,
My grandsire Atlas, he that did present thee
With the best sheep that in his fold were found,
Or golden fruit in the Hesperian ground,
For rescuing his fair daughters, then the prey
Of a rude pirate, as thou cam'st this way;
And taught thee all the learning of the sphere,
And how, like him, thou might'st the heavens up-bear,
As that thy labour's virtuous recompense.
He, though a mountain now, hath yet the sense
Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
Constant to goodness, guardian of the hill;
Antæus by thee suffocated here,
And the voluptuous Comus, god of cheer,
Beat from his grove, and that defaced: but now
The time's arrived that Atlas told thee of, how
By unaltered law, and working of the stars,

There should be a cessation of all jars,
'Twixt Virtue and her noted opposite,
Pleasure; that both should meet here in the sight
Of Hesperus, the glory of the west,
The brightest star that from his burning crest
Lights all on this side the Atlantic seas,
As far as to thy pillars, Hercules!
See where he shines, Justice and Wisdom placed
About his throne, and those with honour graced,
Beauty and Love! It is not with his brother
Bearing the world, but ruling such another
Is his renown; PLEASURE, for his delight
Is RECONCILED TO VIRTUE, and this night
Virtue brings forth twelve princes have been bred
In this rough mountain, and near Atlas' head,
The Hill of Knowledge; one, and chief of whom,
Of the bright race of Hesperus is come,
Who shall in time the same that he is be,
And now is only a less light than he:
These now she trusts with Pleasure, and to these
She gives an entrance to the Hesperides,
Fair beauty's garden; neither can she fear
They should grow soft, or wax effeminate here;
Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleasure the servant, Virtue looking on.

Here the whole choir of music called the twelve MASQUERS *forth from the top of the mountain, which then opened, with this*

SONG.

Ope, aged Atlas, open then thy lap,
And from thy beamy bosom strike a light,
That men may read in the mysterious map
All lines,
And signs
Of royal education, and the right.
See how they come and show,
That are but born to know.
Descend,
Descend;

Though pleasure lead,
Fear not to follow:
They who are bred
Within the hill
Of skill,
May safely tread
What path they will,
No ground of good is hollow.

In their descent from the hill, DÆDALUS *came down before them.*

Her. But, Hermes, stay, a little let me pause;
Who's this that leads?
Mer. A guide that gives them laws
To all their motions, Dædalus the wise.
Her. And doth in sacred harmony comprise
His precepts?
Mer. Yes.
Her. They may securely prove,
Then, any labyrinth, though it be of love.

Here, while they put themselves in form, DÆDALUS *had his first*

SONG.

Dæd. Come on, come on! and where you go,
So interweave the curious knot,
As even the observer scarce may know
Which lines are Pleasure's, and which not.

First figure out the doubtful way,
At which a while all youth should stay,
Where she and Virtue did contend
Which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankind
Are but a labyrinth or maze:
So let your dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex men unto gaze,

But measured, and so numerous too,
As men may read each act they do;
And when they see the graces meet,
Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise,
Not only shows the mover's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

HERE THE FIRST DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Dæd. O more and more! this was so well,
As praise wants half his voice to tell,
Again yourselves compose;
And now put all the aptness on
Of figure, that proportion
Or colour can disclose:

That if those silent arts were lost,
Design and picture, they might boast
From you a newer ground;
Instructed by the heightening sense
Of dignity and reverence,
In their true motions found.

Begin, begin; for look, the fair
Do longing listen to what air
You form your second touch:
That they may vent their murmuring hymns
Just to the [time] you move your limbs,
And wish their own were such.

Make haste, make haste; for this
The Labyrinth of Beauty is.

HERE THE SECOND DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Dæd. It follows now you are to prove
The subtlest maze of all, that's Love,
And if you stay too long,
The fair will think you do them wrong.

Go choose among——but with a mind
As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers.
And so let all your actions smile
As if they meant not to beguile
The ladies, but the hours.

Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,
And yet the beauty not go less:
For what is noble should be sweet,
But not dissolved in wantonness.

Will you that I give the law
To all your sport, and sum it?
It should be such should envy draw
But———overcome it.

Here they danced with the LADIES, *and the whole* REVELS *followed; which ended,* MERCURY *called to* DÆDALUS *in this speech; which was after repeated in* SONG *by two trebles, two tenors, a base, and the whole Chorus.*

SONG.

Mer. An eye of looking back were well,
Or any murmur that would tell
Your thoughts, how you were sent,
And went
To walk with Pleasure, not to dwell.

These, these are hours by Virtue spared
Herself, she being her own reward,
But she will have you know,
That though
Her sports be soft, her life is hard.

You must return unto the Hill,
And there advance
With labour, and inhabit still
That height and crown
From whence you ever may look down
Upon triumphéd chance.

She, she it is in darkness shines,
'Tis she that still herself refines
By her own light to every eye;
More seen, more known, when Vice stands by;
And though a stranger here on earth,
In heaven she hath her right of birth.

There, there is Virtue's seat:
Strive to keep her your own:
'Tis only she can make you great,
Though place here make you known.

After which, they danced their last DANCE, *and returned into the scene, which closed, and was a mountain again, as before.*

AND SO IT ENDED.

This pleased the king so well, as he would see it again; when it was presented with these additions—

FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES.

The SCENE *standing, as before, a Mountain; but now the name changed from Atlas to Craig-Eriri.*

Enter GRIFFITH, JENKIN, *and* EVAN, *a Welsh Attorney.*

Grif. Cossin, I know what belongs to this place symwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer yourself into presence of a king, and aull his court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be caulled; I tauke reason to you.

Jen. Cym, never tauke any taukes; if the king of Gread Prittaine keep it assizes here, I will cym into court; loog yow, do you see now, and please Got.

Grif. Taw, d yn ynbhyd, y, dhwyti-n abl i anabhy, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gwatwar ar dy wlac.

Jen. Gad vyn lonyth. I say, I will appear in court.

Ev. Appear as yow s'ud do then, Dab Jenkin, in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your rassness.

Jen. What do yow caull rassness, Evan y Gynrn? is not all the cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too, abused in him? By this hand, I will tell it the king's own ears every 'oord, do you see him now? Bless your ursip, pray got is in heaven bless every ince of your ursip; and Wales is commend it to your ursip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got utch me, and would be glad as a silling to see yow in him. Come it down once a day, and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there as where you were in yowr own cyntries last two symmers, and pershance we'll made yow as good seere too: we'll promise yowr ursip as good a piece of seeze, as yow need pyt

in your head, and pleas' yow sall be toasted too. Go to, see him once upon a time yowr own sellive, is more good mean yow, than is aware of: by got, is very hard, but sall make yow a shestice of peace the first days you come; and pershance (say nothing) knight o' the sire too: 'is not Worsters, nor Pembrokes, nor Montgymeries, sall carry him from yow. But aull this while sall I tell you a liddell now? 'Is a great huge deal of anger upon yow, from all Wales and the nation, that your ursip would suffer our young master Sarles, your ursip's son and heir, and Prince of Wales, the first time he ever play dance, to be pit up in a mountain (got knows where) by a palterly poet, how do you say him, Evan?

Ev. Libia.

Jen. Vellhy! Libia. And how do yow caull him the mountain? his name is——

Ev. Adlas.

Jen. Hynno, hynno, Adlas? Ay, please your ursip, 'is a Welse atturney, and a preddilie schollers, a wear him his long coat, lined with seepes-skin, as yow see every days o' the week. A very sufficient litigious fellows in the terms, and a finely poets out o' the terms; he has a sprig of lawrel already towards his girlonds. He was get in here a Twelfe-night and see aull; what do you call it, your matters, and says is naught, naught, stark naught.

Ev. I do say, an't please his madestee, I do not like him with all his heart; he is plug'd in by the ears, without aull piddies or mercies of propriedies or decorums. I will do injuries to no man before his madestee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wiss, that I do say, to pyt the Prince of Wales in an outlandis mountain; when he is known, his highness has as goodly mountains, and as tawll a hills of his own (look yow, do yow see now), and of as good standing, and as good discent as the proudest Adlas christned.

Jen. Ay, good Evan, I pray you reckon his madestee some of the Welse hills, the mountains.

Ev. Why there is Talgarth.

Jen. Well sayd.

Ev. Eliennieth.

Jen. Well sayd, Evan.

Ev. Caider Arthur.

Jen. Toudge him, toudge him.

Ev. Pen-maen-maur.

Jen. Is good boys, Evan.

Ev. And Craig-Eriri.

Jen. *Aw, Vellhy!* Why, law you now, 'is not Pen-maen-maur and Craig-Eriri as good sound as Adlas every whit of him?

Ev. 'Is caulled the British Aulpes, Craig-Eriri, a very sufficient hills.

Jen. By got, we will play with him hills for hills, for sixteen and forty sillings when he dares.

Ev. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while, cossin Davy ap Jenkin, and give it leave I may give his madestee and the court informations toudging now the reformations.

Jen. Why, cannot yow and I tauke too, cossin? The haull (God bless it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

Ev. Why tauke it all then, if you think is reason in you.

Jen. No; I know is no reason, Evan, I confess him; but every man would show himselve a good subject as he can to his means; I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better than one I imagine under correction.

Ev. Got's ownes! here is no corrections, man; imagine what yow please, do in got's name, imagine, imagine, why do you not imagine? here is no penyrths of corrections.

Grif. *Awgdwin Tawson.*

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so inmercifullys ignorant, a man knows not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; does conceive it no more as I am a true Welse Christian, than (sirreverence o' the company) the hilts of his dagger.

Jen. Go to, I will make the hilts conceive a knock upon your pate, and pershance a bump too, if you tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

Jen. Yes, upon your pate, your poetly pate, and your law pate too.

Grif. Tawson, Tawson! Fore got yow will go here to hazard a thumb, and a fowre finger of your best hand, if you knock him here; you may knock him better seape at Ludlow a great deal: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a presence, I presume, that loves no quarrels nor replies, nor the lies, nor the shallenge, nor the duels: but——I will do my byssiness now, and make this a byssiness for another days hereafter: pleas' your madestee——By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selve again. How does your highness——I know not a 'oord or a syllable what I say; 'is do me that vexations.

Grif. O Evan, for the honour of Wales!

Ev. I remember him now, 'tis enough:—blessings upon me, is out o' my head again; lost, quite lost: this knock o' my pate has knock aull my wits out o' my brains, I think, and turn my reasons out of doors. Believe it, I will rub, and break your s'ins for this; I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

Jen. Hang your sufficiency.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well, 'tis better, better exceedingly well.

Enter HOWELL *and* RHEESE, *with their harps.*

How. What!——you mean ho! to make us so long tarry here, ha?

Grif. Marry, here is aull undone with distempers, methinks, and angers, and passions.

Rheese. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flintseer face now: offer to knock my pate in the hearing of all these, and more too! well, before his madestee I do yet forgive him now with all my heart, and will be revenged another time.

How. Why that is good Evan, honest, brave Evan.

Rheese. Ha' yow told the king's madestee of the alterations?

Ev. I am now once again about him; peace: please your madestee, the Welse nation hearing that the prince of Wales was to come into the hills again, afore your madestee, have a desire of his highness, for the honour of Wales, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner of sharshese to your madestee, only shanging his name: he is caull now Craig-Eriri, a mountain in Carnarvanseere: has as grey beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the year long—

Jen. As Adlas for his guts.

Ev. He tells your madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season: but cym every man tell as much as he can now; my quality is, I hope, sufficiently known to his madestee. That I am Rector Chori is all my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the short and the long of the requests. The prince of Wales we know is all over Welse.

Jen. And then my lord marquis.

Ev. Both my lord marquis is as good, noble, true Briton, as any ever is come out of Wales.

Jen. My lord Montgymery is as sound Welse too as flese and blood can make him.

How. And the Howards by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

Ev. Houghton is a town bear his name there by Pipidiauke.

How. And Erwin, his name is Wyn; but the Dutsmen come here in Wales, and caull him Heer-win.

Rheese. Then Car is plain Welse, Caerleon, Caermardin, Cardiffe.

Jen. And Palmer, his ancestors was call him Penmaure.

Rheese. And Acmooty, is Ap-mouth-wye of Llanmouthwye.

Jen. And Abercromy, is aull one as Abermarlys.

Ev. Or Abertau.

How. Or Aberdugled haw.

Rheese. Or Abeshondhy.

Jen. Or Abergeveny.

How. Or Aberconway.

Ev. Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddle hard sift has

pyt 'em aull into Wales; but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be all Welse, and the dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now with a great staff, and a pudding upon him.

Jen. Aw! was his distaff, was not his club.

Ev. What need of 'Ercules, when Cadwallader—

Jen. Or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Gryffyth, or Cradock, or Owen Glendower, with a Welse hook and a goat-skin on his back, had done very better, and twice as well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt apparel on a pottle of hay, and call him Lantæus.

Grif. The belly-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of 'em.

Ev. I stand to it, there was neither poetries nor architectures, nor designs in that belly-god; nor a note of musics about him. Come, bring forth our musics, yow s'all hear the true Pritan strains now, the ancient Welse harp——yow tauke of their Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now: set forth another Pigmees by him!

Enter two WOMEN, *followed by the* MUSICIANS.

1 *Wo. Aw diesus!* what a bravely company is here! This is a finely haull indeed.

2 *Wo.* What a deal of fine candle it is!

Jen. Ay, peace; let his madestee hear the music.

2 *Wo. Ble mae yr Brenin?*

Jen. Docko ve.

1 *Wo.* Diesus bless him! Saint Davy bless him! I bring my boy o' my back ten mile here to loog upon him: loog Hullin, loog Hullin! *Stewch hummaven nayd Dumma braveris:* you sall hear him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him down. [*Music.*

FIRST SONG.

Evan. I' is not come here to tauk of Brut,
From whence the Welse does take his root;
Nor tell long pedigree of Prince Camber,
Whose linage would fill aull this chamber;

Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,
Th' ursip of which would fill a navy.
But hark yow me now, for a liddel tales
Sall make a gread deal to the credit of Wales;

Cho. In which we'll toudge your ears,
With the praise of her thirteen seeres,
And make yow as glad and merry
As fourteen pot of Perry.
Still, still, we'll toudge your ears,
With the praise, &c.

SECOND SONG.

How. 'Tis true, was wear him sherkin freize,
But what is that? we have store of seeze,
And Got is plenty of goats milk
That sell him well, will buy him silk
Enough to make him fine to quarrel
At Hereford sizes in new apparel;
And get him as much green velvet perhap,
Sall give it a face to his Monmouth cap.

Cho. But then the ore of Lempster,
By got is never a sempster
That, when he is spun, e'er did
Yet match him with hir thrid.
Still, still, &c.

THIRD SONG.

Rheese. Aull this's the back's; now let us tell ye,
Of some provisions for the belly:
As cid, and goat, and great goat's mother,
And runt, and cow, and good cow's uther:
And once but taste o' the Welse mutton,
Your Englis seep's not worth a button.
And then for your fiss, sall shoose it your diss.
Look but about, and there is a trout,

Cho. A salmon, cor, or chevin,
Will feed you six or seven
As taull man as ever swagger
With Welse hook, or long dagger.
Still, still, &c.

FOURTH SONG.

Evan. But aull this while was never think
A word in praise of our Welse drink,

Yet for all that is a cup of Bragat,
All England's seere may cast his cab at.
And what you say to ale of Webley,
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or sider, or meath,
Sall sake it your dagger quite out o' the seath.

Cho. And oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly leek or onion
To give as sweet a rellis
As e'er did harper Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

FIFTH SONG.

How. And yet, is nothing now all this,
If of our musiques we do miss;
Both harps and pipes too, and the crowd
Must aull come in and tauke alowd,
As loud as Bangu, Davie's bell,
Of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham organ,
And rumbling rocks in seere Glamorgan;

Cho. Where look but in the ground there,
And you sall see a sound there,
That put him altogedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

SIXTH SONG.

Rheese. Au, but what say yow should it shance too,
That we should leap it in a dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
If but your eyes be now at leisure;
As in your ears shall leave a laughter,
To last upon you six days after?
Ha! well-a-go to, let us try to do
As your old Briton, things to be writ on.

Cho. Come put on other looks now,
And lay away your hooks now;
And though yet yow ha' no pump, sirs,
Let 'em hear that you can jump, sirs.
Still, still, &c.

Jen. Speak it your conscience now; did your ursip ever see

such a song in your days? 'is not as finely a tunes as a man would wiss to put in his ears?

Ev. Come, his madesty sall hear better to your dance.

Here a Dance of MEN.

Ev. Haw! well danced, very well danced!

Jen. Well plaid, Howell; well plaid, Rheese! *Da wharry! vellhee!* well danced, i' faith!

Ev. Good boys, good boys! pold and Prittan, pold and Prittan.

Jen. Is not better this now than pigmies? this is men, this is no monsters, and you mark him: well, caull forth you goats now, your ursip sall see a properly natural devise come from the Welse mountains: is no tuns, nor no bottils: stand by there, sow his ursip the hills; was dronkenry in his eyes, that make that devise in my mind. But now marg, marg, your ursip, I pray yow now, and yow sall see natures and propriedies; the very beasts of Wales sall do more than your men pyt in bottils and barrils; there was a tale of a tub, i'faith. [*Music.*] Is the goat herd and his dog, and his son, and his wife make musiques to the goats as they come from the hills; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms, now they cym! the elderly goats is indifferently grave at first, because of his beard, and only tread it the measures; byt yow will see him put off his gravities by and by well enough, and frisk it as fine as e'er a kid on 'em aull. The Welse goat is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely carriage, and comely behaviours a beast (for his footing especially) as some one or two man, got bless him.

Ev. A haull, a haull, come a haull! *Aw vellhee.*

Here a Dance of GOATS.

1 *Wo.* Nay, and your madestee bid the Welse goats welcome; the Welse wences sall sing your praises, and dance your healths too.

SONG.

1 *Wom.* Au, God bless it our good king Sames,
His wife and his sildren, and aull his reams,
2 *Wom.* And aull his ursipful sistice of peace about him,
1 *Wom.* And send that his court be never without him.



2 *Wom.* Ow, that her would come down into Wales,
1 *Wom.* Her sud be very welcome to Welse Ales.
2 *Wom.* I have a cow,
1 *Wom.* And I have a hen;
2 *Wom.* Sall give it milk,
1 *Wom.* And eggs for aull his men.
Both. Itself sall have venison and other seere,
And may it be starved, that steal him his deer,
There, there, and everywhere.

Jen. Cym, dance now, let us hear your dance, dance.

Ev. Ha! Well plaid Ales.

How. For the honour of Wales.

Here the MEN *and* WOMEN *dance together.*

Jen. Digon! enough, enough, digon.—Well now all the absurdities is removed and cleared; the rest, and please your grace, sall tarry still, and go on as it was; Virtue and Pleasure was well enough, indifferently well enough: only we will intreat Pleasure to cym out of Driffimdore, that is the Golden Valley, or Gelthleedore, that is the Golden Grove, and is in Cair Marden, the Welse Garden. Is a thousand place in Wales as finely places as the Esperides every crum of him; Merlin was born there too, put we would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his prophecies already of your madestee's name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, *Pod hy geller, Evan?*

Ev. You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you mean his madestee's anagrams of *Charles James Stuart.*

Jen. Ay, that is *Claimes Arthur's Seate,* which is as much as to say, your madestee sud be the first king of Gread Prittan, and sit in *Cadier Arthur,* which is Arthur's Chair, as by Got's blessing you do: and then your son, master Sharles his, how do you caull him? is *Charles Stuart, Calls tru hearts,* that is us, he calls us, the Welse nation, to be ever at your service, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understood it his meaning. And that the musicians yonder are so many Brittis bards that sing open the hills to let out the Prince of Wales, and his Welse friends to you, and all is done.

Grif. Very homely done it is I am well assured, if not very rudely: but it is hoped your majesty will not interpret the honour, merits, love, and affection of so noble a portion of your people, by the poverty of these who have so imperfectly uttered it: you will rather for their sakes, who are to come in the name of Wales—my lord the prince, and the others—pardon what is past, and remember the country has always been fruitful of loyal hearts to your majesty, a very garden and seed-plot of honest minds and men. What lights of learning hath Wales sent forth for your schools! what industrious students of your laws! what able ministers of your justice! Whence hath the crown in all times better servitors, more liberal of their lives and fortunes? where hath your Court or Council, for the present, more noble ornaments or better aids? I am glad to see it, and to speak it; and though the nation be said to be unconquered, and most loving liberty, yet it was never mutinous, and please your majesty, but stout, valiant, courteous, hospitable, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good arts, most lovingly constant, charitable, great antiquaries, religious preservers of their gentry and genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in religion.

In a word, it is a nation bettered by prosperity so far, as to the present happiness it enjoys under your most sacred majesty, it wishes nothing to be added but to see it perpetual in you and your issue.

God of his great goodness grant it, and show he is an arrant knave, and no true Briton, does not say Amen too with his heart.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE FOLLOWED:
AND SO IT ENDED.

NEWS

FROM THE NEW WORLD DISCOVERED IN THE MOON,

A MASQUE,

As it was presented at Court, before King James, 1620.

NASCITUR E TENEBRIS: ET SE SIBI VINDICAT ORBIS.

Enter two HERALDS, *a* PRINTER, CHRONICLER, *and* FACTOR.

1 *Her.* News, news, news!

2 *Her.* Bold and brave news!

1 *Her.* New as the night they are born in.

2 *Her.* Or the phant'sie that begot them.

1 *Her.* Excellent news!

2 *Her.* Will you hear any news?

Print. Yes, and thank you too, sir: what's the price of them?

1 *Her.* Price, coxcomb! what price, but the price of your ears? As if any man used to pay for anything here.

2 *Her.* Come forward; you should be some dull tradesman by your pig-headed sconce now, that think there's nothing good anywhere, but what's to be sold.

Print. Indeed I am all for sale, gentlemen; you say true, I am a printer, and a printer of news; and I do hearken after them, wherever they be, at any rates; I'll give anything for a good copy now, be it true or false, so it be news.

1 *Her.* A fine youth!

Chro. And I am for matter of state, gentlemen, by consequence, story (my Chronicle), to fill up my great book, which must be three ream of paper at least; I have agreed with my

stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I have been here ever since seven a clock in the morning to get matter for one page, and I think I have it complete; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are in the room lighted, which I will set you down to a snuff precisely, because I love to give light to posterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer youth!

Fact. Gentlemen, I am neither printer nor chronologer, but one that otherwise takes pleasure in my pen: a factor of news for all the shires of England; I do write my thousand letters a week ordinary, sometimes twelve hundred, and maintain the business at some charge both to hold up my reputation with mine own ministers in town, and my friends of correspondence in the country; I have friends of all ranks, and of all religions, for which I keep an answering catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my puritan news, my protestant news, and my pontificial news.

2 *Her.* A superlative this!

Fact. And I have hope to erect a Staple for News ere long, whither all shall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-news, and not trusted to your printed conundrums of the serpent in Sussex, or the witches bidding the devil to dinner at Derby: news, that when a man sends them down to the shires where they are said to be done, were never there to be found!

Print. Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they have their pleasure in believing of lies are made for them, as you have in Paul's, that make them for yourselves?

1 *Her.* There he speaks reason to you, sir.

Fact. I confess it; but it is the printing I am offended at, I would have no news printed; for when they are printed they leave to be news; while they are written, though they be false, they remain news still.

Print. See men's divers opinions! It is the printing of them makes them news to a great many who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For those I do keep my presses, and so

many pens going to bring forth wholesome relations, which once in half a score years, as the age grows forgetful, I print over again with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

Chro. Excellent abuse rather.

Print. Master Chronicler, do not you talk, I shall——

1 *Her.* Nay, gentlemen, be at peace one with another, we have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

Print. I dare, I assure you.

Fact. And I, as much as comes.

Chro. I dare too, but nothing so much as I have done: I have been so cheated with false relations in my time, as I have found it a far harder thing to correct my book than collect it.

Fact. Like enough: but to your news, gentlemen, whence come they?

1 *Her.* From the MOON, ours, sir.

Fact. From the Moon! which way? by sea or by land?

1 *Her.* By moonshine; a nearer way, I take it.

Print. Oh, by a trunk! I know it, a thing no bigger than a flute-case: a neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the moon through it at the bore of a whistle, and made it as great as a drum-head twenty times, and brought it within the length of this room to me, I know not how often.

Chro. Tut, that's no news: your perplexive glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be Pythagoras's way, I warrant you, by writing and reading in the moon.

Print. Right, and as well read of you, i' faith: for Cornelius Agrippa has it, *in disco lunæ*, there 'tis found.

1 *Her.* Sir, you are lost, I assure you: for ours came to you neither by the way of Cornelius Agrippa, nor Cornelius Drible.

2 *Her.* Nor any glass of——

1 *Her.* No philosopher's phant'sie.

2 *Her.* Mathematician's perspicil.

1 *Her.* Or brother of the Rosie Cross's intelligence, no forced way, but by the neat and clean power of poetry.

2 *Her.* The mistress of all discovery.

1 *Her.* Who, after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of truth: who has been there——

2 *Her.* In the moon.

1 *Her.* In person.

2 *Her.* And is this night returned.

Fact. Where? which is he? I must see his dog at his girdle, and the bush of thorns at his back, ere I believe it.

1 *Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thorns should prove a goodly grove of oaks, in what case were you and your expectation?

2 *Her.* These are stale ensigns of the stage's man in the moon, delivered down to you by musty antiquity, and are of as doubtful credit as the makers.

Chro. Sir, nothing against antiquity, I pray you, I must not hear ill of antiquity.

1 *Her.* Oh! you have an old wife, belike, or your venerable jerkin there,—make much of them. Our relation, I tell you still, is news.

2 *Her.* Certain and sure news.

1 *Her.* Of a new world.

2 *Her.* And new creatures in that world.

1 *Her.* In the orb of the moon.

2 *Her.* Which is now found to be an earth inhabited.

1 *Her.* With navigable seas and rivers.

2 *Her.* Variety of nations, policies, laws.

1 *Her.* With havens in't, castles, and port-towns.

2 *Her.* Inland cities, boroughs, hamlets, fairs, and markets.

1 *Her.* Hundreds and wapentakes! forests, parks, coney-ground, meadow-pasture, what not?

2 *Her.* But differing from ours.

Fact. And has your poet brought all this?

Chro. Troth, here was enough: 'tis a pretty piece of poetry as 'tis.

1 *Her.* Would you could hear on, though!

2 *Her.* Give your minds to't a little.

Fact. What inns or ale-houses are there there? does he tell you?

1 *Her.* Truly, I have not asked him that.

2 *Her.* Nor were you best, I believe.

Fact. Why in travel a man knows these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good poet he has discovered a good tavern in his time.

1 *Her.* That he has, I should think the worse of his verse else.

Print. And his prose too, i' faith.

Chro. Is he a man's poet, or a woman's poet, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Is there any such difference?

Fact. Many, as betwixt your man's tailor and your woman's tailor.

1 *Her.* How, may we beseech you?

Fact. I'll show you; your man's poet may break out strong and deep i' the mouth, as he said of Pindar, *Monte decurrens velut amnis:* but your woman's poet must flow, and stroke the ear, and, as one of them said of himself sweetly,

> Must write a verse as smooth and calm as cream,
> In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.

2 *Her.* Have you any more on't?

Fact. No, I could never arrive but to this remnant.

1 *Her.* Pity! would you had had the whole piece for a pattern to all poetry.

Print. How might we do to see your poet? did he undertake this journey, I pray you, to the moon on foot?

1 *Her.* Why do you ask?

Print. Because one of our greatest poets (I know not how good a one) went to Edinburgh on foot, and came back; marry, he has been restive, they say, ever since; for we have had nothing from him: he has set out nothing, I am sure.

1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in; when he has all in, he will set out, I warrant you, at least those from whom he had it: it is the very same party that has been in the moon now.

Print. Indeed! has he been there since? belike he rid thither then?

Fact. Yes, post, upon the poet's horse, for a wager.

1 *Her.* No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his Muse. There are in all but three ways of going thither: one is Endymion's way, by rapture in sleep, or a dream. The other Menippus's way, by wing, which the poet took. The third, old Empedocles's way; who, when he leaped into Ætna, having a dry sear body, and light, the smoke took him, and whift him up into the moon, where he lives yet waving up and down like a feather, all soot and embers, coming out of that coalpit: our poet met him, and talked with him.

Chro. In what language, good sir?

2 *Her.* Only by signs and gestures, for they have no articulate voices there, but certain motions to music: all the discourse there is harmony.

Fact. A fine lunatic language, in faith; how do their lawyers then?

2 *Her.* They are Pythagoreans, all dumb as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

Fact. How do they live then?

1 *Her.* On the dew of the moon, like grasshoppers, and confer with the doppers.

Fact. Have you doppers?

2 *Her.* A world of doppers! but they are there as lunatic persons, walkers only: that have leave only to HUM and HA, not daring to prophesy, or start up upon stools to raise doctrine.

1 *Her.* The brethren of the Rosie Cross have their college within a mile of the moon; a castle in the air that runs upon wheels with a winged lanthorn——

Print. I have seen it in print.

2 *Her.* All the fantastical creatures you can think of are there.

Fact. 'Tis to be hoped there are women there, then.

1 *Her.* And zealous women, that will out-groan the groaning wives of Edinburgh.

Fact. And lovers as fantastic as ours.

2 *Her.* But none that will hang themselves for love, or eat



candles' ends, or drink to their mistresses' eyes till their own bid them good night, as the sublunary lovers do.

Fact. No, sir?

2 *Her.* No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the heels like meteors, with squibs in their tails, to give the wiser sort warning.

Print. Excellent!

Fact. Are there no self-lovers there?

2 *Her.* There were; but they are all dead of late for want of tailors.

Fact. 'Slight, what luck is that! we could have spared them a colony from hence.

2 *Her.* I think some two or three of them live yet, but they are turned moon-calves by this.

Print. O, ay, moon-calves! what monster is that, I pray you?

2 *Her.* Monster! none at all, a very familiar thing, like our fool here on earth.

1 *Her.* The ladies there play with them instead of little dogs.

Fact. Then there are ladies?

2 *Her.* And knights and squires.

Fact. And servants and coaches?

1 *Her.* Yes, but the coaches are much o' the nature of the ladies, for they go only with wind.

Chro. Pretty, like China waggons.

Fact. Have they any places of meeting with their coaches, and taking the fresh open air, and then covert when they please, as in our Hyde Park or so?

2 *Her.* Above all the Hyde Parks in Christendom, far more hidden and private; they do all in clouds there: they walk in the clouds, they sit in the clouds, they lie in the clouds, they ride and tumble in the clouds, their very coaches are clouds.

Print. But have they no carmen to meet and break their coaches?

2 *Her.* Alas, carmen! they will over a carman there, as he will do a child here: you shall have a coachman with cheeks

like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth, blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or skir over him with his bats' wings, a mile and a half, ere he can steer his wry neck to look where he is.

Fact. And they have their New Wells too, and physical waters, I hope, to visit, all time of year?

1 *Her.* Your Tunbridge, or the Spaw itself, are mere puddle to them: when the pleasant months of the year come, they all flock to certain broken islands, which are called there the Isles of Delight.

Fact. By clouds still?

1 *Her.* What else! their boats are clouds too.

2 *Her.* Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary in the moon; a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; only buy a mist, and walk in't, he is never discerned; a matter of a bawbee does it.

1 *Her.* Only one island they have, is called the isle of the Epicœnes, because there under one article both kinds are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same; not heads and broad hats, short doublets and long points; neither do they ever untruss for distinction, but laugh and lie down in moonshine, and stab with their poniards; you do not know the delight of the Epicœnes in moonshine.

2 *Her.* And when they have tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and billed, and kissed, and are ready to come away, the shees only lay certain eggs (for they are never with child there), and of those eggs are disclosed a race of creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of fowl, in part covered with feathers (they call them VOLATEES), that hop from island to island; you shall see a covey of them, if you please, presently.

1 *Her.* Yes, faith, 'tis time to exercise their eyes, for their ears begin to be weary.

2 *Her.* Then know we do not move these wings so soon
On which our poet mounted to the moon,
Menippus like, but all 'twixt it and us,
Thus clears and helps to the presentment, thus.



Enter the VOLATEES *for the* ANTIMASQUE *and* DANCE.

After which,

2 *Her*. We have all this while (though the Muses' heralds) adventured to tell your majesty no news; for hitherto we have moved rather to your delight than your belief. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery, worthy of your ear, as the object will be your eye: a race of your own, formed, animated, lightened and heightened by you, who rapt above the moon far in speculation of your virtues, have remained there entranced certain hours, with wonder of the piety, wisdom, majesty reflected by you on them, from the divine light to which only you are less. These, by how much higher they have been carried from earth to contemplate your greatness, have now conceived the more haste and hope in this their return home to approach your goodness; and led by that excellent likeness of yourself, the truth, imitating Procritus's endeavour, that all their motions be formed to the music of your peace and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder region. [*Music.*

Here the Scene opens, and discovers the Region of the Moon, from which the MASQUERS *descend, and shake off their icicles.*

FIRST SONG.

Howe'er the brightness may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
As dazzled with the light:
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulness win you grace,
Till you collect your sight.

So while the warmth you do confess,
And temper of these rays no less
To quicken than refine.
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The body whence they shine.

THE FIRST DANCE FOLLOWS.

SECOND SONG.

Now look and see in yonder throne,
How all those beams are cast from one!
This is that orb so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake;
Whence you as from a mirror take
The sun's reflected light.

Read him as you would do the book
Of all perfection, and but look
What his proportions be;
No measure that is thence contrived,
Or any motion thence derived,
But is pure harmony.

HERE THE MAIN DANCE AND REVELS.

THIRD SONG.

Not that we think you weary be,
For he
That did this motion give,
And made it so long live,
Could likewise give it perpetuity.

Nor that we doubt you have not more,
And store
Of changes to delight,
For they are infinite,
As is the power that brought forth these before.

But since the earth is of his name
And fame
So full, you cannot add,
Be both the first and glad
To speak him to the region whence you came.

THE LAST DANCE.

FOURTH SONG.

Look, look already where I am,
Bright Fame,
Got up unto the sky,
Thus high,
Upon my better wing,
To sing

The knowing king,
And made the music here,
With yours on earth the same.

Cho. Join then to tell his name,
And say but JAMES is he:
All ears will take the voice,
And in the tune rejoice,
Or Truth hath left to breathe, and Fame hath left to be.

1 *Her.* See what is that this music brings,
And is so carried in the air about?
2 *Her.* Fame, that doth nourish the renown of kings,
And keep that fair which Envy would blot out.

THUS IT ENDED.

A MASQUE

OF

THE METAMORPHOSED GIPSIES,

AS IT WAS THRICE PRESENTED TO KING JAMES,

First at Burleigh on the Hill; next at Belvoir; and lastly at Windsor, August 1621.

THE SPEECH AT THE KING'S ENTRANCE AT BURLEIGH,

MADE IN THE CHARACTER OF THE PORTER.

If for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
And all that speech be uttered in one sound,
So that some power above us would afford
The means to make a language of a word,
It should be WELCOME! *in that only voice*
We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoice;
And all effects of love and life dispense,
Till it were called a copious eloquence;
For should we vent our spirits, now you are come,
In other syllables, were as to be dumb.
Welcome, O welcome then, and enter here
The house your bounty built, and still doth rear.
With those high favours, and those heaped increases
Which shows a hand not grieved but when it ceases.
The MASTER *is your creature, as the place;*
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom, though he stand by silent, think not rude,
But as a man turned all to gratitude.
For what he ne'er can hope how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you pour on more,
Vouchsafe to think he only is opprest

With their abundance, not that in his breast
His powers are stupid grown; for please you enter
Him, and his house, and search him to the centre;
You'll find within no thanks, or vows there shorter,
For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

THE PROLOGUE AT WINDSOR.

As many blessings as there be bones
In Ptolemy's fingers, and all at ones,
Held up in an Andrew's cross for the nones,
Light on you, good Master.
I dare be no waster
Of time or of speech,
Where you are in place:
I only beseech
You take in good grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your sport
To have you still merry,
And not make you weary.
We may strive to please,
So long (some will say) till we grow a disease.
But you, sir, that twice
Have graced us already, encourage to thrice:
Wherein if our boldness your patience invade,
Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.

Enter a Gipsy (being the JACKMAN*), leading a horse laden with five little children bound in a trace of scarfs upon him; followed by a second, leading another horse laden with stolen poultry, &c.*

Jack. Room for the five Princes of Ægypt, mounted all upon one horse, like the four sons of Aymon, to make the miracle the more by a head if it may be! Gaze upon them, as on the offspring of Ptolemy, begotten upon several Cleopatras, in their several counties; especially on this brave spark struck out of Flintshire, upon justice Jug's daughter, then sheriff of the county, who running away with a kinsman of our captain's, and her father pursuing her to the marches, he great with justice, she great with

juggling, they were both, for the time, turned stone, upon the sight each of other, in Chester: till at last (see the wonder), a jug of the town ale reconciling them, the memorial of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in belly, hath remained ever since preserved in picture upon the most stone jugs of the kingdom. The famous imp yet grew a wretchock; and though for seven years together he was carefully carried at his mother's back, rocked in a cradle of Welsh cheese, like a maggot, and there fed with broken beer and blown wine of the best daily, yet looks as if he never saw his *quinquennium*. 'Tis true, he can thread needles on horseback, or draw a yard of inkle through his nose: but what is that to a grown gipsy, one of the blood, and of his time, if he had thrived! therefore, till with his painful progenitors he be able to beat it on the hard roof, to the *bene bowse*, or the *stawling-ken*, to *nip a jan*, and *cly the jark*, 'tis thought fit he march in the infants' equipage;

With the convoy, cheats and peckage,
Out of clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackman's,
Or some skipper of the Blackman's.

2 *Gipsy.* Where the cacklers, but no grunters,
Shall uncased be for the hunters:
Those we still must keep alive;
Ay, and put them out to thrive
In the parks, and in the chases,
And the finer walléd places;
As St. James's, Greenwich, Tibals,
Where the acorns, plump as chibals,
Soon shall change both kind and name,
And proclaim them the king's game.
So the act no harm may be
Unto their keeper Barnaby;
It will prove as good a service,
As did ever gipsy Gervice,
Or our captain Charles, the tall-man,
And a part too of our salmon.

Jackman. If we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own interpreters, we are resolved not to be understood: yet if any man doubt of the significancy of the language, we refer him to the third volume of Reports, set forth by the learned in the laws of canting, and published in the gipsy tongue. Give me my guittara, and room for our chief! [*Music.*

Enter the CAPTAIN, *with six of his Attendants.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

SONG.

Jack. From the famous Peak of Darby,
And the Devil's arse there hard by,
Where we yearly keep our musters,
Thus the Ægyptians throng in clusters.

Be not frighted with our fashion,
Though we seem a tattered nation;
We account our rags our riches,
So our tricks exceed our stitches.

Give us bacon, rinds of walnuts,
Shells of cockles, and of small nuts,
Ribbons, bells, and saffroned linen,
All the world is ours to win in.

Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slights of hand that will invite you
To endure our tawny faces,
And not cause you cut your laces.

All your fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the back or belly:
In the moods too, and the tenses,
That may fit your fine five senses.

Draw but then your gloves, we pray you,
And sit still, we will not fray you;
For though we be here at Burley,
We'd be loth to make a hurley.

Enter the PATRICO.

Pat. Stay, my sweet singer,
The touch of thy finger

A little, and linger,
For me, that am bringer
Of bounds to the border,
The rule and recorder
And mouth of your order,
As priest of the game
And prelate of the same.

There's a *gentry cove* here,
Is the top of the shire
Of the Bever-Ken,
A man among men;
You need not to fear,
I've an eye and an ear
That turns here and there
To look to our gear:
Some say that there be
One or two, if not three,
That are greater than he.

And for the *roome-morts*,
I know by their ports,
And their jolly resorts,
They are of the sorts
That love the true sports
Of King Ptolemeus,
Our great Coriphæus,
And Queen Cleopatra,
The gipsies grand matra.
Then if we shall shark it,
Here fair is and market.

Leave pig by and goose,
And play fast and loose,
A short cut, and long,
With, ever and among,
Some inch of a song,
Pythagoras' lot,

Drawn out of a pot;
With what says Alchindus,
And Pharaotes Indus,
John de Indagine,
With all their *paginæ*
Treating of palmistry,
And this is almistry.

Lay by your wimbles,
Your boring for thimbles,
Or using your nimbles
In diving the pockets
And sounding the sockets
Of simper-the-cockets;
Or angling the purses
Of such as will curse us;
But in the strict duel
Be merry and cruel,
Strike fair at some jewel,
That mint may accrue well,
For that is the fuel
To make the tuns brew well,
And the pot ring well,
And the brain sing well,
Which we may bring well
About by a string well,
And do the thing well.
It is but a strain
Of true legerdemain
Once, twice, and again.

Or what will you say now
If with our fine play now,
Our knackets and dances,
We work on the fancies
Of some of these Nancies,
These Trickets and Tripsies;

And make them turn gipsies.
  Here's no justice Lippus
Will seek for to nip us,
In Cramp-ring or Cippus,
And then for to strip us
And after to whip us,
While here we do tarry
His justice to vary;
  But be wise and wary,
  And we may both carry
The Kate and the Mary,
And all the bright eyry,
Away to the quarry,
If our brave Ptolemy
Will but say, follow me.

3 *Gipsy.* Captain, if ever at the Bowsing Ken
You have in draughts of Darby drilled your men,
And we have served there armèd all in ale
With the brown bowl, and charged in braggat stale:
If mustered thus, and disciplined in drink,
In our long watches we did never wink,
But so commanded by you, kept our station,
As we preserved ourselves a loyal nation;
And never yet did branch of statute break
Made in your famous palace of the Peak:
If we have deemed that mutton, lamb, or veal,
Chick, capon, turkey, sweetest we did steal;
As being by our Magna Charta taught
To judge no viands wholesome that are bought:
If for our linen we still used the lift,
And with the hedge (our Trade's Increase) made shift,
And ever at your solemn feasts and calls,
We have been ready, with the Ægyptian brawls,
To set Kit Callot forth in prose or rhyme,
Or who was Cleopatra for the time:

If we have done this, that, more, such, or so;
Now lend your ear but to the Patrico.

Capt. Well, dance another strain, and we'll think how.

1 *Gipsy.* Meantime in song do you conceive some vow. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

SECOND SONG.

Pat. The faery beam upon you,
The stars to glister on you;
A moon of light,
In the noon of night,
Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you;
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you!

Capt. [*surveying the company*]. Bless my sweet masters, the old and the young,
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue.
With you, lucky bird, I begin [*goes up to the King*]; let me see,
I aim at the best, and I trow you are he:
Here's some luck already, if I understand
The grounds of mine art; here's a gentleman's hand.
I'll kiss it for luck sake: you should, by this line,
Love a horse and a hound, but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave stag, not so much for the food,
As the weal of your body and the health of your blood.
You're a man of good means, and have territories store,
Both by sea and by land; and were born, sir, to more,
Which you, like a lord, and a prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, despise to increase:
You are no great wencher I see by your table,
Although your Mons Veneris says you are able;
You live chaste and single, and have buried your wife,
And mean not to marry, by the line of your life.
Whence he that conjectures your qualities, learns

You are an honest good man, and have care of your bearns.
Your Mercury's hill too, a wit doth betoken;
Some book-craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.
But stay,—in your Jupiter's mount, what is here?
A king! a monarch! what wonders appear!
High, bountiful, just; a Jove for your parts,
A master of men, and that reign in their hearts.

I'll tell it my train,
And come to you again. [*Withdraws.*

THIRD SONG.

Pat. To the old, long life and treasure!
To the young, all health and pleasure!
To the fair, their face
With eternal grace,
And the soul to be loved at leisure!
To the witty, all clear mirrors;
To the foolish, their dark errors;
To the loving sprite,
A secure delight;
To the jealous his own false terrors!

Capt. [*advances again to the King*]. Could any doubt that saw this hand,

Or who you are, or what command
You have upon the fate of things,
Or would not say you were let down
From heaven, on earth to be the crown
And top of all your neighbour-kings?

To see the ways of truth you take
To balance business and to make
All Christian differences cease:
Or till the quarrel and the cause
You can compose, to give them laws,
As arbiter of war and peace.

For this, of all the world, you shall
Be stylèd JAMES THE JUST, and all
Their states dispose, their sons and daughters;

And for your fortunes, you alone
Among them all shall work your own,
By peace, and not by human slaughters.

But why do I presume, though true,
To tell a fortune, sir, to you,
Who are the maker here of all;
Where none do stand or sit in view
But owe their fortunes unto you,
At least what they good fortune call?

Myself a Gipsy here do shine,
Yet are you maker, sir, of mine.
O that confession could content
So high a bounty, that doth know
No part of motion but to flow,
And giving never to repent!

May still the matter wait your hand,
That it not feel or stay or stand,
But all desert still overcharge.
And may your goodness ever find
In me, whom you have made, a mind
As thankful as your own is large! [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

The Prince's *fortune is offered at by the*

2 *Gipsy.* As my captain hath begun
With the sire, I take the son:—
Your hand, sir!
Of your fortune be secure,
Love and she are both at your
Command, sir!
See what states are here at strife
Who shall tender you a wife,
A brave one;
And a fitter for a man

Than is offered here, you can
Not have one.
She is sister of a star,
One the noblest now that are,
Bright Hesper,
Whom the Indians in the East
Phosphor call, and in the West
Hight Vesper.
Courses even with the sun
Doth her mighty brother run,
For splendour.
What can to the marriage-night,
More than morn and evening light,
Attend her,
Save the promise before day,
Of a little James to play
Hereafter
'Twixt his grandsire's knees, and move
All the pretty ways of love
And laughter.
Whilst with care you strive to please
In your giving his cares ease
And labours:
And by being long the aid
Of the empire, make afraid
Ill neighbours.
Till yourself shall come to see
What we wish yet far to be
Attending:
For it skills not when nor where
That begins, which cannot fear
An ending;
Since your name in peace or wars
Nought shall bound, until the stars
Up take you:
And to all succeeding view

Heaven a constellation new
Shall make you. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

The Lady Marquess BUCKINGHAM'S *by the*

3 *Gip.* Hurl after an old shoe,
I'll be merry, whate'er I do,
Though I keep no time
My words shall chime,
I'll overtake the sense with a rhyme.—

Face of a rose,
I pray thee depose
Some small piece of silver; it shall be no loss,
But only to make the sign of the cross:
If your hand you hallow
Good fortune will follow,
I swear by these ten
You shall have it again,
I do not say when.
But, lady, either I am tipsy,
Or you are to fall in love with a gipsy;
Blush not, dame Kate,
For, early or late,
I do assure you it will be your fate.

Nor need you be once ashamed of it, madam,
He's as handsome a man as ever was Adam.
A man out of wax,
As a lady would aks:
Yet he is not to wed ye,
H' has enjoyed you already,
And I hope he has sped ye.—
A dainty young fellow;
And though he look yellow
He ne'er will be jealous,

But love you most zealous,
There's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.

And you are a soul so white, and so chaste,
A table so smooth, and so newly rased,
As nothing called foul
Dares approach with a blot
Or any least spot;
But still you control
Or make your own lot,
Preserving love pure as it first was begot.
But, dame, I must tell ye,
The fruit of your belly
Is that you must tender,
And care so to render
That as yourself came,
In blood and in name,
From one house of fame,
So that may remain
The glory of twain. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

The Countess of RUTLAND'S *by the*

3 *Gip.* You, sweet lady, have a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand to;
Both your bravery and your bounty,
Style you mistress of the county:
You will find it from this night,
Fortune shall forget her spite
And heap all the blessings on you
That she can pour out upon you.
To be loved where most you love
Is the worst that you shall prove:
And by him to be embraced
Who so long hath known you chaste
Wise and fair; whilst you renew

Joys to him, and he to you:
And when both your years are told
Neither think the other old.

And the Countess of EXETER'S *by the*

Patrico. Madam, we knew of your coming so late,
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Than what you have ready made:
An old man's wife
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune
The change of your fortune:
For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
'Tis presently good, and it will be lasting. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

The Countess of BUCKINGHAM'S *by the*

4 *Gip.* Your pardon, lady: here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand,
The greatest felon in the land
Detected.
I cannot tell you by what arts,
But you have stolen so many hearts
As they would make you at all parts
Suspected.
Your very face, first, such a one
As being viewed it was alone
Too slippery to be looked upon,
And threw men:
But then your graces, they were such
As none could e'er behold too much;
Both every taste and every touch
So drew men.
Still blest in all you think or do,
Two of your sons are gipsies too,

You shall our queen be, and, see who
Importunes
The heart of either yours or you
And doth not wish both George and Sue,
And every bairn besides, all new
Good fortunes.

The Lady PURBECK'S *by the*

2 *Gip.* Help me, wonder! here's a book
Where I would for ever look:
Never yet did gipsy trace
Smoother lines in hands or face:
Venus here doth Saturn move
That you should be Queen of Love,
And the other stars consent;
Only Cupid's not content,
For, though you the theft disguise,
You have robbed him of his eyes;
And to show his envy further,
Here he chargeth you with murther:
Says, although that at your sight
He must all his torches light;
Though your either cheek discloses
Mingled baths of milk and roses,
Though your lips be banks of blisses
Where he plants and gathers kisses,
And yourself the reason why,
Wisest men for love may die;
You will turn all hearts to tinder,
And shall make the world one cinder.

And the Lady ELIZABETH HATTON'S *by the*

5 *Gip.* Mistress of a fairer table
Hath no history nor fable:
Others' fortunes may be shown,
You are builder of your own.
And whatever heaven hath gi'n you

You preserve the state still in you;
That which time would have depart,—
Youth without the help of art,—
You do keep still, and the glory
Of your sex is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlain's *by the*

Jackman. Though you, sir, be Chamberlain, I have a key
To open your fortune a little by the way:
You are a good man,
Deny it that can:
And faithful you are,
Deny it that dare.
You know how to use your sword and your pen,
And you love not alone the arts but the men:
The Graces and Muses everywhere follow
You, as you were their second Apollo;
Only your hand here tells you to your face
You have wanted one grace,
To perform what has been a right of your place;
For by this line, which is Mars his trench,
You never yet helped your master to a wench.
'Tis well for your honour he's pious and chaste,
Or you had most certainly been displaced.

HERE THEY DANCE.

The Lord Keeper's *fortune by the*

Patrico. As happy a palm, sir, as most i' the land—
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand,
And worthy the trust;
For it says you'll be just,
And carry that purse
Without any curse
Of the public weal,
When you take out the seal.
You do not appear,
A judge of a year.

I'll venture my life
You never had wife,
But I'll venture my skill
You may when you will.
You have the king's conscience too in your breast,
And that's a good guest,
Which you'll have true touch of,
And yet not make much of,
More than by truth yourself forth to bring
The man that you are, for God and the king.

The Lord Treasurer's *fortune by the*

3 *Gip.* I come to borrow, and you'll grant my demand, sir,
Since 'tis not for money, pray lend me your hand, sir;
And yet this good hand, if you please to stretch it,
Had the errand been money, could easily fetch it:
You command the king's treasure, and yet on my soul
You handle not much, for your palm is not foul:
Your fortune is good, and will be to set
The office upright, and the king out of debt;
To put all that have pensions soon out of their pain,
By bringing the exchequer in credit again.

The Lord Privy Seal's *by the*

2 *Gip.* Honest and old,
In those the good part of a fortune is told;
God send you your health,
The rest is provided, honour and wealth:
All which you possess
Without the making of any man less;
Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,
For you have a good privy seal for it all.

The Earl Marshal's *by the*

3 *Gip.* Next the great master, who is the donor,
I read you here the preserver of honour,
And spy it in all your singular parts,

What a father you are, and a nurse of the arts,
By cherishing which, a way you have found
How they, free to all, to one may be bound,
And they again love their bonds, for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free.
But this is their fortune:—hark to your own.
Yours shall be to make true gentry known
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatness as by the good;
To show and to open clear virtue the way,
Both whither she should, and how far she may:
And whilst you do judge 'twixt valour and noise,
To extinguish the race of the roaring boys.

The Lord Steward's *by the*

4 *Gip.* I find by this hand,
You have the command
Of the very best man's house in the land:
Our captain and we,
Ere long, will see
If you keep a good table;
Your master is able,
And here be bountiful lines, that say
You'll keep no part of his bounty away.
There's written *frank*
On your Venus' bank:
To prove a false steward you'll find much ado,
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

The Lord Marquis HAMILTON'S *by the*

3 *Gip.* Only your hand, sir, and welcome to court;
Here is a man both for earnest and sport.
You were lately employed,
And your master is joyed
To have such in his train
So well can sustain
His person abroad,

And not shrink for the load,—
But had you been here,
You should have been a gipsy, I swear;
Our captain had summoned you by a doxy,
To whom you would not have answered by proxy,
One, had she come in the way of your sceptre,
'Tis odds, you had laid it by to have leapt her. [*Music.*

HERE THEY DANCE.

After which,

Music, which leads to SECOND DANCE.

During which the PATRICO *and* JACKMAN *sing this* SONG: *and towards the end of it,* COCKREL, CLOD, TOWNSHEAD, PUPPY, *and other* Clowns *enter behind.*

Patr. Why, this is a sport,
See it north, see it south;
For the taste of the court,
Jack. For the court's own mouth.
Come, Windsor, the town,
With the mayor, and oppose,
We'll put them all down,
Patr. Do-do-down, like my hose.
A gipsy in his shape
More calls the beholder
Than the fellow with the ape,
Jack. Or the ape on his shoulder.
He's a sight that will take
An old judge from his wench,
Ay, and keep him awake,
Patr. Yes, awake on the bench.
And has so much worth,
Though he sit in the stocks,
He will draw the girls forth,
Jack. Ay, forth in their smocks.
Tut, a man's but a man:
Let the clowns with their sluts
Come mend us if they can,
Patr. If they can for their guts.
Both. Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts and their noise,
Like thunder, and wonder at Ptolemy's boys.

Cock. O the Lord! what be these? Tom, dost thou know? Come hither, come hither, Dick, didst thou ever see such? the finest olive-coloured spirits, they have so danced, and jingled here, as they had been a set of overgrown fairies.

Clod. They should be morris-dancers by their jingle, but they have no napkins.

Cock. No, nor a hobby-horse.

Clod. Oh! he's often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no Maid Marian nor Friar amongst them, which is the surer mark.

Cock. Nor a fool that I see.

Clod. Unless they be all fools.

Town. Well said, Tom Fool; why, thou simple parish ass thou, didst thou never see any gipsies? These are a covey of gipsies, and the bravest new covey that ever constable flew at; goodly, game gipsies, they are gipsies of this year, of this moon, in my conscience.

Clod. Oh, they are called the Moon-men, I remember now!

Cock. One shall hardly see such gentlemen-like gipsies though, under a hedge, in a whole summer's day, if they be gipsies.

Town. Male gipsies all, not a Mort among them.

Pup. Where, where? I could never endure the sight of one of these rogue-gipsies: which be they? I would fain see 'em.

Clod. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they cant or mill? are they masters in their art?

Town. No, bachelors these; they cannot have proceeded so far; they have scarce had their time to be lousy yet.

Pup. All the better! I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean life, they will do their tricks the cleanlier.

Cock. We must have some music then, and take out the wenches.

Pup. Music! we'll have a whole poverty of pipers; call Cheeks upon the bagpipe, and Tom Ticklefoot with his tabor. Clod, will you gather the pipe-money?

Clod. I'll gather it an you will, but I'll give none.

Pup. Why, well said! Claw a churl by the a— and he'll s— in your fist.

Cock. Ay, or whistle to a jade, and he'll pay you with a f—.

Clod. F—! 'tis an ill wind that blows no man to profit:—See where the minstrel comes in the mouth on't.

Cock. Ay, and all the good wenches of Windsor after him; yonder is Prue o' the park.

Town. And Frances o' the castle.

Pup. And Long Meg of Eaton.

Clod. And Christian o' Dorney.

Town. See the miracle of a minstrel!

Cock. He's able to muster up the smocks of the two shires.

Pup. And set the codpieces and they by the ears at pleasure.

Enter the two Pipers *playing, and followed by* PRUDENCE, FRANCES, CICELY, MEG, CHRISTIAN, *and other* Wenches.

Town. I cannot hold now, there's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

Cock. Yes, and they'll come about us for luck's sake.

Pup. But look to our pockets and purses, for our own sake.

Clod. Ay, I have the greatest charge, if I gather the money.

Cock. Come, girls, here be gipsies come to town, let's dance them down. [*Music.*

Here they take out the Wenches, *and dance Country Dances,*
During which the Gipsies *and the* PATRICO *come about them prying, and pick their pockets.*

Pat. Sweet doxies and dells,
My Roses and Nells,
Scarce out of the shells,
Your hands, nothing else.
We ring you no knells
With our Ptolemy's bells,
Though we come from the fells;
But bring you good spells,
And tell you some chances,
In midst of your dances,
That fortune advances,
To Prudence or Frances;

To Cicely or Harry,
To Roger or Mary,
Or Peg of the dairy,
To Maudlin or Thomas;
Then do not run from us.
Although we look tawny
We are healthy and brawny,
Whate'er your demand is,
We'll give you no jaundis.

Pup. Say you so, old gipsy! 'Slid, these go to't in rhymes; this is better than canting by the one half.

Town. Nay, you shall hear them: peace, they begin with Prudence; mark that.

Pup. The wiser gipsies they, marry.

Town. Are you advised?

Pup. Yes, and I'll stand to't, that a wise gipsy (take him at the time o' the year) is as politic a piece of flesh as most justices in the county where he stalks.

3 *Gip.* *To love a keeper your fortune will be,*
But the doucets better than him or his fee.

Town. Ha, Prue, has he hit you in the teeth with the sweet bit?

Pup. Let her alone, she'll swallow it well enough; a learned gipsy!

Town. You'll hear more hereafter.

Pup. Marry, and I'll listen: who stands next? Jack Cockrel?

2 *Gip.* *You'll have good luck to horse-flesh, o' my life,*
You ploughed so late with the vicar's wife.

Pup. A prophet, a prophet, no gipsy! or if he be a gipsy, a divine gipsy.

Town. Mark Frances, now she's going to't, the virginity o' the parish!

Pat. *Fear not, in hell you'll never lead apes,*
A mortified maiden of five escapes.

Pup. By'r lady, he touched the virgin-string there a little too hard. They are arrant learned men all I see; what say they upon Tom Clod? list.

1 *Gip.* *Clod's feet will in Christmas go near to be bare,*
When he has lost all his hobnails at post and at pair.

Pup. He has hit the right nail o' the head, his own game.

Town. And the very metal he deals in at play, if you mark it.

Pup. Peace, who's this? Long Meg?

Town. Long and foul Meg, if she be a Meg, as ever I saw of her inches: pray Heaven they fit her with a fair fortune! she hangs an a— terribly.

Pup. They slip her, and treat upon Ticklefoot.

1 *Gip.* *On Sundays you rob the poor's box with your tabor;*
The collectors would do it, you save them a labour.

Pup. Faith, but a little: they do it *non upstante.*

Town. Here's my little Christian forgot; have you any fortune left for her? a straight-laced Christian of sixteen.

Pat. *Christian shall get her a loose-bodied gown*
In trying how a gentleman differs from a clown.

Pup. Is that a fortune for a Christian? a Turk with a gipsy could not have told her a worse.

Town. Come, I'll stand myself, and once venture the poor head o' the town; do your worst, my name's Townshead, and here's my hand, I'll not be angry.

3 *Gip.* *A cuckold you must be, and that for three lives,*
Your own, the parson's, and your wive's.

Town. I swear I'll never marry for that, an't be but to give *fortune, my foe,* the lie. Come, Paul Puppy, you must in too.

Pup. No, I'm well enough; I would have no good fortune an I might.

4 *Gip.* *Yet look to yourself, you'll have some ill luck,*
And shortly,—for I have his purse at a pluck.
[*Aside to the* PATRICO.

Pat. Away, birds, mum!
I hear by the hum,
If Beck-Harman come,
He'll strike us all dumb.
With a noise like a drum,
Let's give him our room,

Here this way some,
And that way others,
We are not all brothers:
Leave me to the cheats,
I'll show 'em some feats.

[*The* Gipsies *run off different ways.*

Pup. What! are they gone? flown all of a sudden? This is fine, i' faith: a covey call you 'em? they are a covey soon scattered, methink: who sprung them I marle?

Town. Marry, yourself, Puppy, for aught I know; you quested last.

Clod. Would he had quested first for me, and sprung them an hour ago!

Town. Why, what's the matter, man?

Clod. 'Slid, they have sprung my purse, and all I had about me.

Town. They have not, have they?

Clod. As I am true Clod, have they, and ransacled me of every penny—outcept I were with child with an owl, as they say, I never saw such luck; it's enough to make a man a whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talkst as if thou hadst a license to lose thy purse alone in this company: 'slid, here be those can lose a purse in honour of the gipsies, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make words of it: I have lost my purse too.

Cock. What was there in thy purse, thou keep'st such a whimpering? Was the lease of thy house in it?

Pup. Or thy grannam's silver ring?

Clod. No, but a mill sixpence of my mother's I loved as dearly, and a twopence I had to spend over and above; besides, the harper that was gathered amongst us to pay the piper.

Town. Our whole stock, is that gone? how will Tom Ticklefoot do to whet his whistle then!

Pup. Marry, a new collection, there's no music else, masters; he can ill pipe, that wants his upper lip.

Town. Yes, a bagpiper may want both.

Pru. They have robbed me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jet ring I had, to draw Jack Straw hither on holy-days.

Town. Is't possible! fine-fingered gipsies, i' faith.

Meg. And I have lost an enchanted nutmeg, all gilded over, was enchanted at Oxford for me, to put in my sweetheart's ale a' mornings; with a row of white pins that prick me to the very heart, the loss of them.

Clod. And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at Joan Turnup's wedding, and a halp'orth of hobnails: Frances Addlebreech has lost somewhat too, besides her maidenhead.

Fran. Ay, I have lost my thimble, and a skein of Coventry blue I had to work Gregory Litchfield a handkerchief.

Chris. And I, unhappy Christian as I am, have lost my *Practice of Piety*, with a bowed groat; and the ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

Clod. And Ticklefoot has lost his clout, he says, with a threepence and four tokens in't; besides his taboring-stick even now.

Cock. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine dog's-leather gloves.

Town. Have we lost never a dog amongst us? where's Puppy?

Pup. Here, good man Townshead, you have nothing to lose, it seems, but the Town's brains you are trusted with.

Re-enter the PATRICO, *with the rest of the* Gipsies.

Oh, my dear marrows!
No shooting of arrows
Or shafts of your wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit.
Your store is but small,
Then venture not all:
Remember, each mock
Doth spend o' the stock.
And what was here done,
Being under the moon,
And at afternoon,
Will prove right soon

Deceptio visus,
Done *gratio risus.*—
There's no such thing
As the loss of a ring,
Or what you count worse,
The miss of a purse.
But hey for the main,
And pass of the strain,
Here's both come again !

And there's an old twinger
Can show ye the ginger:
The pins and the nutmeg
Are safe here with slut Meg,
Then strike up your tabor,
And there's for your labour;
The sheath and the knife,
I'll venture my life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like man and wife,
Or sister and brother,
Keep one with another,
And light as a feather
Make haste to come hither.

The Coventry blue
Hangs there upon Prue,
And here is one opens
The clout and the tokens;
Deny the bowed groat,
And you lie in your throat;
Or the taborer's ninepence,
Or the six fine pence.

As for the ballad,
Or the book, what you call it;
Alas, our society
Mells not with piety;

Himself hath forsook it,
That first undertook it.

For thimble or bride-lace,
Search yonder side lass.
All's to be found
If you look yourselves round:
We scorn to take from ye,
We had rather spend on ye.
If any man wrong ye,
The thief is among ye.

Town. Excellent, i' faith! a most restorative gipsy! all's here again; and yet by his learning of legerdemain, he would make us believe we had robbed ourselves; for the hobnails are come to me.

Cock. Maybe, he knew whose shoes lacked clouting.

Pup. Ay—he knows more than that, or I'll never trust my judgment in a gipsy again.

Cock. A gipsy of quality, believe it, and one of the king's gipsies, this; a drink-alian, or a drink-braggatan? Ask him. The king has his noise of gipsies, as well as of bearwards and other minstrels.

Pup. What sort or order of gipsies, I pray, sir?

Pat. A flagon-flekian,
A Devil's arse-a-Pekian
Born first at Niglington,
Bred up at Filchington,
Boarded at Tappington,
Bedded at Wappington.

Town. Fore me, a dainty derived gipsy!

Pup. But I pray, sir, if a man might ask on you, how came your captain's place first to be called the Devil's Arse?

Pat. For that take my word,
We have a record,
That doth it afford,
And says our first lord,

Cocklorel he hight,
On a time did invite
The devil to a feast;
The tail of the jest,
(Though since it be long,)
Lives yet in a song;
Which if you would hear
Shall plainly appear
Like a chime in your ear.
I'll call in my clerk,
Shall sing like a lark.

Cock. Oh ay, the song, the song in any case; if you want music, we'll lend him our music.

Come in, my long shark,
With thy face brown and dark;
With thy tricks and thy toys,
Make a merry, merry noise
To these mad country boys,
And chaunt out the farce
Of the grand Devil's Arse. [*Music.*

SONG.

Cocklorel would needs have the devil his guest,
  And bade him into the Peak to dinner,
Where never the fiend had such a feast
  Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomach was queasy (he came thither coacht),
  The jogging had made some crudities rise;
To help it he called for a puritan poacht,
  That used to turn up the eggs of his eyes.

And so recovered unto his wish,
  He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promoter in plumb-broth was the first dish,
  His own privy kitchen had no such meat.

Yet, though with this he much were taken,
  Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher,
As soon as he spied the bawd and bacon,
  By which you may note the Devil's a wencher.

Six pickled tailors sliced and cut,
 Sempsters, and tirewomen, fit for his palate:
With feathermen and perfumers put
 Some twelve in a charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat usurer stewed in his marrow,
 And by him a lawyer's head and green sauce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
 As if till then he had never seen sauce.

Then carbonadoed and cooked with pains,
 Was brought up a cloven serjeant's face:
The sauce was made of his yeoman's brains
 That had been beaten out with his own mace.

Two roasted sheriffs came whole to the board;
 (The feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and dead they were foxed and furred,
 Their chains like sausages hung about 'em.

The very next dish was the mayor of a town,
 With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly,
Like a goose in the feathers, drest in his gown,
 And his couple of hinch-boys boiled to a jelly.

A London cuckold hot from the spit,
 And when the carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopped up his head at a bit,
 But the horns were very near like to choke him.

The chine of a lecher too there was roasted,
 With a plump harlot's haunch and garlike,
A pander's pettitoes, that had boasted
 Himself for a captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat pasty of a midwife hot;
 And for a cold baked meat into the story,
A reverend painted lady was brought,
 And coffined in crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an overgrown justice of peace,
 With a clerk like a gizzard trussed under each arm;
And warrants for sippits, laid in his own grease,
 Set over a chaffing dish to be kept warm.

The jowl of a jailor served for a fish,
 A constable soused with vinegar by;
Two aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,
 A deputy tart, a churchwarden pie.

All which devoured, he then for a close
  Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heaved the huge vessel up to his nose,
  And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
  Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce,
All which he flirted away with a fart,
  From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

Pup. An excellent song, and a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of water and hemp-seed! a fine breast of his own! Sir, you are a prelate of the order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon me to be one of your company. Will your captain take a prentice, sir? I would bind myself to him, body and soul, either for one-and-twenty years, or as many lives as he would.

Clod. Ay, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money i' my purse when you came first upon us, sir; if I had known you would have picked my pocket so like a gentleman, I would have been better provided; I shall be glad to venture a purse with your worship at any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer me to your captain; I'll put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I die to-morrow.

Cock. Ay, upon those terms, sir,—and I hope your captain keeps better cheer than he made for the devil, for my stomach will ne'er agree with that diet,—we'll be all his followers; I'll go home and fetch a little money, sir, all I have, and you shall pick my pocket to my face, and I'll avouch it: a man would not desire to have his purse pickt in better company.

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of gifts than picking of pockets, or telling fortunes.

Cock. Ay, and if they would but please to show them, or thought us poor county mortals worthy of them.

Pup. What might a man do to be a gentleman of your company, sir?

Cock. Ay, a gipsy in ordinary, or nothing.

Pat. Friends, not to refel ye,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I only must tell ye,
Ye aim at a mystery
Worthy a history.
There's much to be done,
Ere you can be a son
Or a brother of the moon,
'Tis not so soon
Acquired as desired.
You must be ben-bowsy,
And sleepy and drowsy,
And lazy, and lousy,
Before ye can rouse ye,
In shape that avows ye.
And then ye may stalk
The gipsies walk,
To the coops and the pens,
And bring in the hens,
Though the cock be left sullen
For loss of the pullen:
Take turkey or capon,
And gammons of bacon,
Let nought be forsaken.
We'll let you go loose,
Like a fox to a goose,
And show you the sty
Where the little pigs lie;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The sow in her dreams,
But by the moonbeams
So warily hie
As neither do cry,
You shall the next day

Have license to play
At the hedge a flirt
For a sheet or a shirt:
If your hand be light,
I'll show you the sleight
Of our Ptolemy's knot
It is, and 'tis not.
 To change your complexion,
With the noble confection
Of walnuts and hog's-grease,
Better than dog's-grease:
And to milk the kine
Ere the milkmaid fine
Hath opened her eyne;
Or if you desire
To spit or fart fire,
I'll teach you the knacks
Of eating of flax;
And out of your noses,
Draw ribands and posies,
As for example,
Mine own is as ample
And fruitful a nose
As a wit can suppose;
Yet it shall go hard
But there will be spared
Each of you a yard,
And worth your regard
When the colour and size
Arrive at your eyes.
And if you incline
To a cup of good wine
When you sup or dine;
If you chance it to lack,
Be it claret or sack,
I'll make this snout

To deal it about,
Or this to run out
As it were from a spout.

Town. Admirable tricks, and he does them all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the trap of authority by a frail fleshly constable.

Pup. Without the aid of a cheese.

Clod. Or help of a flitch of bacon.

Cock. Oh, he would chirp in a pair of stocks sumptuously; I'd give anything to see him play loose with his hands when his feet were fast.

Pup. O' my conscience he fears not that, an the marshal himself were here; I protest I admire him.

Pat. Is this worth your wonder!
Nay then you shall under-
Stand more of my skill.
I can (for I will)
Here at Burley o' the Hill
Give you all your fill,
Each Jack with his Gill,
And show you the king,
The prince too, and bring
The gipsies were here
Like lords to appear,
With such their attenders
As you thought offenders,
Who now become new men,
You'll know them for true men;
For he we call chief,
I'll tell't ye in brief,
Is so far from a thief,
As he gives ye relief
With his bread, beer, and beef.
And 'tis not long syne
Ye drank of his wine,

And it made you fine,
Both claret and sherry;
Then let us be merry;
And help with your call,
For a hall, a hall!
Stand up to the wall,
Both good men, and tall,
We are one man's all.[1]

Omnes. A hall, a hall, a hall!

Enter the GIPSIES METAMORPHOSED, *i.e., dressed in rich habits, and* DANCE.

Pat. Why now ye behold
'Twas truth that I told,
And no device;
They are changed in a trice,
And so will I
Be myself, by and by.
I only now
Must study how
To come off with a grace,
With my Patrico's place:
Some short kind of blessing,
Itself addressing

[1] When the Masque was represented at Belvoir Castle, the following lines were used instead of those in the text.

The fifth of August,
Will not let sawdust
Lie in your throats,
Or cobwebs, or oats;
But help to scour ye.
This is no Gowry
Has drawn James hither,
But the goodman of Bever,
Our Buckingham's father;
Then so much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For 'tis a holy night;
Spite of the constable,
Or dean of Dunstable.

Unto my good Master,
Which light on him faster
Than wishes can fly.
And you that stand by
Be as jocund as I;
Each man with his voice,
Give his heart to rejoice,
Which I'll requite,
If my art hit right.
Though late now at night,
Each clown here in sight,
Before daylight,
Shall prove a good knight:
And your lasses, pages
Worthy their wages,
Where fancy engages
Girls to their ages.

Clod. Oh, anything for the Patrico; what is't? what is't?
Pat. Nothing, but bear the bob of the close,
It will be no burthen you may well suppose
But 'Bless the sovereign and his Senses'
And to wish away offences.
Clod. Let us alone. *Bless the Sovereign and his senses!*
Pat. We'll take them in order, as they have being,
And first of Seeing.

From a gipsy in the morning,
Or a pair of squint eyes turning:
From the goblin, and the spectre,
Or a drunkard, though with nectar;
From a woman true to no man,
Which is ugly besides common;
A smock rampant, and the itches
To be putting on the breeches:
Wheresoe'er they have their being,
Cho. Bless the Sovereign and his SEEING.

Pat. From a fool, and serious toys;
From a lawyer, three parts noise:
From impertinence, like a drum
Beat at dinner in his room;
From a tongue without a file,
Heaps of phrases and no style.
From a fiddle out of tune,
As the cuckoo is in June,
From the candlesticks of Lothbury,
And the loud pure wives of Banbury;
Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it;
Only time and ears outwearing,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* HEARING.

Pat. From a strolling tinker's sheet,
Or a pair of carrier's feet:
From a lady that doth breathe
Worse above than underneath;
From the diet and the knowledge
Of the students in Bears-college;
From tobacco with the type
Of the devil's glyster-pipe;
Or a stink all stinks excelling,
From a fishmonger's stale dwelling;
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* SMELLING.

Pat. From an oyster and fried fish,
A sow's baby in a dish;
From any portion of a swine,
From bad venison, and worse wine;
Ling, what cook soe'er it boil,
Though with mustard sauced and oil,
Or what else would keep man fasting,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* TASTING.

Pat. Both from birdlime, and from pitch,
From a doxey and her itch;

From the bristles of a hog,
Or the ringworm in a dog;
From the courtship of a briar,
Or St. Anthony's old fire:
From a needle, or a thorn,
In the bed at e'en or morn;
Or from any gout's least grutching,
Cho. *Bless the Sovereign and his* TOUCHING.
Pat. Bless him too from all offences,
In his sports, as in his senses;
From a boy to cross his way,
From a fall, or a foul day.
Bless him, O bless him, heaven, and lend him long
To be the sacred burden of all song;
The acts and years of all our kings to outgo;
And while he's mortal, we not think him so.

After which, ascending up, the JACKMAN *sings.*

SONG FIRST.

Jack. The sports are done, yet do not let
Your joys in sudden silence set;
Delight and dumbness never met
In one self-subject yet.
If things opposed must mixt appear,
Then add a boldness to your fear
And speak a hymn to him
Where all your duties do of right belong,
Which I will sweeten with an under-song.

Captain. Glory of ours, and grace of all the earth;
How well your figure doth become your birth!
As if your form and fortune equal stood,
And only virtue got above your blood.

SONG SECOND.

Jack. Virtue, his kingly virtue, which did merit
This isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 *Gipsy.* How right he doth confess him in his face,
His brow, his eye, and every mark of state;

As if he were the issue of each Grace,
And bore about him both his fame and fate.

SONG THIRD.

Jack. Look, look, is he not fair,
And fresh and fragrant too
As summer sky or purgéd air,
And looks as lilies do
That were this morning blown.

4 *Gip.* O more! that more of him were known.
3 *Gip.* Look how the winds upon the waves grown tame,
Take up land sounds upon their purple wings:
And catching each from other, bear the same
To every angle of their sacred springs.
So will we take his praise, and hurl his name
About the globe in thousand airy rings,
If his great virtue be in love with fame,
For that contemned, both are neglected things.

SONG FOURTH.

Jack. Good princes soar above their fame,
And in their worth
Come greater forth
Than in their name.
Such, such the father is
Whom every title strives to kiss;
Who on his royal grounds unto himself doth raise
The work to trouble fame and to astonish praise.

4 *Gip.* Indeed he is not lord alone of all the State,
But of the love of men, and of the empire's fate,
The Muses' arts, the schools, commerce, our honours, laws,
And virtues hang on him, as on their working cause.
2 *Gip.* His handmaid Justice is.
3 *Gip.* Wisdom, his wife.
4 *Gip.* His mistress, Mercy.
5 *Gip.* Temperance, his life.
2 *Gip.* His pages Bounty and Grace, which many prove.
3 *Gip.* His guards are Magnanimity and Love.

4 *Gip.* His ushers, Counsel, Truth, and Piety.
5 *Gip.* And all that follows him, Felicity.

SONG FIFTH.

Jack. O that we understood
Our good!
There's happiness indeed in blood,
And store,
But how much more
When virtue's flood
In the same stream doth hit!
As that grows high with years, so happiness with it!

Capt. Love, love his fortune then, and virtues known,
Who is the top of men,
But makes the happiness our own;
Since where the prince for goodness is renowned
The subject with felicity is crowned.

THE EPILOGUE AT WINDSOR.

At Burleigh, Bever, and now last at Windsor,
Which shows we are gipsies of no common kind, sir:
You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
And how they came transformed, may think it strange,
It being a thing not touched at by our poet;
Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to show it:
But lest it prove like wonder to the sight
To see a gipsy, as an Æthiop, white,
Know, that what dyed our faces, was an ointment
Made, and laid on by Master Woolfe's appointment,
The court Lycanthropos; yet without spells,
By a mere barber, and no magic else,
It was fetched off with water and a ball,
And to our transformation this is all,
Save what the master fashioner calls his:
For to a Gipsy's Metamorphosis,
Who doth disguise his habit and his face,
And takes on a false person by his place,
The power of poetry can never fail her,
Assisted by a barber and a tailor.

THE MASQUE OF AUGURS,

WITH THE

SEVERAL ANTIMASQUES,

Presented on Twelfth Night, 1622.

SCENE —*The Court Buttery-hatch.*

Enter NOTCH *and* SLUG.

Notch. Come, now my head's in, I'll even venture the whole: I have seen the lions ere now, and he that hath seen them may see the king.

Slug. I think he may; but have a care you go not too nigh, neighbour Notch, lest you chance to have a tally made on your pate, and be clawed with a cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the king as the lions.

Enter Groom *of the* Revels.

Groom. Whither, whither now, gamesters? what is the business, the affair? stop, I beseech you.

Notch. This must be an officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his demands: a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now. I am sure I am a greater man than he out of the court, and I have lost nothing of my size since I came to it.

Groom. Hey-da! what's this? a hogshead of beer broke out of the king's buttery, or some Dutch hulk! whither are you bound? the wind is against you, you must back; do you know where you are?

Notch. Yes, sir, if we be not mistaken, we are at the court;

and would be glad to speak with something of less authority and more wit, that knows a little in the place.

Groom. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place. Speak, what is your business? I am an officer, groom of the revels, that is my place.

Notch. To fetch bouge of court, a parcel of invisible bread and beer for the players (for they never see it); or to mistake six torches from the chandry, and give them one.

Groom. How, sir?

Notch. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coals, to your own house, I mean, that should have warmed them.

Groom. Sir, I may do it by my place, and I must question you farther.

Notch. Be not so musty, sir; our desire is only to know whether the King's Majesty and the court expect any disguise here to-night?

Groom. Disguise! what mean you by that? do you think that his majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

Notch. No; if he did, I believe you would supply that place better than you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a masque, sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

Groom. There is no such word in the office now, I assure you, sir; I have served here, man and boy, a prenticeship or twain, and I should know. But by what name soever you call it, here will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your comrogues shall sit *disguised* in the stocks.

Notch. Sure, by your language you were never meant for a courtier, howsoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some constable's egg, some such widgeon of authority, you are so easily offended! Our coming was to show our loves, sir, and to make a little merry with His Majesty to-night, and we have brought a masque with us, if His Majesty had not been better provided.

Groom. Who, you! you, a masque! why you stink like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the

name of ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? You have been hanged in the smoke sufficiently, that is smelt out already.

Notch. Sir, we do come from among the brew-houses in St. Katherine's, that's true, there you have smoked us; the dock comfort your nostrils! and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine own part, I have brought my properties with me, to express what I am. The keys of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this, the register-book of my function, shows me no less than a clerk at all points, and a brewer's clerk, and a brewer's head-clerk.

Groom. A man of accompt, sir! I cry you mercy.

Slug. Ay, sir, I knew him a fine merchant, a merchant of hops, till all hopt into the water.

Notch. No more of that; what I have been, I have been; what I am, I am: I, Peter Notch, clerk, hearing the Christmas invention was drawn dry at court; and that neither the king's poet nor his architect had wherewithal left to entertain so much as a baboon of quality, nor scarce the Welsh ambassador, if he should come there: out of my allegiance to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturals to fill up the vacuum with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed and conveyed hither in a lighter at the general charge, and landed at the back-door of the buttery, through my neighbour Slug's credit there.



Slug. A poor lighterman, sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the king's beer there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place than the very buttery, for a certain, there would be no masque, and from such as could command a jack of beer, two or three.

Enter VANGOOSE.

Van. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, dre, vour mile, I know that from my selven; dey have noting, no ting van deir own, but vat dey take from the eard, or de zea, or de heaven, or de hell, or de rest van de veir elementen,

de place a! dat be so common as de vench in the bordello. Now me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat never was, nor never sall be in de *rebus natura;* dat has never van de *materia* nor de *forma*, nor de hoffen, nor de voot, but a mera *devisa* of de brain—

Groom. Hey-da! what Hans Flutterkin is this? what Dutchman does build or frame castles in the air?

Notch. He is no Dutchman, sir, he is a Briton born, but hath learned to misuse his own tongue in travel, and now speaks all languages in ill English; a rare artist he is, sir, and a projector of masques. His project in ours is, that we should all come from the Three Dancing Bears in St. Katherine's (you may hap know it, sir), hard by where the priest fell in, which alehouse is kept by a distressed lady, whose name, for the honour of knighthood, will not be known; yet she is come in person here errant, to fill up the adventure, with her two women that draw drink under her; gentlewomen born all three, I assure you.

Enter the Lady, *with her two* Maids.

Slug. And were three of those gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of England's Joy in 'six hundred and three.

Lady. What talk you of England's Joy, gentlemen? you have another matter in hand, I wiss; England's Sport and Delight, if you can manage it. The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat loaf, and a bombard of broken beer, how will ye dispose of them?

Groom. Cattle! what cattle does she mean?

Lady. No worse than the king's game, I assure you; the bears, bears both of quality and fashion, right bears, true bears.

Notch. A device only to express the place from whence we come, my lady's house, for which we have borrowed three very bears, that, as her ladyship aforesaid says, are well bred, and can dance to present the sign, and the bearward to stand for the sign-post.

Groom. That is pretty; but are you sure you have sufficient bears for that purpose?



Slug. Very sufficient bears as any are in the ground, the Paris-garden, and can dance at first sight, and play their own tunes if need be. John Urson, the bearward, offers to play them with any city-dancers christened, for a ground measure.

Notch. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the ropes, he will not undertake; it is out of their element, he says. Sir, all our request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a masque, for an antic-masque; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the buttery from whence we came, for reward, or to the porter's lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

Groom. To be whipt with your bears! well, I could be willing to venture a good word in behalf of the game, if I were assured the aforesaid game would be cleanly, and not fright the ladies.

Notch. For that, sir, the bearward hath put in security by warranting my lady and her women to dance the whole changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place, you shall not need to fear, for he hath given them a kind of diet-bread to bind them to their good behaviour.

Groom. Well, let them come; if you need one, I'll help you myself.

Enter JOHN URSON *with his Bears, who dance while he sings the following*

BALLAD.

Though it may seem rude
For me to intrude,
  With these my bears, by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a king,
If they could sing
  As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
  We came from St. Katherine-a,
These dancing three,
By the help of me,
  Who am the post of the sign-a.

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though court and country knew it;
Our ale's o' the best,
And each good guest
Prays for their souls that brew it.

For any alehouse,
We care not a louse,
Nor tavern in all the town-a;
Nor the Vintry-Cranes,
Nor St. Clement's Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
Comes thither again,
The liquor is so mighty;
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our ale,
And it burns like aqua-vitæ.

To a stranger there,
If any appear,
Where never before he has been:
We show the iron gate,
The wheel of St. Kate,
And the place where the priest fell in.

The wives of Wapping,
They trudge to our tapping,
And there our ale desire:
And still sit and drink,
Till they spue and stink,
And often p— out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to daylight,
They sit, and never grudge it;
Till the fishwives join
Their single coin,
And the tinker pawns his budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or their bladders do swell,
To ease them of their burden,
My lady will come
With a bowl and a broom,
And her handmaid with a jorden.

From court we invite
Lord, lady, and knight,
  Squire, gentleman, yeoman, and groom;
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, porters, and tinkers,
  And the beggars shall give ye room.

Van. How like you, how like you?

Groom. Excellent! the bears have done learnedly and sweetly.

Van. Tis noting, tis noting; vill you see someting? ick sall bring in de Turkschen, met all zin bashaws, and zin dirty towsand Yanitsaries met all zin whooren, eunuken, all met an ander; de sofie van Persia, de Tartar cham, met de groat king of Mogull; and make deir men, and deir horse, and deir elephanten, be seen fight in the ayr, and be all killen, and aliven, and no such ting. And all dis met de *ars* van de Catropricks, by de refleshie van de glassen.

Notch. Oh, he is an admirable artist.

Slug. And a half, sir.

Groom. But where will he place his glasses?

Van. Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, dree, veir, vife towsand mile off; ick sall multiplien de vizioun, met an ander secret dat ick heb: Spreck, vat vill you haben?

Groom. Good sir, put him to't, bid him do something that is impossible; he will undertake it, I warrant you.

Notch. I do not like the Mogul, nor the great Turk, nor the Tartar, their names are somewhat too big for the room; marry, if he could show us some country-players, strolling about in several shires, without license from the office, that would please I know whom; or some Welsh pilgrims—

Van. Pilgrim! now you talk of de pilgrim, it come in my head. Ick vill show yow all de whole brave pilgrim o' de world: de pilgrim dat go now, now at de instant, two, dre towsand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, everywhere, make de fine labyrints, and show all de brave error in de vorld.

Slug. And shall we see it here?

Van. Yaw, here, here, here in dis room, tis very room; vel

vat is dat to you, if ick do de ting? vat an devil, vera boten devil?

Groom. Nay, good sir, be not angry.

Notch. 'Tis a disease that follows all excellent men, they cannot govern their passions; but let him alone, try him one bout.

Groom. I would try him; but what has all this to do with our masque?

Van. O sir, all de better vor an antic-masque, de more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de more art: for dere is art, and dere is nature, yow sall see. *Hocos Pocos! paucos palabros!*

Here the second ANTIMASQUE.

Which was a perplexed DANCE *of straying and deformed* PILGRIMS *taking several paths, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of* APOLLO, *they were all frighted away, and the main* MASQUE *begun:*

APOLLO *descending, sung,*[1]

It is no dream; you all do wake, and see;
Behold who comes! far-shooting Phœbus,[2] he
That can both hurt and heal;[3] and with his voice[4]
Rear towns, and make societies rejoice;
That taught the Muses all their harmony,
And men the tuneful art of augury.[5]
Apollo stoops, and when a god descends,
May mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.

---

1 Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas.

2 Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud epitheton ἑκήβολος, longe jaculans.

3 Medicinam, unde medici nomen adeptus.

4 Musicam, unde μουσηγέτης appellatus.

5 Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus. Virg. Æneid. lib. 4 et Hor. Car. lib. 1, Od. 2.

Nube candentes humeros amictus
Augur Apollo.

Et Carm. Sæcul ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes totidem versibus complectitur,

Augur ut fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem camœnis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus.

Being near the earth, he called these persons following, who came forth as from their tombs.

Linus![1] and Orpheus![2] Branchus![3] Idmon![4] all,
My sacred sons, rise at your father's call
From your immortal graves; where sleep, not death,
Yet binds your powers.
Linus. Here.
Orpheus. Here.
Branchus. What sacred breath
Doth re-inspire us?
Idmon. Who is this we feel?
Phœmonoë.[5] What heat creeps through me, as when burning steel
Is dipt in water?
Apollo. Ay, Phœmonoë,
Thy father Phœbus' fury filleth thee:
Confess my godhead, once again I call,
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,
And follow me.
Omnes. We fly, we do not tread;
The gods do use to ravish whom they lead.

APOLLO *being descended, showed them where the* KING *sat, and sung forward.*

Behold the love and care of all the gods,
Of ocean and the happy isles;

---

[1] Linus, Apollinis et Terpsichores filius. Paus.

[2] Orpheus, Apollinis et Calliopes, de quibus Virg. in Ecloga inscript.

Non me carminibus vincet, non Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.

[3] Branchus, Apollinis et Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4, et Statium Thebaid. lib. 3——patrioque æqualis honori Branchus.

[4] Idmon, Apollinis et Asteries filius. De illo vid. Val Flac. lib. 1, Argonautic.

——Contra Phœbius Idmon
Non pallore viris non ullo horrore comarum
Terribilis, plenus fatis, Phœboque quieto,
Cui genitor tribuit monitu prænoscere Divum
Omina, seu flammas, seu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interroget aëra pennis.

[5] Phœmonoë filia Phœbi, quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit. Hesiod in Theog.



That whilst the world about him is at odds,
Sits crownéd lord here of himself, and smiles,
Cho. To see the erring mazes of mankind,—
Who seek for that doth punish them to find.

Then he advanceth with them to the KING.

Apol. Prince of thy peace, see what it is to love
The powers above!
Jove hath commanded me
To visit thee;
And in thine honour with my[1] music rear
A college here[2]
Of tuneful augurs, whose divining skill
Shall wait thee still,
And be the heralds of his highest will.
The work is done,
And I have made their president thy son;
Great Mars too, on these nights,
Hath added Salian rites.[3]
Yond, yond afar,
They closéd in their temple are,[4]
And each one guided by a star.

---

[1] Allusio ad illud Ovidii Epistol. Epist. Parid.

Ilion aspicies, firmataque turribus altis
Mœnia Apollineæ structa canore lyræ.

[2] Augurandi scientia nobilis erat et antiqua, apud gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat collegium et domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit auctoritas et dignitas per totam Italiam, potissimum Romæ. Romulus, urbe condita, collegium et Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. lib. I, et Tull. lib. I, Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare, et ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumque monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacra erat Romanis et res regia habita, dignitasque penes patricios et principes viros mansit, etiam apud imperatores obtinuit, unde ab Apolline nostro talis Præses Pulchrè designatus.

[3] Saltationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes penè gentes: et à saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutâ, Salii dicti et Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum et tibiam ludebant Salii et Salisubsuli dicebantur. Salius ὑμνωδὸς, vet. gloss. et Pacuv. Pro imperio sic Salisubsulus vestro excubet Mars. et Virg. Æneid. lib. 8.

Tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum
Populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis.

[4] Auguria captaturi cœlum eligebant purum et serenum, aëreque nitido. Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus, augurale signum) manu tenebat augur. Eo cœli regiones designabat, et metas inter quas contineri debebant auguria: et hæ vocabantur templa: unde contemplatio dicta est consideratio, et meditatio rerum sacrarum,

Cho. Haste, haste to meet them, and as they advance,
'Twixt every dance,
Let us interpret their prophetic trance.

Here they fetched out the MASQUERS [*i.e. the* AUGURS], *and came before them with the* TORCH-BEARERS *along the stage, singing this full*

SONG.

Apol. Which way, and whence the lightning flew,
Or how it burnèd, bright and blue,
Design and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and show the several flights
Your birds have made,[1] or what the wing,
Or voice in augury doth bring,
Which hand the crow cried on, how high
The vulture or the herne did fly;
What wing the swan made, and the dove,
The stork, and which did get above;
Show all the birds of food or prey,
But pass by the unlucky jay,
The night-crow, swallow, or the kite,
Let these have neither right,
Cho. Nor part,
In this night's art.

Here the TORCH-BEARERS *danced.*

After which the AUGURS *laid by their staves, and danced their entry; which done,* APOLLO *and the rest interpreted the Augury.*

---

ut dextrum sinistrumque latus observaret: in impetrato sibi ipse regiones definiebat; in oblato manum suam respexit lævam aut dextram. Regiones ab oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, et cardine ex transverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Antica in ortum vergebat; Postica regio à tergo ad occasum: dextra ad meridiem: sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici augurali candida amicto, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neque captabantur auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod aves redderentur imbeciliores et morbidæ, pullique eorum essent imperfecti.

[1] Augurandi scientia ὀρνιθομαντεία dicta; divinatio per aves. Aves aut oscines, aut præpetes; oscines, quæ ore, præpetes, quæ volatu augurium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspicatæ, et præpetes:—aquila, vultur, sanqualis seu ossifraga, triarches, sive buteo, immussulus, accipiter, cygnus, columba; oscines:—cornix, corvus, anser, ciconia, ardea, noctua; inauspicatæ:—milvus, parra, nycticorax, striges, hirundo, picus, &c.

Apol. The signs are lucky all, and right,[1]
There hath not been a voice, or flight,
Of ill presage—
Lin. The bird that brings[2]
Her augury alone to kings,
The dove, hath flown.—
Orph. And to thy peace,
Fortunes and the Fates increase.
Bran. Minerva's hernshaw, and her owl,[3]
Do both proclaim, thou shalt control
The course of things—
Idm. As now they be
With tumult carried—
Apol. And live free
From hatred, faction, or the fear
To blast the olive thou dost wear.

Cho. More is behind, which these do long to show,
And what the gods to so great virtue owe.

Here the Main Dance.

Cho. Still, still the auspice is so good,[4]
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts Apollo
To all his strengths of art, to follow
The flights, and to divine
What's meant by every sign.[5]

Thou canst not less be than the charge
Of every deity;

[1] Habebant dextra et læva omina; antica et postica; orientalia et occidentalia. Græci, cum se ad septentrionem obverterent, ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani meridiem in auspicando cum tuerentur, ortum ad lævam habuere. Itaque sinistræ partes eadem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextræ ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, dextra pejora: Græcis contrâ. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum: salutaria, quia ortus lucis index et auctor Dextra, quia spectant occasum, tristia.

[2] Columbæ auguria non nisi regibus dant: quia nunquam singulæ volant: sicut rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntiæ pacis.

[3] Ardea et ardeola, rerum arduarum auspicium. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. *κ. δεξίω ἐρωδιός.*

[4] Auspicium, ab ave specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus *aspicio*, apud veteres sine præpositione *spicio* dicebatur.

[5] Signa quæ sese offerent, erant multifaria: nam si objiceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono, vel supino motu corporis; quo flecteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret membra; qua in parte se occultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram canerent oscines, &c.

That thus art left here to enlarge,
And shield their piety!
Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gazed;
But at thy wisdom all do stand amazed,
And wish to be
O'ercome or governéd by thee!
Safety itself so sides thee where thou go'st,
And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most.

Here the Revels.

After which, APOLLO *went up to the* KING, *and sung.*

Apol. Do not expect to hear of all
Your good at once, lest it forestall
A sweetness would be new:
Some things the Fates would have concealed,
From us the gods, lest being revealed,
Our powers shall envy you.
It is enough your people learn
The reverence of your peace,
As well as strangers do discern
The glories, by the increase;
And that the princely augur here, your son,[1]
Do by his father's lights his courses run.

Cho. Him shall you see triúmphing over all,
Both foes and vices: and your young and tall
Nephews, his sons, grow up in your embraces,
To give this island princes in long races.

Here the heaven opened, and JOVE, *with the senate of the Gods, was discovered, while* APOLLO *returned to his seat, and ascending, sung.*

Apol. See, heaven expecteth my return,
The forkéd fire begins to burn,
Jove beckons me to come.
Jove. Though Phœbus be the god of arts,
He must not take on him all parts;
But leave his father some.
Apol. My arts are only to obey.

[1] Romulus augur fuit, et Numa, et reliqui reges Romani, sicut ante eos Turnus, Rhamnetes, et alii. Lacedaemonii suis regibus augurem assessorem dabant. Cilices, Lycii, Cares, Arabes, in summa veneratione habuerunt auguria.



Jove. And mine to sway,[1]
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call,
The power that governs, and conserveth all;
Earth, sea, and air are subject to our check,
And fate with heaven, moving at our beck.
Till Jove it ratify
It is no augury,
Though uttered by the mouth of Destiny.
Apol. Dear father, give the sign, and seal it then.

The EARTH *riseth.*

It is the suit of Earth and men.
Jove. What do these mortals crave without our wrong?
Earth, with the rest. That Jove will lend us this our sovereign long;
Let our grandchildren, and not we
His want or absence ever see.
Jove. Your wish is blest,
Jove knocks his chin against his breast,[2]
And firms it with the rest.

Full Cho. Sing then his fame, through all the orbs; in even
Proportions, rising still, from earth to heaven:
And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,
The power of time shall never put that out.

This done, the whole Scene shut, and the MASQUERS *danced their last Dance.*

AND THUS IT ENDED.

---

[1] Vide Orpheum in hym. de omnip. Jovis.
[2] Mos Jovis, annuendo votis et firmandis ominibus. Apud Homer, &c.

TIME VINDICATED

TO HIMSELF AND TO HIS HONOURS,

In the Presentation at Court on Twelfth Night, 1623.

———QUI SE MIRANTUR, IN ILLOS
VIRUS HABE: NOS HÆC NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL.

The Court being seated, a Trumpet sounded, and FAME *entered, followed by the* CURIOUS—*the* EYED, *the* EARED, *and the* NOSED.

Fame. Give ear, the worthy, hear what Fame proclaims.
Ears. What, what? is't worth our ears?
Eyes. Or eyes?
Nose. Or noses?
For we are curious, Fame; indeed, THE CURIOUS.
Eyes. We come to spy.
Ears. And hearken.
Nose. And smell out.
Fame. More than you understand, my hot inquisitors.
Nose. We cannot tell.
Eyes. It may be.
Ears. However, go you on, let us alone.
Eyes. We may spy out that which you never meant.
Nose. And nose the thing you scent not. First, whence come you?
Fame. I came from Saturn.
Ears. Saturn! what is he?
Nose. Some Protestant, I warrant you, a time-server,
As Fame herself is.
Fame. You are near the right.
Indeed, he's Time itself, and his name CHRONOS.

Nose. How! Saturn! Chronos! and the Time itself!
You are found: enough. A notable old pagan!
Ears. One of their gods, and eats up his own children.
Nose. A fencer, and does travel with a scythe,
'Stead of a long sword.
Eyes. Hath been oft called from it,
To be their lord of Misrule.
Ears. As Cincinnatus
Was from the plough, to be dictator.
Eyes. Yes.
We need no interpreter: on, what of Time?
Fame. The Time hath sent me with my trump to summon
All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
Of some great spectacle he means to-night
To exhibit, and with all solemnity.
Nose. O we shall have his Saturnalia.
Eyes. His days of feast and liberty again.
Ears. Where men might do and talk all that they list.
Eyes. Slaves of their lords.
Nose. The servants of their masters.
Ears. And subjects of their sovereign.
Fame. Not so lavish.
Ears. It was a brave time that!
Eyes. This will be better:
I spy it coming, peace! All the impostures,
The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,
The knaveries of the time, we shall see all now.
Ears. And hear the passages and several humours
Of men, as they are swayed by their affections:
Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,
Some pleased, some pining; at all these we laughing.
Nose. I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of it,
And the confusion, which I love—I nose it;
It tickles me.
Eyes. My four eyes itch for it.
Ears. And my ears tingle · would it would come forth;

This room will not receive it
Nose. That's the fear.

Enter CHRONOMASTIX.

Chro. What, what, my friends, will not this room receive?
Eyes. That which the Time is presently to show us.
Chro. The Time! Lo, I, the man that hate the Time,
That is, that love it not; and (though in rhyme
I here do speak it) with this whip you see,
Do lash the time, and am myself lash-free.
Fame. Who's this?
Ears. 'Tis Chronomastix, the brave satyr.
Nose. The gentleman-like satyr, cares for nobody,
His forehead tipt with bays, do you not know him?
Eyes. Yes, Fame must know him, all the town admires him.
Chro. If you would see Time quake and shake, but name us,
It is for that we are both beloved and famous.
Eyes. We know, sir: but the Time's now come about.
Ears. And promiseth all liberty.
Nose. Nay, license.
Eyes. We shall do what we list.
Ears. Talk what we list.
Nose. And censure whom we list, and how we list.
Chro. Then I will look on Time, and love the same,
And drop my whip: who's this? my mistress, Fame!
The lady whom I honour and adore!
What luck had I not to see her before!
Pardon me, madam, more than most accurst,
That did not spy your ladyship at first;
T' have given the stoop, and to salute the skirts
Of her to whom all ladies else are flirts.
It is for you, I revel so in rhyme,
Dear mistress, not for hope I have, the Time
Will grow the better by it: to serve Fame
Is all my end, and get myself a name.
Fame. Away, I know thee not, wretched impostor,

Creature of glory, mountebank of wit,
Self-loving braggart, Fame doth sound no trumpet
To such vain empty fools: 'tis Infamy
Thou serv'st and follow'st, scorn of all the Muses!
Go revel with thine ignorant admirers,
Let worthy names alone.
Chro. O you, the Curious,
Breathe you to see a passage so injurious,
Done with despite, and carried with such tumour
'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of Rumour?
I would say, Fame? whose Muse hath rid in rapture
On a soft ambling verse, to every capture,
From the strong guard to the weak child that reads me,
And wonder both of him that loves or dreads me;
Who with the lash of my immortal pen
Have scourged all sorts of vices, and of men.
Am I rewarded thus? have I, I say,
From Envy's self torn praise and bays away,
With which my glorious front, and word at large,
Triumphs in print at my admirers' charge?
Ears. Rare! how he talks in verse, just as he writes!
Chro. When have I walked the streets, but happy he
That had the finger first to point at me,
Prentice, or journeyman! The shop doth know it,
The unlettered clerk, major and minor poet!
The sempster hath sat still as I passed by,
And dropt her needle! fishwives stayed their cry!
The boy with buttons, and the basket-wench,
To vent their wares into my works do trench!
A pudding-wife that would despise the times,
Hath uttered frequent penn'orths, through my rhymes,
And, with them, dived into the chambermaid,
And she unto her lady hath conveyed
The seasoned morsels, who hath sent me pensions,
To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
Well, Fame shall know it yet, I have my faction,

And friends about me, though it please detraction,
To do me this affront. Come forth that love me,
And now, or never, spite of Fame, approve me.

Enter the MUTES *for the* ANTIMASQUE.

Fame. How now! what's here! Is hell broke loose?
Eyes. You'll see
That he has favourers, Fame, and great ones too:
That unctuous Bounty, is the boss of Billingsgate.
Ears. Who feasts his Muse with claret, wine and oysters.
Nose. Grows big with satyr.
Ears. Goes as long as an elephant.
Eyes. She labours, and lies in of his inventions.
Nose. Has a male poem in her belly now,
Big as a colt——
Ears. That kicks at Time already.
Eyes. And is no sooner foaled, but will neigh sulphur.
Fame. The next.
Ears. A quondam justice, that of late
Hath been discarded out o' the pack of the peace,
For some lewd levity he holds *in capite;*
But constantly loves him. In days of yore,
He used to give the charge out of his poems;
He carries him about him in his pocket,
As Philip's son did Homer, in a casket,
And cries, *O happy man!* to the wrong party,
Meaning the poet, where he meant the subject.
Fame. What are this pair?
Eyes. The ragged rascals?
Fame. Yes.
Eyes. Mere rogues;—you'd think them rogues, but they are friends;
One is his printer in disguise, and keeps
His press in a hollow tree, where to conceal him,
He works by glow-worm light, the moon's too open.
The other zealous rag is the compositor,

Who in an angle where the ants inhabit,
(The emblems of his labours), will sit curled
Whole days and nights, and work his eyes out for him.
Nose. Strange arguments of love! there is a schoolmaster
Is turning all his works too into Latin,
To pure satiric Latin; makes his boys
To learn him; calls him the Times' Juvenal;
Hangs all his school with his sharp sentences;
And o'er the execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the infantry.
Eyes. This man of war i' the rear, he is both trumpet
And champion to his Muse.
Ears. For the whole city.
Nose. Has him by rote, recites him at the tables,
Where he doth govern; swears him into name,
Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
Dares make profession of poetic truth,
Now militant amongst us: to th' incredulous,
That dagger is an article he uses,
To rivet his respect into their pates,
And make them faithful. Fame, you'll find you have wronged him.
Fame. What a confederacy of Folly's here?

They all dance but FAME, *and make the first* ANTIMASQUE, *in which they adore and carry forth* CHRONOMASTIX.

After which, the CURIOUS *come up again to* FAME.

Eyes. Now, Fame, how like you this?
Ears. This falls upon you
For your neglect.
Nose. He scorns you, and defies you,
He has got a Fame on's own, as well as a faction.
Eyes. And these will deify him, to despite you.
Fame. I envy not the 'Αποθέωσις.
'Twill prove but deifying of a pompion.
Nose. Well, what is that the Time will now exhibit?
Eyes. What gambols, what devices, what new sports?

Ears. You promised us, we should have anything.
Nose. That Time would give us all we could imagine.
Fame. You might imagine so, I never promised it.
Eyes. Pox! then 'tis nothing. I had now a fancy
We might have talked o' the king.
Ears. Or state.
Nose. Or all the world.
Eyes. Censured the council ere they censure us.
Ears. We do it in Paul's.
Nose. Yes, and in all the taverns.
Fame. A comely license! They that censure those
They ought to reverence, meet they that old curse,
To beg their bread, and feel eternal winter!
There's difference 'twixt liberty and license.
Nose. Why if it be not that, let it be this then,
(For since you grant us freedom, we will hold it)
Let's have the giddy world turned the heels upward,
And sing a rare black Sanctus, on his head,
Of all things out of order.
Eyes. No, the man
In the moon dance a coranto, his bush
At's back a-fire; and his dog piping *Lachrymæ*.
Ears. Or let's have all the people in an uproar,
None knowing why, or to what end; and in
The midst of all, start up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.
Nose. No, no, I'd have this.
Eyes. What?
Fame. Anything.
Nose. That could be monstrous—
Enough, I mean. A Babel of wild humours.
Ears. And all disputing of all things they know not.
Eyes. And talking of all men they never heard of.
Ears. And altogether by the ears o' the sudden.
Eyes. And when the matter is at hottest, then
All fall asleep.

Fame. Agree among yourselves,
And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.
Eyes. O, that we shall never do.
Ears. No, never agree.
Nose. Not upon what? Something that is unlawful.
Ears. Ay, or unreasonable.
Eyes. Or impossible.
Nose. Let it be uncivil enough, you hit us right.
Ears. And a great noise.
Eyes. To little or no purpose.
Nose. And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it.
Eyes. But see there be no cause, as you will answer it.
Fame. These are mere monsters.
Nose. Ay, all the better.
Fame. You do abuse the Time. These are fit freedoms
For lawless prentices on a Shrove-Tuesday,
When they compel the Time to serve their riot;
For drunken wakes, and strutting bear-baitings,
That savour only of their own abuses.
Eyes. Why, if not those, then something to make sport.
Ears. We only hunt for novelty, not truth.
Fame. I'll fit you, though the Time faintly permit it.

The second ANTIMASQUE *of* TUMBLERS *and* JUGGLERS, *brought in by the* CAT AND FIDDLE, *who make sport with the* CURIOUS, *and drive them away.*

Fame. Why now they are kindly used like such spectators
That know not what they would have. Commonly
The Curious are ill-natured, and, like flies,
Seek Time's corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame and honour,
Free from the molestation of these insects,
Who being fled, Fame now pursues her errand.

Loud music.

To which the whole Scene opens; where SATURN *sitting with* VENUS *is discovered above, and certain* VOTARIES *coming forth below, which are the* CHORUS.

Fame. For you, great king, to whom the Time doth owe
All his respects and reverence, behold
How Saturn, urgéd at request of Love,
Prepares the object to the place to-night.
Within yond' darkness, Venus hath found out
That Hecaté, as she is queen of shades,
Keeps certain glories of the time obscured,
There for herself alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the fair Endymion.
These Time hath promised at Love's suit to free,
As being fitter to adorn the Age
By you restored on earth, most like his own,
And fill this world of beauty here, your Court.
To which his bounty, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy the effect!
Hark! it is Love begins to Time. Expect. [*Music.*

Ven. Beside that it is done for Love,
It is a work, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, as men's hopes above.
Sat. If Love be pleaséd, so am I,
For Time could never yet deny
What Love did ask, if Love knew why.
Vot. She knew, and hath exprest it now:
And so doth every public vow
That heard her why, and waits thy how.
Sat. You shall not long expect; with ease
The things come forth, are born to please:
Look, have you seen such lights as these?

The MASQUERS *are discovered, and that which obscured them vanisheth.*

1 *Vot.* These, these must sure some wonders be!
Cho. O what a glory 'tis to see
Men's wishes, Time, and Love agree. [*A pause.*

SATURN *and* VENUS *pass away, and the* MASQUERS *descend.*

Cho. What grief or envy had it been,
That these, and such had not been seen,

But still obscured in shade!
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth and feature too the prime,
And for the light were made.
1 *Vot.* Their very number, how it takes!
2 *Vot.* What harmony their presence makes!
1 *Vot.* How they inflame the place!
Cho. Now they are nearer seen and viewed,
For whom could love have better sued,
Or Time have done the grace?

Here, to a loud Music, they march into their figure, and dance their ENTRY, *or first* DANCE.

After which,

Ven. The night could not these glories miss,
Good Time, I hope, is ta'en with this.
Sat. If Time were not, I'm sure Love is.
Between us it shall be no strife:
For now 'tis Love gives Time his life.
Vot. Let Time then so with Love conspire,
As straight be sent into the Court
A little Cupid, armed with fire,
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a desire
Of being delighted, in the nobler sort.
Sat. The wish is crowned as soon as made.
Vot. And Cupid conquers ere he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove;
For there is never Labour where is Love.

Then follows the MAIN DANCE;

Which done, CUPID *with the* SPORT *comes forward.*

Cup. [*to the Masquers*].
Take breath a while, young bloods, to bring
Your forces up, whilst we go sing
Fresh charges to the beauties here.
Sport. Or, if they charge you, do not fear,
Though they be better armed than you;
It is but standing the first view,
And then they yield.
Cup. Or quit the field.
Sport. Nay, that they'll never do.

They'll rather fall upon the place,
Than suffer such disgrace.
You are but men at best, they say,
And they from those ne'er ran away. [*Pause.*

Cup [*to the King*].
You, sir, that are the lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst Majesty, that Love and Sport
To-night have entered in your court.
Sport. Sir, doubt him more of some surprise
Upon yourself; he hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I fear:
For here are ladies, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love live
Well all his life, for such a draught;
And therefore, look to every shaft:
The wag's a deacon in his craft. [*Pause.*

Cup. [*to the Lords*].
My lords, the honours of the Crown,
Put off your sourness, do not frown,
Bid Cares depart, and Business hence:
A little, for the Time, dispense.
Sport. Trust nothing that the boy lets fall,
My lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A pensioner unto your wives,
To keep you in uxorious gyves,
And so your sense to fascinate
To make you quit all thought of state
His amorous questions to debate.
But hear his logic, he will prove
There is no business, but to be in love. [*Pause.*

Cup. The words of Sport, my lords, and coarse,
Your ladies yet, will not think worse
Of Love for this: they shall command
My bow, my quiver, and my hand.
Sport. What, here to stand
And kill the flies?
Alas, thy service they despise.
One beauty here, hath in her eyes
More shafts than from thy bow e'er flew,

Or that poor quiver knew.
These dames,
They need not Love's, they've Nature's flames.
Cup. I see the Beauty that you so report.
Sport. Cupid, you must not point in Court,
Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony these learned their speech,
The Graces did them fooling teach,
And, at the old Idalian brawls,
They danced your mother down. She calls.
Cup. Arm, arm them all.
Sport. Young bloods come on,
And charge; let every man take one.
Cup. And try his fate.
Sport. These are fair wars,
And will be carried without scars.
Cup. A joining, but of feet, and hands,
Is all the Time and Love commands.
Sport. Or if you do their gloves off-strip,
Or taste the nectar of the lip;
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses that ye suck not fires.

The. REVELS *follow; which ended, the* CHORUS *appear again, and* DIANA *descends to* HIPPOLITUS, *the whole scene being changed into a wood, out of which he comes.*

Cho. The courtly strife is done, it should appear,
Between the youths and beauties of the year:
We hope that now these lights will know their sphere,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here
Like brightest planets, still to move
In the eye of Time and orbs of Love.

Dia. Hippolitus, Hippolitus!
Hip. Diana?
Dia. She.
Be ready you, or Cephalus,
To wait on me.
Hip. We ever be.
Dia. Your goddess hath been wronged to night
By Love's report unto the Time.
Hip. The injury itself will right,

Which only Fame hath made a crime,
For Time is wise,
And hath his ears as perfect as his eyes.

Sat. Who's that descends? Diana?

Vot. Yes.

Ven. Belike her troop she hath begun to miss.

Sat. Let's meet, and question what her errand is.

Hip. She will prevent thee, Saturn, not to excuse
Herself unto thee, rather to complain
That thou and Venus both should so abuse
The name of Dian as to entertain
A thought that she had purpose to defraud
The Time of any glories that were his:
To do Time honour rather, and applaud
His worth, hath been her study.

Dia. And it is.
I called these youths forth in their blood and prime,
Out of the honour that I bore their parts,
To make them fitter so to serve the Time
By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
That first enabled men unto the wars,
And furnished heaven with so many stars:

Hip. As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
Who were of hunters first, of men the best;
Whose shades do yet remain within yond' groves,
Themselves there sporting with their nobler loves.

Dia. And so may these do, if the Time give leave.

Sat. Chaste Dian's purpose we do now conceive,
And yield thereto.

Ven. And so doth Love.

Vot. All votes do in one circle move.

Grand Cho. Turn hunters then,
Again.
Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,

It helps the hearing and the sight:
It teacheth arts that never slip
  The memory, good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
  And chaseth all ill habits thence.
          Turn hunters then,
            Again,
              But not of men.
              Follow his ample
              And just example,
That hates all chase of malice and of blood:
  And studies only ways of good,
    To keep soft peace in breath.
Man should not hunt mankind to death,
    But strike the enemies of man;
      Kill Vices if you can:
    They are your wildest beasts,
And when they thickest fall, you make the gods true feasts.

THUS IT ENDED.

NEPTUNE'S TRIUMPH

FOR THE

RETURN OF ALBION,

Celebrated in a Masque at the Court on the Twelfth Night, 1624.

OMNIS ET AD REDUCEM JAM LITAT ARA DEUM.—MART.

His Majesty being set, and the loud music ceasing. All that is discovered of a scene, are two erected pillars, dedicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,

NEP. RED.

On the other,

SEC. JOV.

The POET *entering on the stage, to disperse the argument, is called to by the* MASTER-COOK.

Cook. Do you hear, you creature of diligence and business? what is the affair, that you pluck for so, under your cloak?

Poet. Nothing, but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter with, I hope, if luck favour me, the gamesters' goddess.

Cook. You are a votary of hers, it seems, by your language. What went you upon, may a man ask you?

Poet. Certainties, indeed, sir, and very good ones; the representation of a masque; you'll see't anon.

Cook. Sir, this is my room, and region too, the Banqueting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnity, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance and allowance to it.

Poet. You are not his majesty's confectioner, are you?

Cook. No, but one that has a good title to the room, his Master-cook. What are you, sir?

Poet. The most unprofitable of his servants, I, sir, the Poet. A kind of a Christmas ingine: one that is used at least once a year, for a trifling instrument of wit, or so.

Cook. Were you ever a cook?

Poet. A cook! no, surely.

Cook. Then you can be no good poet: for a good poet differs nothing at all from a master-cook. Either's art is the wisdom of the mind.

Poet. As how, sir?

Cook. Expect. I am by my place to know how to please the palates of the guests; so you are to know the palates of the times; study the several tastes, what every nation, the Spaniard, the Dutch, the French, the Walloon, the Neapolitan, the Briton, the Sicilian, can expect from you.

Poet. That were a heavy and hard task, to satisfy Expectation, who is so severe an exactress of duties; ever a tyrannous mistress, and most times a pressing enemy.

Cook. She is a powerful great lady, sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: so must her sister, madam Curiosity, who hath as dainty a palate as she; and these will expect.

Poet. But what if they expect more than they understand?

Cook. That's all one, master Poet, you are bound to satisfy them. For there is a palate of the understanding, as well as of the senses. The taste is taken with good relishes, the sight with fair objects, the hearing with delicate sounds, the smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the understanding with all these; for all which you must begin at the kitchen. There the art of poetry was learned, and found out, or nowhere; and the same day with the art of Cookery.

Poet. I should have given it rather to the cellar, if my suffrage had been asked.

Cook. O you are for the oracle of the bottle, I see; hogshead Trismegistus; he is your Pegasus. Thence flows the spring of your Muses, from that hoof.

Seducéd Poet, I do say to thee——
A boiler, range, and dresser were the fountains
Of all the knowledge in the universe,
And that's the kitchen. What! a master-cook!
Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,
Till thou hast served some years in that deep school
That's both the nurse and mother of the arts,
And heard'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.
A master-cook! why, he's the man of men,
For a professor! he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish,
Some he dry-ditches, some moats round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;
Rears bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust,
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner.
What ranks, what files, to put the dishes in,
The whole art military! then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats;
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces!
He has Nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breeched brethren of the Rosy-cross!
He is an architect, an inginer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician!
  Poet. It is granted.
  Cook. And that you may not doubt him for a Poet—
  Poet. This fury shows, if there were nothing else;
And 'tis divine!
  Cook. Then, brother Poet.
  Poet. Brother.
  Cook. I have a suit.
  Poet. What is it?
  Cook. Your device.



Poet. As you came in upon me, I was then
Offering the argument, and this it is.
Cook. Silence!

Poet [*reads*]. The mighty Neptune, mighty in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of isles;
Not as the "lord and sovereign of the seas,"
But "chief in the art of riding," late did please,
To send his Albion forth, the most his own,
Upon discovery, to themselves best known,
Through Celtiberia; and, to assist his course,
Gave him his powerful Manager of Horse,
With divine Proteus, father of disguise,
To wait upon them with his counsels wise,
In all extremes. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his son,
He doth dispatch a floating isle, from hence
Unto the Hesperian shores, to waft him thence.
Where, what the arts were, used to make him stay,
And how the Syrens wooed him by the way,
What monsters he encountered on the coast,
How near our general joy was to be lost,
Is not our subject now; though all these make
The present gladness greater, for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of Neptune's Court,
Now he is safe, and Fame's not heard in vain
But we behold our happy pledge again;
That with him, loyal Hippius is returned,
Who for it under so much envy burned
With his own brightness, till her starved snakes saw
What Neptune did impose to him was law.

Cook. But why not this, till now?

Poet. ——It was not time,
To mix this music with the vulgar's chime.
Stay, till the abortive, and extemporal din
Of balladry were understood a sin,
Minerva cried; that, what tumultuous verse
Or prose could make or steal, they might rehearse,
And every songster had sung out his fit;
That all the country and the city wit
Of bells and bonfires and good cheer was spent,

And Neptune's guard had drunk all that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the sea-monster Archy, or grown cold:
The Muses then might venture, undeterred;
For they love then to sing, when they are heard.

Cook. I like it well, 'tis handsome; and I have
Something would fit this. How do you present them?
In a fine island, say you?
Poet. Yes, a Delos:
Such, as when fair Latona fell in travail,
Great Neptune made emergent.
Cook. I conceive you.
I would have had your isle brought floating in, now,
In a brave broth, and of a sprightly green,
Just to the colour of the sea; and then,
Some twenty Syrens, singing in the kettle,
With an Arion mounted on the back
Of a grown conger, but in such a posture,
As all the world should take him for a dolphin:
O 'twould have made such music! Have you nothing
But a bare island?
Poet. Yes, we have a tree too,
Which we do call the tree of Harmony,
And is the same with what we read the sun
Brought forth in the Indian Musicana first,
And thus it grows: the goodly bole being got
To certain cubits height, from every side
The boughs decline, which taking root afresh,
Spring up new boles, and these spring new, and newer,
Till the whole tree become a porticus,
Or archéd arbour, able to receive
A numerous troop, such as our Albion
And the companions of his journey are:
And this they sit in.
Cook. Your prime Masquers?
Poet. Yes.

Cook. But where's your Antimasque now, all this while?
I hearken after them.
Poet. Faith, we have none.
Cook. None!
Poet. None, I assure you, neither do I think them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so heterogene to all device,
Mere by-works, and at best outlandish nothings.
Cook. O you are all the heaven awry, sir!
For blood of poetry running in your veins,
Make not yourself so ignorantly simple!
Because, sir, you shall see I am a poet,
No less than cook, and that I find you want
A special service here, an antimasque,
I'll fit you with a dish out of the kitchen,
Such, as I think, will take the present palates,
A metaphorical dish! and do but mark
How a good wit may jump with you. Are you ready, child?
(Had there been masque or no masque I had made it.)
Child of the boiling-house!

Enter BOY.

Boy. Here, father.
Cook. Bring forth the pot. It is an olla podrida.
But I have persons to present the meats.
Poet. Persons!
Cook. Such as do relish nothing but *di stato*,
But in another fashion than you dream of,
Know all things the wrong way, talk of the affairs,
The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
That are afoot, and from what hands they have them,
The master of the elephant, or the camels;
What correspondencies are held; the posts
That go, and come, and know almost their minutes,
All but their business, therein, they are fishes,
But have their garlic, as the proverb says.
They are our Quest of Enquiry after news.

Poet. Together with their learned authors?

Boy. Yes, sir.
And of the epicœne gender, hees, and shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chief.

Cook. Good boy!
The child is learnéd too: note but the kitchen!
Have you put him into the pot for garlic?

Boy. One in his coat shall stink as strong as he, sir,
And his friend Giblets with him.

Cook. They are two
That give a part of the seasoning.

Poet. I conceive
The way of your gallimaufry.

Cook. You will like it,
When they come pouring out of the pot together.

Boy. O if the pot had been big enough!

Cook. What then, child?

Boy. I had put in the elephant and one camel
At least, for beef.

Cook. But whom have you for partridge?

Boy. A brace of dwarfs, and delicate plump birds.

Cook. And whom for mutton, and kid?

Boy. A fine laced mutton
Or two; and either has her frisking husband
That reads her the Corranto, every week.
Grave master Ambler, news-master of Paul's,
Supplies your capon; and grown captain Buz,
His emissary, under-writes for turkey;
A gentleman of the Forest presents pheasant,
And a plump poulterer's wife, in Grace's Street,
Plays hen with eggs in the belly, or a coney,
Choose which you will.

Cook. But where's the bacon, Tom?

Boy. Hogrel the butcher, and the sow his wife,
Are both there.

Cook. It is well; go dish them out.

Are they well boiled?

Boy. Podrida!

Poet. What's that, rotten?

Cook. O that they must be. There's one main ingredient
We have forgot, the artichoke.

Boy. No, sir;
I have a fruiterer, with a cold red nose
Like a blue fig, performs it.

Cook. The fruit looks so.
Good child, go pour them out, show their concoction.
They must be rotten boiled; the broth's the best on't,
And that's the dance: the stage here is the charger.
And brother poet, though the serious part
Be yours, yet envy not the cook his art.

Poet. Not I: *nam lucus ipse Triumphus amat.*

Here the ANTIMASQUE *is danced by the persons described, coming out of the pot.*

Poet. Well, now, expect the scene itself: it opens!

The island of DELOS *is discovered, the* MASQUERS *sitting in their several sieges. The heavens opening, and* APOLLO, *with* MERCURY, *some of the Muses, and the goddess* HARMONY, *make the music: the while the island moves forward,* PROTEUS *sitting below, and* APOLLO *sings.*

SONG.

Apol. Look forth, the shepherd of the seas,
And of the ports that keep'st the keys,
And to your Neptune tell,
His Albion, prince of all his isles,
For whom the sea and land so smiles,
Is home returnéd well.

Grand Cho. And be it thought no common cause
That to it so much wonder draws,
And all the heavens consent
With Harmony to tune their notes
In answer to the public votes
That for it up were sent.

It was no envious step-dame's rage,
Or tyrant's malice of the age,

That did employ him forth:
But such a wisdom that would prove
By sending him their hearts and love
That else might fear his worth.

By this time the island hath joined itself with the shore; and PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, *and* SARON *come forth, and go up singing to the State, while the* MASQUERS *take time to land.*

SONG.

Pro. Ay, now the pomp of Neptune's triumph shines!
And all the glories of his great designs
Are read, reflected, in his son's return!
Por. How all the eyes, the looks, the hearts here burn
At his arrival!
Sar. These are the true fires
Are made of joys!
Pro. Of longing!
Por. Of desires!
Sar. Of hopes!
Pro. Of fears!
Por. No intermitted blocks.
Sar. But pure affections, and from odorous stocks!
Cho. 'Tis incense all that flames,
And these materials scarce have names!
Pro. My king looks higher, as he scorned the wars
Of winds, and with his trident touched the stars;
There is no wrinkle in his brow or frown,
But as his cares he would in nectar drown,
And all the silver-footed nymphs were drest
To wait upon him, to the Ocean's feast:
Por. Or, here in rows upon the banks were set,
And had their several hairs made into net
To catch the youths in as they come on shore.
Sar. How, Galatea sighing! O no more,
Banish your fears.
Por. And, Doris, dry your tears.
ALBION is come.
Pro. And Haliclyon too,
That kept his side, as he was charged to do,
With wonder.
Sar. ——And the Syrens have him not.
Por. Though they no practice, nor no arts forgot
Pro. That might have won him, or by charm, or song.

Por. Or laying forth their tresses all along
Upon the glassy waves;
Por. Then diving;
Pro. Then,
Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.
Sar. And there the highest-going billows crown,
Until some lusty sea-god pulled them down.
Cho. See, he is here!
Pro. Great master of the main,
Receive thy dear, and precious pawn again.
Cho. Saron, Portunus, Proteus bring him thus,
Safe, as thy subjects' wishes gave him us:
And of thy glorious triumph let it be
No less a part, that thou their loves dost see,
Than that his sacred head's returned to thee.

This sung, the island goes back, whilst the Upper Chorus takes it from them, and the MASQUERS *prepare for their figure.*

Cho. Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loves of time:
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rhyme:
Add all the softnesses of courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the sports:
And mingle all their sweets and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.

Here the MASQUERS *dance their Entry.*

Which done, the first prospective of a Maritime Palace, or the house of OCEANUS, *is discovered, with loud music.*

And the other above is no more seen.

Poet. Behold the palace of Oceanus!
Hail, reverend structure! boast no more to us
Thy being able all the gods to feast;
We've seen enough; our Albion was thy guest.

Then follows the Main Dance.

After which, the second prospect of the Sea is shown, to the former music.

Poet. Now turn and view the wonders of the deep,
Where Proteus' herds, and Neptune's orcs do keep,

Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's green,
The ways are found, and yet no paths are seen.

There PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, *go up to the* LADIES *with this* SONG.

Pro. Come, noble nymphs, and do not hide
The joys for which you so provide.
Sar. If not to mingle with the men,
What do you here? go home again
Por. Your dressings do confess,
By what we see so curious parts
Of Pallas' and Arachne's arts,
That you could mean no less.
Pro. Why do you wear the silk-worm's toils,
Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils,
Or strive to show the grains of ore
That you have gathered on the shore,
Whereof to make a stock
To graft the greener emerald on,
Or any better-watered stone?
Sar. Or ruby of the rock?
Pro. Why do you smell of amber-grise,
Of which was formèd Neptune's niece,
The queen of Love; unless you can,
Like sea-born Venus, love a man?
Sar. Try, put yourselves unto't.
Cho. Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands and silver feet,
Do promise you will do't.

The REVELS *follow.*

Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the three cornets play.

Poet. 'Tis time your eyes should be refreshed at length
With something new, a part of Neptune's strength,
See yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the riches of the ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace and wars,
Till not one ship alone, but all, be stars. [*A shout within.*

Re-enter the COOK, *followed by a number of* SAILORS.

Cook. I've another service for you, brother Poet; a dish of

pickled sailors, fine salt sea-boys, shall relish like anchovies, or caviare, to draw down a cup of nectar in the skirts of a night.

Sail. Come away, boys, the town is ours; hey for Neptune, and our young master!

Poet. He knows the compass, and the card,
While Castor sits on the mainyard,
And Pollux too, to help your hales;
And bright Leucothoë fills your sails:
Arion sings, the dolphins swim,
And all the way, to gaze on him.

The ANTIMASQUE *of* SAILORS.

Then the last Song to the whole Music, five lutes, three cornets, and ten voices.

SONG.

Pro. Although we wish the triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discovery past;
Yet now, great lord of waters and of isles,
Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.
Por. And, whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy ports.
Sar. And Saron to thy seas:
To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girls,
From agéd Indus laden home with pearls
And Orient gums, to burn unto thy name.

Grand Cho. And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame,
Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,
And 'mongst the winds, dost suffer no debate,
But both at sea and land our powers increase,
With health and all the golden gifts of peace.

The last Dance.

WITH WHICH THE WHOLE ENDED.

PAN'S ANNIVERSARY,

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY,

As it was Presented at Court before King James, 1625.

The Inventors—Inigo Jones; Ben Jonson.

The SCENE.—ARCADIA.

The Court being seated, enter three NYMPHS, *strewing several sorts of flowers, followed by an old* SHEPHERD, *with a censer and perfumes.*

1 *Nym.* Thus, thus begin the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights;
His morn now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and profane, away,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

2 *Nym.* Strew, strew the glad and smiling ground
With every flower, yet not confound
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse,
Bright day's eyes, and the lips of cows,
The garden star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holiday.

3 *Nym.* Drop, drop your violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death go out as well,
As when you lived unto the smell:
That from your odour all may say,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

Shep. Well done, my pretty ones, rain roses still,
Until the last be dropt: then hence; and fill

Your fragrant prickles for a second shower.
Bring corn-flag, tulips, and Adonis flower,
Fair ox-eye, goldy-locks, and columbine,
Pinks, goulands, king-cups, and sweet sops-in-wine,
Blue harebells, pagles, pansies, calaminth,
Flower-gentle, and the fair-haired hyacinth;
Bring rich carnations, flower-de-luces, lilies,
The chequed and purple-ringéd daffodillies,
Bright crown-imperial, kingspear, hollyhocks,
Sweet Venus-navel, and soft lady-smocks;
Bring too some branches forth of Daphne's hair,
And gladdest myrtle for these posts to wear,
With spikenard weaved, and marjoram between,
And starred with yellow-golds, and meadows-queen,
That when the altar, as it ought, is drest,
More odour come not from the phœnix nest;
The breath thereof Panchaia may envý,
The colours China, and the light the sky.

Loud music.

The Scene opens, and the MASQUERS *are discovered sitting about the Fountain of Light, with the* MUSICIANS, *attired like the Priests of Pan, standing in the work beneath them.*

Enter a FENCER, *flourishing.*

Fen. Room for an old trophy of time; a son of the sword, a servant of Mars, the minion of the Muses, and a master of fence! one that hath shown his quarters, and played his prizes at all the games of Greece in his time; as fencing, wrestling, leaping, dancing, what not? and hath now ushered hither, by the light of my long sword, certain bold boys of Bœotia, who are come to challenge the Arcadians at their own sports, call them forth on their own holiday, and dance them down on their own greenswarth.

Shep. 'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a Bœotian enterprise, by the face of it, from all the parts of Greece else, especially at this time, when the best and bravest spirits of Arcadia, called together by the excellent Arcas, are yonder sitting about the

Fountain of Light, in consultation of what honours they may do to the great Pan, by increase of anniversary rites, fitted to the music of his peace.

Fen. Peace to thy Pan, and mum to thy music, swain; there is a tinker of Thebis a coming, called Epam, with his kettle, will make all Arcadia ring of him. What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung down; if dancing, danced down. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapoured, vanished, blown, and, as a man would say, in a word of two syllables, nothing.

Shep. This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnity here will be dancing.

Fen. Enough: they shall be met with instantly in their own sphere, the sphere of their own activity, a dance. But by whom, expect: no Cynætheian, nor Satyrs; but, as I said, boys of Bœotia, things of Thebes (the town is ours, shepherd), mad merry Greeks, lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all air and sweetness. A tooth-drawer is our foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the company, it may be called out at a twitch: he doth command any man's teeth out of his head upon the point of his poniard; or tickles them forth with his riding rod: he draws teeth a horseback in full speed, yet he will dance a foot, he hath given his word: he is yeoman of the mouth to the whole brotherhood, and is charged to see their gums be clean, and their breath sweet, at a minute's warning. Then comes my learned Theban the tinker, I told you of, with his kettledrum, before and after, a master of music, and a man of metal, he beats the march to the tune of Ticklefoot, Pam, Pam, Pam, brave Epam with a Nondas. That's the strain.

Shep. A high one!

Fen. Which is followed by the trace and tract of an excellent juggler, that can juggle with every joint about him, from head to heel. He can do tricks with his toes, wind silk, and thread pearl with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet as his hands; for there is a noble corn-cutter, his companion, hath so pared and

finified them——Indeed, he hath taken it into his care to reform the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a form! only one splay foot in the company, and he is a bellows-mender, allowed, who hath the looking to all of their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his puffs, keeps them in breath, during pleasure: a tinder-box-man, to strike new fire into them at every turn, and where he spies any brave spark that is in danger to go out, ply him with a match presently.

Shep. A most politic provision!

Fen. Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these, there is annexed a clock-keeper, a grave person, as Time himself, who is to see that they all keep time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compass. He is to wind them up, and draw them down, as he sees cause. Then is there a subtle shrewd bearded sir, that hath been a politician, but is now a maker of mouse-traps, a great inginer yet: and he is to catch the ladies' favours in the dance, with certain cringes he is to make; and to bate their benevolence. Nor can we doubt of the success, for we have a prophet amongst us of that peremptory pate, a tailor or master-fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging (for those are his library), that we must conquer in such a time, and such a half time; therefore bids us go on cross-legged, or however thread the needles of our own happiness, go through stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares; he hath taken measure of our minds, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us, at his own charge, brings his philosopher with him, a great clerk, who, they say, can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too. And he is to take the whole dances from the foot by brachygraphy, and so make a memorial, if not a map of the business. Come forth, lads, and do your own turns.

The BŒOTIANS *enter for the* ANTIMASQUE, *which is danced.*

After which,

Fen. How like you this, shepherd? was not this gear gotten on a holiday?



Shep. Faith, your folly may deserve pardon, because it hath delighted: but beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so near deities. Behold where they are that have now forgiven you, whom should you provoke again with the like, they will justly punish that with anger, which they now dismiss with contempt. Away! [*They retire.*

To the MASQUERS.

And come, you prime Arcadians, forth, that taught
By Pan the rites of true society,
From his loud music all your manners wrought,
And made your commonwealth a harmony,
Commending so to all posterity
Your innocence from that fair fount of light,
As still you sit without the injury
Of any rudeness Folly can, or Spite:
Dance from the top of the Lycæan mountain
Down to this valley, and with nearer eye
Enjoy what long in that illumined fountain
You did far off, but yet with wonder, spy.

HYMN I.

1 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of singers, Pan,
That taught us swains how first to tune our lays,
And on the pipe more airs than Phœbus can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.
2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of leaders, Pan,
That leads the Naiads and the Dryads forth;
And to their dances more than Hermes can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
3 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unuséd ways;
And in the chase more than Sylvanus can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.
2 *Nym.* Of Pan we sing, the best of shepherds, Pan,
That keeps our flocks and us, and both leads forth,
To better pastures than great Pales can.
Cho. Hear, O you groves, and hills resound his worth.
And while his powers and praises thus we sing,
The valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The MASQUERS *descend, and dance their entry.*

HYMN II.

Pan is our All, by him we breathe, we live,
We move, we are; 'tis he our lambs doth rear,
Our flocks doth bless, and from the store doth give
The warm and finer fleeces that we wear.
He keeps away all heats and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds;
Makes everywhere the spring to dwell,
The ewes to feed, their udders swell;
But if he frown, the sheep, alas!
The shepherds, wither, and the grass.
Cho. Strive, strive to please him then, by still increasing thus;
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

THE MAIN DANCE.

HYMN III.

If yet, if yet,
Pan's orgies you will further fit,
See where the silver-footed fays do sit,
The nymphs of wood and water;
Each tree's and fountain's daughter!
Go take them forth, it will be good
To see them wave it like a wood,
And others wind it like a flood
In springs,
And rings,
Till the applause it brings,
Wakes Echo from her seat,
The closes to repeat.
Ech. The closes to repeat.
Echo the truest oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.
Ech. Though nothing but a sound.
Beloved of Pan the valleys' queen.
Ech. The valleys' queen.
And often heard, though never seen.
Ech. Though never seen.

Here the Revels.

After which re-enter the FENCER.

Fen. Room, room, there; where are you, shepherd? I am

come again, with my second part of my bold bloods, the brave gamesters; who assure you by me, that they perceive no such wonder in all is done here, but that they dare adventure another trial. They look for some sheepish devices here in Arcadia, not these, and therefore a hall! a hall! they demand.

Shep. Nay, then they are past pity, let them come, and not expect the anger of a deity to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment with their fact: they shall be sheep.

Fen. O spare me, by the law of nations, I am but their ambassador.

Shep. You speak in time, sir.

The THEBANS *enter for the second* ANTIMASQUE, *which danced,*

Shep. Now let them return with their solid heads, and carry their stupidity into Bœotia, whence they brought it, with an emblem of themselves, and their country. This is too pure an air for so gross brains. [*They retire.*

To the NYMPHS.

End you the rites, and so be eased
Of these, and then great Pan is pleased.

HYMN IV.

Great Pan, the father of our peace and pleasure,
Who giv'st us all this leisure,
Hear what thy hallowed troop of herdsmen pray,
For this their holiday,
And how their vows to thee they in Lycæum pay.

Cho. So may our ewes receive the mountain rams,
And we bring thee the earliest of our lambs;
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beestning of our goats and kine;
As thou our folds dost still secure,
And keep'st our fountains sweet and pure;
Driv'st hence the wolf, the tod, the brock,
Or other vermin from the flock;
That we, preserved by thee, and thou observed by us,
May both live safe in shade of thy loved Mænalus.

Shep. Now each return unto his charge,
And though to-day you've lived at large,
And well your flocks have fed their fill,
Yet do not trust your hirelings still.
See yond' they go, and timely do
The office you have put them to;
But if you often give this leave,
Your sheep and you they will deceive.

THUS IT ENDED.

THE MASQUE OF OWLS,

AT KENILWORTH,

Presented by the Ghost of Captain Cox, mounted on his Hobby-horse, 1626.

Enter Captain Cox, *on his Hobby-horse.*

Room ! room ! for my horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a prince
And though he have not on his wings,
He will do strange things.
He is the Pegasus that uses
To wait on Warwick Muses ;
And on gaudy days he paces
Before the Coventry Graces ;
For to tell you true, and in rhyme,
He was foaled in Queen Elizabeth's time,
When the great Earl of Lester
In this castle did feast her.
Now, I am not so stupid
To think, you think me a Cupid
Or a Mercury that sit him ;
Though these cocks here would fit him :
But a spirit very civil,
Neither poet's god nor devil,
An old Kenelworth fox,
The ghost of Captain Cox,
For which I am the bolder,
To wear a cock on each shoulder.
This Captain Cox, by St. Mary,

Was at Bullen with King Ha-ry;
And (if some do not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned,
To entertain the queen here,
When last she was seen here.
And for the town of Coventry
To act to her sovereignty.
But so his lot fell out,
That serving then a-foot,
And being a little man;
When the skirmish began
'Twixt the Saxon and the Dane,
(From thence the story was ta'en)
He was not so well seen
As he would have been o' the queen.
Though his sword were twice so long
As any man's else in the throng;
And for his sake, the play
Was called for the second day.
But he made a vow
(And he performs it now)
That were he alive or dead,
Hereafter it should never be said
But Captain Cox would serve on horse
For better or for worse.
If any prince came hither,
And his horse should have a feather;
Nay such a prince it might be
Perhaps he should have three.
  Now, sir, in your approach,
The rumbling of your coach
Awaking me, his ghost,
I come to play your host;
And feast your eyes and ears,

Neither with dogs nor bears,
Though that have been a fit
Of our main-shire wit
In times heretofore,
But now, we have got a little more.
These then that we present
With a most loyal intent,
And, as the author saith,
No ill meaning to the catholic faith,
Are not so much beasts as fowls,
But a very nest of owls,
And natural, so thrive I,
I found them in the ivy,
A thing that though I blundered at
It may in time be wondered at,
If the place but affords
Any store of lucky birds,
As I make them to flush,
Each owl out of his bush.
Now, these owls, some say, were men,
And they may be so again,
If once they endure the light
Of your highness' sight:
For bankrupts we have known
Rise to more than their own,
With a little-little savour
Of the prince's favour;
But as you like their tricks,
I'll spring them, they are but six.

HEY, OWL FIRST!

This bird is London-bred,
As you may see by his horned head,
And had like to have been ta'en
At his shop in Ivy Lane,
Where he sold by the penny

Tobacco as good as any;
But whether it did provoke
His conscience he sold smoke;
Or some other toy he took,
Towards his calling to look:
He fled by moonshine thence;
And broke for sixteen pence.

HEY, OWL SECOND!

This too, the more is the pity,
Is of the breed of the same city;
A true owl of London,
That gives out he is undone,
Being a cheesemonger,
By trusting two of the younger
Captains, for the hunger
Of their half-starved number,
Whom since they have shipt away,
And left him *God to pay*,
With those ears for a badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.

HEY, OWL THIRD!

A pure native bird
This, and though his hue
Be not Coventry blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thread he has spun;
For since the wise town
Has let the sports down
Of may-games and morris,
For which he right sorry is;
Where their maids and their makes,
At dancings and wakes,
Had their napkins and posies,
And the wipers for their noses,

And their smocks all-be-wrought
With his thread which they bought,
It now lies on his hands,
And having neither wit nor lands,
Is ready to hang or choke him
In a skein of that that broke him.

HEY, OWL FOURTH!

Was once a bankrupt of worth;
And having run a shifting race,
At last by money, and grace,
Got him a serjeant's place,
And to be one of chace.
A full fortnight was not spent
But out comes the parliament,
Takes away the use of his mace,
And left him in a worse than his first case.

HEY, OWL FIFTH!

But here was a defeat,
Never any so great,
Of a Don, a Spanish reader,
Who had thought to have been the leader,
Had the match gone on,
Of our ladies one by one,
And triumphed our whole nation
In his rodomant fashion:
But now since the breach,
He has not a scholar to teach.

HEY, OWL SIXTH!

The bird bringer-up is a knight,
But a passionate wight
Who, since the act against swearing,
(The tale's worth your hearing)
In this short time's growth

Hath at twelve-pence an oath,—
For that, I take it, is the rate,—
Sworn himself out of his estate.

THE THIRD OWL VARIED.

A crop-eared scrivener, this,
Who when he heard but the whis-
per of monies to come down,
Fright got him out of town
With all the bills and bands
Of other men's in his hands,
And cried, who will, drive the trade,
Since such a law they had made :
It was not he that broke,
Two i' the hundred spoke.
Nor cared he for the curse,
He could not hear much worse,
He had his ears in his purse.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES,

AND THEIR UNION,

Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth Night, 1626.

HIC CHOREÆ, CANTUSQUE VIGENT.

His Majesty being set,

Enter, running, JOHPHIEL, *an airy spirit, and (according to the Magi) the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere: attired in light silks of several colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings, and pumps, and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.*

Johp. Like a lightning from the sky,
Or an arrow shot by Love,
Or a bird of his let fly,
Be't a sparrow, or a dove,
With that wingéd haste, come I,
Looséd from the sphere of Jove,
To wish good night
To your delight.

Enter MEREFOOL, *a melancholic student, in bare and worn clothes shrouded under an obscure cloak, and the eaves of an old hat.*

Mere. [*fetching a deep sigh*]. O ho!

Johp. In Saturn's name, the father of my lord,
What overchargéd piece of melancholy
Is this, breaks in between my wishes thus,
With bombing sighs?

Mere. No! no intelligence!

Not yet? and all my vows now nine days old!
Blindness of fate! puppies had seen by this time;
But I see nothing that I should, or would see!
What mean the brethren of the Rosy-cross,
So to desert their votary?
Johp. O 'tis one
Hath vowed himself unto that airy order,
And now is gaping for the fly they promised him.
I'll mix a little with him for my sport. [*Steps aside.*
Mere. Have I both in my lodging and my diet,
My clothes, and every other solemn charge,
Observed them, made the naked boards my bed,
A faggot for my pillow, hungred sore!
Johp. And thirsted after them!
Mere. To look gaunt and lean!
Johp. Which will not be.
Mere. Who's that?—Yes, and outwatched,
Yea, and outwalkéd any ghost alive
In solitary circle, worn my boots,
Knees, arms, and elbows out!
Johp. Ran on the score!
Mere. That have I—who suggests that?—and for more
Than I will speak of, to abate this flesh,
And have not gained the sight—
Johp. Nay, scarce the sense.
Mere. Voice, thou art right—of anything but a cold
Wind in my stomach.
Johp. And a kind of whimsie—
Mere. Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers
Whether there be that brotherhood or no.
Johp. Believe, frail man, they be; and thou shalt see.
Mere. What shall I see?
Johp. Me.
Mere. Thee! where?
Johp. [*comes forward*]. Here, if you
Be master Merefool.

Mere. Sir, our name is Merryfool,
But by contraction Merefool.
Johp. Then are you
The wight I seek; and, sir, my name is Johphiel,
Intelligence to the sphere of Jupiter,
An airy jocular spirit, employed to you
From father Outis?
Mere. Outis! who is he?
Johp. Know ye not Outis? then you know nobody:—
The good old hermit, that was said to dwell
Here in the forest without trees, that built
The castle in the air, where all the brethren
Rhodostaurotic live. It flies with wings,
And runs on wheels; where Julian de Campis
Holds out the brandished blade.
Mere. Is't possible
They think on me?
Johp. Rise, be not lost in wonder,
But hear me: and be faithful. All the brethren
Have heard your vows, salute you, and expect you,
By me, this next return. But the good father
Has been content to die for you.
Mere. For me?
Johp. For you. Last New-year's day; which some give out,
Because it was his birthday, and began
The year of jubilee, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth year:
But the truth is, having observed your genesis,
He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.
Mere. What had he?
Johp. Had! an office,
Two, three, or four.
Mere. Where?
Johp. In the upper region;
And that you'll find. The farm of the great customs,

Through all the ports of the air's intelligences;
Then constable of the castle Rosy-cross:
Which you must be, and keeper of the keys
Of the whole Kabal, with the seals; you shall be
Principal secretary to the stars:
Know all the signatures and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots:
What not? Would you turn trees up like the wind,
To show your strength? march over heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to show your lightness? force
All doors of arts with the petard of your wit?
Read at one view all books? speak all the languages
Of several creatures? master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to show your wealth,
Open all treasures hid by nature, from
The rock of diamond to the mine of sea-coal?
Sir, you shall do it.
Mere. But how?
Johp. Why, by his skill,
Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot; this little gallipot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's your order;
You will have your collar sent you, ere't be long.
Mere. I looked, sir, for a halter, I was desperate.
Johp. Reach forth your hand.
Mere. O sir, a broken sleeve
Keeps the arm back, as 'tis in the proverb.
Johp. Nay,
For that I do commend you; you must be poor
With all your wealth and learning. When you have made
Your glasses, gardens in the depth of winter,
Where you will walk invisible to mankind,
Talk with all birds and beasts in their own language,
When you have penetrated hills like air,
Dived to the bottom of the sea like lead,
And risen again like cork, walked in the fire,

An 'twere a salamander, passed through all
The winding orbs, like an Intelligence,
Up to the empyreum, when you have made
The world your gallery, can dispatch a business
In some three minutes with the antipodes,
And in five more, negotiate the globe over;
You must be poor still.

Mere. By my place I know it.

Johp. Where would you wish to be now, or what to see,
Without the Fortunate Purse to bear your charges,
Or Wishing Hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this collyrium.
And you shall see in the air all the ideas,
Spirits, and atoms, flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Than any way intelligible.

Mere. O come, tinct me,
Tinct me; I long; save this great belly, I long!
But shall I only see?

Johp. See, and command
As they were all your varlets or your foot-boys:
But first you must declare (your Greatness must,
For that is now your style), what you would see,
Or whom.

Mere. Is that my style? my Greatness, then,
Would see King Zoroastres.

Johp. Why, you shall;
Or any one beside. Think whom you please;
Your thousand, your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

Mere. I have named him.

Johp. You've reason.

Mere. Ay, I have reason;
Because he's said to be the father of conjurors,
And a cunning man in the stars.

Johp. Ay, that's it troubles us
A little for the present: for, at this time,
He is confuting a French almanack;
But he will straight have done, have you but patience:
Or think but any other in meantime,
Any hard name.
Mere. Then Hermes Trismegistus.
Johp. O, ὁ τρισμέγιστος! why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what do you think
Of Howleglass, instead of him?
Mere. No, him
I have a mind to.
Johp. O but Ulen-spiegle,
Were such a name—but you shall have your longing.
What luck is this, he should be busy too!
He is weighing water but to fill three hour-glasses,
And mark the day in penn'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being Jamblicus,
Or Porphyry, or Proclus, any name
That is not busy.
Mere. Let me see Pythagoras.
Johp. Good.
Mere. Or Plato.
Johp. Plato is framing some ideas,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a-dozen,
Three gross at least: and for Pythagoras,
He has rashly run himself on an employment,
Of keeping asses from a field of beans;
And cannot be staved off.
Mere. Then, Archimedes.
Johp. Yes, Archimedes!
Mere. Ay, or Æsop.
Johp. Nay,
Hold your first man, a good man, Archimedes.

And worthy to be seen; but he is now
Inventing a rare mouse-trap with owl's wings
And a cat's-foot, to catch the mice alone:
And Æsop, he is filing a fox-tongue
For a new fable he has made of Court:
But you shall see them all, stay but your time,
And ask in season; things asked out of season
A man denies himself. At such a time
As Christmas, when disguising is on foot,
To ask of the inventions, and the men,
The wits and the ingines that move those orbs:—
Methinks you should inquire now after Skelton,
Or master Skogan.

Mere. Skogan! what was he?

Johp. O a fine gentleman, and master of arts,
Of Henry the Fourth's time, that made disguises
For the king's sons, and writ in ballad-royal
Daintily well.

Mere. But wrote he like a gentleman?

Johp. In rhyme, fine tinkling rhyme, and flowing verse,
With now and then some sense! and he was paid for't;
Regarded and rewarded; which few poets
Are nowadays.

Mere. And why?

Johp. 'Cause every dabbler
In rhyme is thought the same:—but you shall see him.
Hold up your nose. [*Anoints his eyes and temples.*

Mere. I had rather see a Brachman,
Or a Gymnosophist yet.

Johp. You shall see him, sir,
Is worth them both: and with him domine Skelton,
The worshipful poet laureate to King Harry,
And *Tityre Tu* of those times. Advance, quick Skogan,
And quicker Skelton, show your crafty heads,
Before this heir of arts, this lord of learning,
This master of all knowledge in reversion!

Enter SKOGAN *and* SKELTON, *in like habits as they lived.*

Skog. Seemeth we are called of a moral intent,
If the words that are spoken as well now be meant.
Johp. That, master Skogan, I dare you ensure.
Skog. Then, son, our acquaintance is like to endure.
Mere. A pretty game! like Crambo. Master Skogan,
Give me thy hand: thou art very lean, methinks.
Is't living by thy wits?
Skog. If it had been that,
My worshipful son, thou hadst ne'er been so fat.
Johp. He tells you true, sir. Here's a gentleman,
My pair of crafty clerks, of that high caract,
As hardly hath the age produced his like.
Who not content with the wit of his own times,
Is curious to know yours, and what hath been.
Mere. Or is, or shall be.
Johp. Note his latitude.
Skel. *O, vir amplissimus,*
Ut scholis dicimus,
Et gentilissimus!
Johp. The question-*issimus*
Is, should he ask a sight now, for his life;
I mean a person, he would have restored
To memory of these times, for a playfellow,
Whether you would present him with an Hermes,
Or with an Howleglass?
Skel. An Howleglass
To come to pass
On his father's ass;
There never was,
By day nor night,
A finer sight,
With feathers upright
In his hornéd cap,
And crookéd shape,
Much like an ape,

With owl on fist,
And glass at his wrist.

Skog. Except the four knaves entertained for the guards
Of the kings and the queens that triúmph in the cards.

Johp. Ay, that were a sight and a half, I confess,
To see 'em come skipping in, all at a mess!

Skel. *With Elinor Rumming,*
To make up the mumming;
That comely Gill,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:—
Her face all bowsy,
Droopy and drowsy,
Scurvy and lousy,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a roast pig's ear
Bristled with hair.

Skog. Or, what do you say to Ruffian Fitz-Ale?

Johp. An excellent sight, if he be not too stale.
But then we can mix him with modern Vapours,
The child of tobacco, his pipes, and his papers.

Mere. You talked of Elinor Rumming, I had rather
See Ellen of Troy.

Johp. Her you shall see
But credit me,
That Mary Ambree
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt),
Were a braver wight,
And a better sight.

Skel. Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,

As long as a crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a pair of heels
As broad as two wheels;
To drive down the dew,
As she goes to the stew,
And turns home merry,
By Lambeth ferry.
Or you may have come
In, Thomas Thumb,
In a pudding fat
With Doctor Rat.

Johp. Ay, that! that! that!
We'll have 'em all,
To fill the hall.

The ANTIMASQUE *follows.*

Consisting of these twelve persons, HOWLEGLASS, *the four* KNAVES, *two* RUFFIANS (FITZ-ALE *and* VAPOUR), ELINOR RUMMING, MARY AMBREE, LONG MEG *of Westminster,* TOM THUMB, *and* Doctor RAT.

They dance, and withdraw.

Mere. What, are they vanished! where is skipping Skelton?
Or moral Skogan? I do like their show,
And would have thanked them, being the first grace
The company of the Rosy-cross hath done me.

Johp. The company o' the Rosy-cross, you widgeon!
The company of [the] players. Go, you are,
And will be still your self, a Merefool.—In:
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs-grease,
See who has gulled you, and make one. [*Exit* MEREFOOL.
Great king,
Your pardon, if desire to please have trespassed.
This fool should have been sent to Anticyra,
The isle of Ellebore, there to have purged,
Not hoped a happy seat within your waters.—
Hear now the message of the Fates and Jove,

On whom these Fates depend, to you, as Neptune
The great commander of the seas and isles.
That point of revolution being come,
When all the Fortunate Islands should be joined,
MACARIA one, and thought a principal,
That hitherto hath floated, as uncertain
Where she should fix her blessings, is to-night
Instructed to adhere to your Britannia:
That where the happy spirits live, hereafter
Might be no question made by the most curious,
Since the MACARII come to do you homage,
And join their cradle to your continent.

Here the scene opens, and the MASQUERS *are discovered sitting in their several sieges. The air opens above, and* APOLLO, *with* HARMONY, *and the* SPIRITS *of Music, sing, the while the island moves forward,* PROTEUS *sitting below, and hearkening.*

SONG.

Look forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,
And of the ports that keep the keys,

And to your Neptune tell,
Macaria, prince of all the isles,
Wherein there nothing grows but smiles,
Doth here put in, to dwell.

The winds are sweet and gently blow,
But Zephyrus no breath they know,
The father of the flowers:
By him the virgin violets live,
And every plant doth odours give,
As new as are the hours.

Cho. Then think it not a common cause
That to it so much wonder draws,
And all the heavens consent
With harmony to tune their notes
In answer to the public votes
That for it up were sent.

By this time, the island having joined itself to the shore, PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, *and* SARON *come forth, and go up singing to the state, while the* MASQUERS *take time to rank themselves.*

SONG.

Pro. Ay, now the heights of Neptune's honours shine,
And all the glories of his greater style
Are read, reflected in this happiest isle.
Por. How both the air, the soil, the seat combine
To speak it blesséd!
Sar. These are the true groves
Where joys are born,
Pro. Where longings,
Por. And where loves!
Sar. That live!
That last!
Por. No intermitted wind
Blows here, but what leaves flowers or fruit behind.

Cho. 'Tis odour all that comes!
And every tree doth give his gums.

Pro. There is no sickness, nor no old age known
To man, nor any grief that he dares own.
There is no hunger here, nor envy of state,
Nor least ambition in the magistrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is another strives to be.
Por. Here, all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring,
Now dance the Graces' hay; now Venus' ring:
To which the old musicians play and sing.
Sar. There is Arion, tuning his bold harp,
From flat to sharp,
Por. And light Anacreon,
He still is one!
Pro. Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus and old Orpheus doth outdo
To wonder.
Sar. And Amphion, he is there.
Por. Nor is Apollo dainty to appear
In such a quire, although the trees be thick.
Pro. He will look in, and see the airs be quick,
And that the times be true.
Por. Then, chanting,
Pro. Then,
Up with their notes, they raise the prince of men,
Sar. And sing the present prophesy that goes,
Of joining the bright Lily and the Rose.

Cho. See! all the flowers,

Pro. That spring the banks along,
Do move their heads unto that under song.

Cho. Saron, Portunus, Proteus, help to bring
Our primrose in, the glory of the spring;
And tell the daffodil, against that day,
That we prepare new garlands fresh as May,
And interweave the myrtle and the bay.

This sung, the island goes back, whilst the Upper Chorus takes it from them, and the MASQUERS *prepare for their figure.*

Cho. Spring all the graces of the age,
And all the loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rhyme.
Add all the softnesses of courts,
The looks, the laughters, and the sports;
And mingle all their sweets and salts,
That none may say the triumph halts.

The MASQUERS *dance their Entry or First Dance.*

Which done, the first prospective, a Maritime Palace, or the house of OCEANUS, *is discovered to loud music.*

The other above is no more seen.

Johp. Behold the palace of Oceanus!
Hail, reverend structure! boast no more to us
Thy being able all the gods to feast;
We saw enough, when Albion was thy guest.

Here the Measures.

After which, the second prospective, a Sea, is shown to the former music.

Johp. Now turn, and view the wonders of the deep,
Where Proteus herds, and Neptune's orcs do keep,
Where all is ploughed, yet still the pasture's green;
New ways are found, and yet no paths are seen.

Here PROTEUS, PORTUNUS, SARON, *go up to the* LADIES *with this* SONG.

Pro. Come, noble nymphs, and do not hide
The joys for which you so provide:

Sar. If not to mingle with the men,
What do you here? Go home again.
Por. Your dressings do confess,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of Pallas and Arachne's arts,
That you could mean no less.
Pro. Why do you wear the silk-worm's toils,
Or glory in the shell-fish' spoils;
Or strive to show the grains of ore
That you have gathered on the shore,
Whereof to make a stock
To graft the greener emerald on,
Or any better-watered stone,
Sar. Or ruby of the rock.
Pro. Why do you smell of amber-grise,
Of which was formèd Neptune's niece,
The Queen of Love: unless you can,
Like sea-born Venus, love a man?
Sar. Try, put yourselves unto't.

Cho. Your looks, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Do promise you will do't.

The Revels follow.

Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the three cornets play.

Johp. 'Tis time your eyes should be refreshed at length
With something new, a part of Neptune's strength,
See yond' his fleet, ready to go or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace and wars,
Till not one ship alone, but all, be stars.

Then the last

SONG.

Pro. Although we wish the glory still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past;
Yet now, great lord of waters, and of isles,
Give Proteus leave to turn unto his wiles.
Por. And whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to the ports.
Sar. And Saron to the seas,

To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girls,
From agéd Indus laden home with pearls,
And orient gums to burn unto thy name.

Cho. And may thy subjects' hearts be all on flame,
Whilst thou dost keep the earth in firm estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate;
But both at sea and land our powers increase,
With health and all the golden gifts of peace.

After which they danced their last dance.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

LOVE'S TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS,

PERFORMED IN A MASQUE AT COURT, 1630,

BY HIS MAJESTY, WITH THE LORDS AND GENTLEMEN ASSISTING.

The Inventors—Ben Jonson ; Inigo Jones.

QUANDO MAGIS DIGNOS LICUIT SPECTARE TRIUMPHOS?

TO MAKE THE SPECTATORS UNDERSTANDERS.

WHEREAS, all Representations, especially those of this nature in Court, public spectacles, either have been, or ought to be, the mirrors of man's life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatives of great princes to their people) ought always to carry a mixture of profit with them, no less than delight; we, the inventors, being commanded from the King to think on something worthy of His Majesty's putting in act, with a selected company of his lords and gentlemen, called to the assistance; for the honour of his Court, and the dignity of that heroic love and regal respect born by him to his unmatchable lady and spouse, the Queen's Majesty, after some debate of cogitation with ourselves, resolved on this following argument.

First, that a person, *boni ominis*, of a good character, as Euphemus, sent down from heaven to Callipolis, which is understood the city of Beauty or Goodness, should come in; and finding Her Majesty there enthroned, declare unto her, that Love, who was wont to be respected as a special deity in Court, and tutelar god of the place, had of late received an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirts of Callipolis, were crept in certain sectaries, or depraved lovers, who neither knew the name or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be called his furies: their whole life being a continued vertigo, or rather a torture on the wheel of love, than any motion either of order or

measure. When suddenly they leap forth below, a mistress leading them, and with antic gesticulation and action, after the manner of the old pantomimi, they dance over a distracted comedy of love, expressing their confused affections, in the scenical persons and habits of the four prime European nations.

A glorious boasting lover.
A whining ballading lover.
An adventurous romance lover.

A fantastic umbrageous lover.
A bribing corrupt lover.
A froward jealous lover.

A sordid illiberal lover.
A proud scornful lover.
An angry quarrelling lover.

A melancholic despairing lover.
An envious unquiet lover.
A sensual brute lover.

All which, in varied intricate turns, and involved mazes, exprest, make the ANTIMASQUE ; *and conclude the exit, in a circle.*

EUPHEMUS *descends singing.*

Joy, joy to mortals, the rejoicing fires
 Of gladness smile in your dilated hearts !
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste desires,
 Which may produce a harmony of parts !

Love is the right affection of the mind,
 The noble appetite of what is best :
Desire of union with the thing designed,
 But in fruition of it cannot rest.

The father Plenty is, the mother Want,
 Plenty the beauty which it wanteth draws ;
Want yields itself ; affording what is scant :
 So both affections are the union's cause.

But rest not here. For Love hath larger scopes,
 New joys, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes : and in him no hopes
 Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.

[*He goes up to the State.*

To you, that are by excellence a queen!
The top of beauty! but of such an air,
As only by the mind's eye may be seen
Your interwoven lines of good and fair!

Vouchsafe to grace Love's triumph here to-night,
Through all the streets of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendour of your rays made bright,
The seat and region of all beauty is.

Love in perfection longeth to appear,
But prays of favour he be not called on,
Till all the suburbs and the skirts be clear
Of perturbations, and the infection gone.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting music, that shall not consume
Within the ear, but run the mazes round.

Here the CHORUS *walk about with their censers.*

Cho. Meantime, we make lustration of the place,
And, with our solemn fires and waters prove
To have frighted hence the weak diseaséd race
Of those were tortured on the wheel of love.

The Glorious, Whining, the Adventurous fool
Fantastic, Bribing, and the Jealous ass.
The Sordid, Scornful, and the Angry mule,
The Melancholic, Dull, and Envious mass.

Grand Cho. With all the rest, that in the sensual school
Of lust, for their degree of brute may pass;
All which are vapoured hence.
No loves, but slaves to sense;
Mere cattle, and not men.
Sound, sound, and treble all our joys again,
Who had the power and virtue to remove
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

The scene opens and discovers a prospect of the sea. The TRIUMPH *is first seen afar off, and led in by* AMPHITRITE, *the wife of* OCEANUS, *with four sea gods attending her*, NEREUS, PROTEUS, GLAUCUS, PALÆMON.

The TRIUMPH *consisted of fifteen* LOVERS, *and as many* CUPIDS, *who rank themselves seven and seven on a side, with each a* CUPID *before him, with a lighted torch, and the middle person (which is His Majesty) placed in the centre.*

Amph. Here stay a while: this, this,
The temple of all beauty is!
Here, perfect lovers, you must pay
First fruits; and on these altars lay
(The ladies' breasts) your ample vows,
Such as Love brings, and Beauty best allows!

Cho. For Love without his object soon is gone:
Love must have answering Love to look upon.

Amph. To you, best judge then of perfection!
Euph. The queen of what is wonder in the place!
Amph. Pure object of heroic love, alone!
Euph. The centre of proportion,—
Amph. Sweetness,
Euph. Grace!
Amph. Deign to receive all lines of love in one.
Euph. And by reflecting of them fill this space,

Cho. Till it a circle of those glories prove,
Fit to be sought in Beauty, found by Love.

Semi-cho. Where love is mutual, still
All things in order move.

Semi-cho. The circle of the will
Is the true sphere of love.

Cho. Advance, you gentler Cupids, then, advance,
And show your just perfections in your dance.

The CUPIDS *dance their dance, and the* MASQUERS *their Entry.*

Which done, EUCLIA, *or a fair glory, appears in the heavens, singing an applausive* SONG, *or Pæan of the whole; which she takes occasion to ingeminate in the Second Chorus, upon the sight of a work of Neptune's, being a hollow rock, filling part of the sea-prospect, whereon the* MUSES *sit.*

HYMN.

Euc. So Love emergent out of Chaos brought
The world to light!
And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All form to sight!
Love's appetite
Did beauty first excite:
And left imprinted in the air
Those signatures of good and fair,

Cho. Which since have flowed, flowed forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By virtue of divine intelligence!

The Ingemination.

And Neptune too,
Shows what his waves can do
To call the Muses all to play,
And sing the birth of Venus' day,
Cho. Which from the sea flowed forth upon the sense,
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By virtue of divine intelligence!

Here follow the Revels.

Which ended, the scene changeth to a garden, and the heavens opening, there appear four new persons in form of a Constellation, sitting; or a new Asterism, expecting VENUS, *whom they call upon with this*

SONG.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

Jup. Haste, daughter Venus, haste and come away,
Jun. All powers that govern marriage, pray
That you will lend your light,
Gen. Unto the constellation of this night.
Hym. Hymen.
Jun. And Juno.
Gen. And the Genius call.
Jup. Your father Jupiter.
Grand Cho. And all
That bless or honour holy nuptial.

VENUS *here appears in a cloud, and passing through the Constellation, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is seen sitting in a throne.*

Ven. Here, here I present am
Both in my girdle, and my flame;
Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Hours,
My nurses once, with all the arts
Of gaining and of holding hearts:
And these with, I descend.

But to your influences first commend
The vow I go to take
On earth, for perfect Love and Beauty's sake.

Her song ended, and she rising up to go to the Queen, the throne disappears; in place of which, there shooteth up a palm-tree with an imperial crown on the top; from the root whereof, lilies and roses twining together and embracing the stem, flourish through the crown, which she in the SONG *with the* CHORUS *describes.*

Grand Cho. Beauty and Love, whose story is mysterial,
In yonder palm-tree, and the crown imperial,
Do from the Rose and Lily, so delicious,
Promise a shade shall ever be propitious
To both the kingdoms. But to Britain's Genius
The snaky rod and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace than these, who so united be
By Love, as with it earth and heaven delighted be.
And who this King and Queen would well historify,
Need only speak their names; these them will glorify:
MARY and CHARLES, Charles with his Mary named are,
And all the rest of loves or princes famed are.

After this, they DANCE *their going out.*

AND THUS IT ENDED.

CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO CHLORIS AND HER NYMPHS,

PERSONATED IN A MASQUE AT COURT,

BY THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY AND HER LADIES, AT SHROVE-TIDE, 1630.

The inventors—Ben Jonson; Inigo Jones.

UNIUS TELLUS ANTE COLORIS ERAT.

THE King and Queen's Majesty having given their command for the invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the scene, wherein Her Majesty, with the like number of her ladies, purposed a presentation to the King; it was agreed, it should be the celebration of some rites done to the goddess Chloris, who, in a general Council of the Gods, was proclaimed Goddess of the Flowers, according to that of Ovid, in the Fasti,

——Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be stellified on earth, by an absolute decree from Jupiter, who would have the earth to be adorned with stars as well as the heaven.

Upon this hinge the whole invention moved.

The ornament which went about the scene was composed of foliage, or leaves heightened with gold, and interwoven with all sorts of flowers, and naked children playing and climbing among the branches; and in the midst a great garland of flowers, in which was written CHLORIDIA.

The curtain being drawn up, the scene is discovered, consisting of pleasant hills planted with young trees, and all the lower banks adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those hills



fountains come gliding down, which, in the far-off landscape, seemed all to be converted to a river.

Over all a serene sky, with transparent clouds, giving a great lustre to the whole work, which did imitate the pleasant Spring.

When the spectators had enough fed their eyes with the delights of the scene, in a part of the air a bright cloud begins to break forth; and in it is sitting a plump boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorned, representing the mild ZEPHYRUS. On the other side of the scene, in a purplish cloud, appeareth the SPRING, a beautiful maid, her upper garment green, under it a white robe wrought with flowers, a garland on her head.

Here ZEPHYRUS begins his dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the gods' decree at large, which she obeys, pretending it is come to earth already; and there begun to be executed by the King's favour, who assists with all bounties, that may be either urged as causes or reasons of the Spring.

FIRST SONG.

Zeph. Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad news I bring
To earth, our common Mother:
It is decreed by all the gods
That heaven of earth shall have no odds,
But one shall love another.

Their glories they shall mutual make,
Earth look on heaven for heaven's sake,
Their honours shall be even:
All emulation cease, and jars,
Jove will have earth to have her stars
And lights, no less than heaven.

Spring. It is already done, in flowers
As fresh and new as are the hours,
By warmth of yonder sun:
But will be multiplied on us,
If from the breath of Zephyrus
Like favour we have won.

Zeph. Give all to him: his is the dew,
The heat, the humour,

Spring. —All the true
Beloved of the Spring!

Zeph. The sun, the wind, the verdure!

Spring. —All
That wisest Nature cause can call
Of quickening anything.

At which ZEPHYRUS *passeth away through the air, and the* SPRING *descendeth to the earth, and is received by the* NAIADES, *or* Napeæ, *who are the nymphs, fountains, and servants of the season.*

SECOND SONG.

Naiades. Fair maid, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?
Spring. Fresh Fountains, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' soft ear,
Whereof the murmur will do well
If you your parts will bear.
Naiades. Our purlings wait upon the Spring.
Spring. Go up with me, then; help to sing
The story to the king.

Here the SPRING *goes up, singing the argument, to the King, and the* NAIADES *follow with the close.*

Spring. Cupid hath ta'en offence of late
At all the gods, that of the State
And in their Council he was so deserted,
Not to be called unto their guild,
But slightly passed by as a child.
Naiades. Wherein he thinks his honour was perverted.
Spring. And though his mother seek to season
And rectify his rage with reason,
By showing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he doth disobey,
And she hath forced his arms away,
Naiades. To make him feel the justice of her hand.
Spring. Whereat the boy, in fury fell,
With all his speed is gone to hell
There to excite and stir up jealousy.
To make a party 'gainst the gods,
And set heaven, earth, and hell at odds,
Naiades. And raise a chaos of calamity.

The SONG *ended, the* NYMPHS *fall into a dance, to their voices and instruments, and so return into the scene.*

THE ANTIMASQUE.

A part of the underground opening, out of it enter a DWARF *post from hell, riding on a curtal, with cloven feet, and two* LACQUEYS: *these* DANCE, *and make the first entry of the Antimasque. He alights and speaks.*

Dwarf. Hold my stirrup, my one lacquey; and look to my curtal, the other; walk him well, sirrah, while I expatiate myself here in the report of my office. O the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Postillion of hell! yet no Mercury: but a mere cacodæmon, sent hither with a packet of news! news! never was hell so furnished of the commodity of news! Love hath been lately there, and so entertained by Pluto and Proserpine, and all the grandees of the place, as it is there perpetual holiday; and a cessation of torment granted and proclaimed for ever! Half-famished Tantalus is fallen to his fruit with that appetite as it threatens to undo the whole company of costermongers; and has a river afore him running excellent wine. Ixion is loosed from his wheel and turned dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friskals, and leads lavoltos with the Lamiæ! Sisyphus has left rolling the stone, and is grown a master-bowler; challenges all the prime gamesters, parsons in hell, and gives them odds, upon Tityus's breast, that (for six of the nine acres) is counted the subtlest bowling-ground in all Tartary. All the Furies are at a game called ninepins, or keils, made of old usurers' bones, and their souls looking on with delight, and betting on the game! Never was there such freedom of sport. Danaus' daughters have broke their bottomless tubs, and made bonfires of them. All is turned triumph there. Had hell-gates been kept with half that strictness as the entry here has been to-night, Pluto would have had but a cold court, and Proserpine a thin presence, though both have a vast territory. We had such a stir to get in, I and my curtal and my two lacqueys, all ventured through the eye of a Spanish needle, we had never come in else, and that was by the favour of one of the guard who was a woman's tailor, and held ope

the passage. Cupid by commission hath carried Jealousy from hell, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation, with other goblins, to trouble the gods. And I am sent after, post, to raise TEMPEST, WINDS, LIGHTNINGS, THUNDER, RAIN, and SNOW, for some new exploit they have against the earth, and the goddess Chloris, queen of the flowers and mistress of the Spring. For joy of which I will return to myself, mount my bidet in a dance, and curvet upon my curtal.

Here he mounts his curtal, and with his lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

SECOND ENTRY.

Cupid, Jealousy, Disdain, Fear, and Dissimulation dance together.

THIRD ENTRY.

The Queen's Dwarf, richly apparelled, as a prince of hell, attended by six infernal spirits, he first danceth alone, and then the spirits, all expressing their joy for Cupid's coming among them.

FOURTH ENTRY.

Here the scene changeth into a horrid storm, out of which enters the nymph Tempest, with four Winds. They dance.

FIFTH ENTRY.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering expressing that effect in their motion.

SIXTH ENTRY.

Thunder, alone, dancing the tunes to a noise, mixed, and imitating thunder.

SEVENTH ENTRY.

Rain, presented by five persons, all swollen and clouded over, their hair flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the room.

EIGHTH AND LAST ENTRY.

Seven with rugged white heads and beards, to express Snow, with flakes on their garments, mixed with hail. These having danced, return into the stormy scene whence they came.

Here, by the providence of Juno, the Tempest on an instant ceaseth; and the scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the BOWER OF CHLORIS, wherein an arbour feigned of goldsmith's-work, the ornament of which was borne up with termes of satyrs, beautified with festoons, garlands, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the sky afar off, appeared a rainbow: in the most eminent place of the Bower sat the goddess CHLORIS, accompanied with fourteen nymphs, their apparel white, embroidered with silver, trimmed at the shoulders with great leaves of green, embroidered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same work were their bases, their head-tires of flowers, mixed with silver and gold, with some sprigs of ægrets among, and from the top of their dressing a thin veil hanging down.

All which beheld,
The NYMPHS, RIVERS, *and* FOUNTAINS, *with the* SPRING, *sung this rejoicing* SONG.

THIRD SONG.

Rivers, Springs, Fountains.

Run out, all the Floods, in joy with your silver feet,
And haste to meet the enamoured Spring,
For whom the warbling Fountains sing
The story of the flowers, preservéd by the Hours
At Juno's soft command, and Iris showers
Sent to quench jealousy and all those powers
Of Love's rebellious war:
Whilst Chloris sits a shining star
To crown and grace our jolly song, made long
To the notes that we bring, to glad the Spring.

Which ended, the GODDESS *and her* NYMPHS *descend the degrees into the room, and dance the entry of the grand masque.*

After this, another SONG *by the same persons as before.*

FOURTH SONG.

Rivers, Fountains.

Tell a truth, gay Spring, let us know
What feet they were, that so
Impressed the Earth, and made such various flowers to grow.

Spring.

She that led, a Queen was at least
  Or a Goddess, 'bove the rest;
And all their graces in herself expressed.

Rivers, Fountains.

O 'twere a fame, to know her name!
  Whether she were the root,
Or they did take the impression from her foot.

The MASQUERS *here dance their second* DANCE.

Which done, the farther prospect of the scene changeth into air, with a low landscape, in part covered with clouds; and in that instant, the Heaven opening, JUNO *and* IRIS *are seen, and above them many airy spirits sitting in the clouds.*

FIFTH SONG.

Juno. Now Juno and the air shall know
The truth of what is done below
From our discoloured bow—Iris, what news?
Iris. The air is clear, your bow can tell
Chloris renowned, Spite fled to Hell,
The business all is well, and Cupid sues
Juno. For pardon, does he?
Iris. He sheds tears more than your birds have eyes.
Juno. The gods have ears; offences made
Against the Deities are soon forgot.
Iris. If who offends be wise.

Here out of the earth ariseth a hill, and on the top of it a globe, on which FAME *is seen standing with her trumpet in her hand; and on the hill are seated four persons, presenting* POESY, HISTORY, ARCHITECTURE, *and* SCULPTURE: *who, together with the* NYMPHS, FLOODS, *and* FOUNTAINS, *make a full Quire, at which* FAME *begins to mount, and moving her wings, flieth singing up to Heaven.*

Fame. Rise, golden Fame, and give thy name a birth
Chorus. From great and generous actions, done on Earth.
Fame. The life of Fame is action:
Chorus. Understood
The action must be virtuous, great, and good!
Fame. Virtue itself by Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised——
Chorus. Where'er the Fame's neglected.
Fame. Who hath not heard of Chloris, and her Bower,

Fair Iris' act, employed by Juno's power
To guard the Spring, and prosper every flower,
Whom Jealousy and Hell thought to devour?

Chorus. Great actions oft obscured by time may lie
Or envy——

Fame. But they last to memory.

Poesy. We that sustain thee, learned Poesy,

History. And I, her sister, severe History,

Architecture. With Architecture, who will raise thee high,

Sculpture. And Sculpture, that can keep thee from to die,

Chorus. All help lift thee to eternity.

Juno. And Juno, through the air, doth make thy way,

Iris. By her serenest messenger of day.

Fame. Thus Fame ascends by all degrees to Heaven,
And leaves a light here brighter than the seven.

Chorus. Let all applaud the sight!
Air first, that gave the bright
Reflections, Day or Night!
With these supports of Fame
That keep alive her name,
The beauties of the Spring,
Founts, Rivers, everything,
From the height of all
To the water's fall,
Resound and sing
The honours of his Chloris to the King!
Chloris the Queen of Flowers;
The sweetness of all Showers;
The Ornament of Bowers,
The top of Paramours!

FAME *being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinks, and the Heaven closeth.*

THE END.

The MASQUERS *dance with the* LORDS.

The Names of the Masquers as they sat in the Bower:—

The QUEEN. Countess of CARLISLE. Countess of OXFORD. Lady STRANGE. Countess of BERKSHIRE. Lady ANNE CAVENDISH. Countess of CARNARVON. Countess of NEWPORT. Lady PENELOPE EGERTON. M. PORTER. M. DOR. SAVAGE. Lady HOWARD. M. ELIZ. SAVAGE. M. ANNE WESTON. M. SOPHIA CARY.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

PART OF KING JAMES'S ENTERTAINMENT

IN PASSING TO HIS CORONATION.

AT FENCHURCH.

THE scene presented itself in a square and flat upright, like to the side of a city; the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorned with houses, towers, and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the battlements, in a great capital letter, was inscribed

LONDINIUM,

according to Tacitus.[1] *At Suetonius mirâ constantiâ medios inter hostcis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniæ non insigne, sed copiâ negotiatorum, et commeatu maximè celebre.* Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

which title immediately after the Norman conquest it began to have;[2] and by the indulgence of succeeding princes hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:

PAR DOMUS HÆC CŒLO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO,

taken out of Martial,[3] and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was His Majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the above mentioned title of the city, THE KING'S CHAMBER, and therefore here placed as in the proper

---

1 Annal. lib. 14. 2 Cam. Brit. 374. 3 Lib. 8, epig. 36.



seat of the empire: for so the glory and light of our kingdom, M. Camden,[1] speaking of London, saith, she is *totius Britanniæ epitome*, *Britannicique imperii sedes*, *regumque Angliæ camera*, *tantum inter omneis eminet*, *quantum* (*ut ait ille*) *inter viburna cupressus.* She was a woman, richly attired in cloth of gold and tissue; a rich mantle; over her state two crowns hanging, with pensile shields through them; the one limned with the particular coat of England, the other of Scotland: on either side also a crown, with the like scutcheons, and peculiar coats of France and Ireland. In her hand she holds a sceptre; on her head a fillet of gold, interwoven with palm and laurel; her hair bound into four several points, descending from her crowns; and in her lap a little globe, inscribed upon

ORBIS BRITANNICUS,

and beneath the word

DIVISUS AB ORBE,

to show that this empire is a world divided from the world; and alluding to that of Claudian,[2]

——*Et nostro diducta Britannia mundo;*

and Virgil,

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.[3]

The wreath denotes victory and happiness; the sceptre and crowns sovereignty; the shields the precedency of the countries and their distinctions. At her feet was set

THEOSOPHIA,

or Divine Wisdom, all in white, a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head. Her garments figured truth, innocence, and clearness. She was always looking up. In her one hand she sustained a dove, in the other a serpent: the last to show her subtilty, the first her simplicity: alluding to that text of Scripture,[4] *Estote ergo prudentes sicut serpentes, et simplices sicut columbæ.* Her word,

---

[1] Brit. 3, 7.
[2] De Malli; Theodor. cons. panegyr.
[3] Eclog. I.
[4] Matt. x. 16.

PER ME REGES REGNANT,[1]

intimating, how by her all kings do govern, and that she is the foundation and strength of kingdoms: to which end, she was here placed upon a cube, at the foot of the monarchy, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIUS URBIS,[2]

a person attired rich, reverend, and antique: his hair long and white, crowned with a wreath of plane-tree, which is said to be *arbor genialis;* his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: he held in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence. His word,

HIS ARMIS,

pointing to the two that supported him, whereof the one on the right hand was

BOULEUTES,

figuring the council of the city, and was suited in black and purple; a wreath of oak[3] upon his head: sustaining, for his ensigns, on his left arm a scarlet robe, and in his right hand the fasces,[4] as tokens of magistracy, with this inscription,

SERVARE CIVES.

The other on the left hand,

POLEMIUS,

the warlike force of the city, in an antique coat or armour with a target and sword; his helm on, and crowned with laurel, implying strength and conquest: in his hand he bore the standard of the city, with this word,

---

[1] Prov. viii. 15.

[2] Antiqui genium omnium gignendarum rerum existimarunt deum: et tam urbib. quam hominib. vel cæteris rebus natum. Lil. Gr. Gyr. in Synt. Deor. 15, and Rosin. Antiq. Ro. l. 2, c. 14.

[3] Civica corona fit è fronde querna, quoniam cibus victusque antiquissimus querceus capi solitus sit. Ros. lib. 10, cap. 27.

[4] Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic ut ferrum in summo fasce extaret. Ros. lib. 7, cap. 3. Ubi notandum est, non debere præcipitem et solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora enim allata, et cunctatio, dum sensim virgæ solvuntur, identidem consilium mutavit de plectendo. Quando autem vitia quædam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgæ, quod revocari valet, immedicabile secures præcidunt. Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

EXTINGUERE ET HOSTEIS,

expressing by those several mots, connexed, that with those arms of counsel and strength, the Genius was able to extinguish the king's enemies, and preserve his citizens, alluding to these verses in Seneca,[1]

Extinguere hostem maxima est virtus ducis.
Servare cives major est patriæ patri.

Underneath these, in an aback thrust out before the rest, lay

TAMESIS,

the river, as running along the side of the city; in a skin-coat, made like flesh, naked and blue. His mantle of sea-green or water-colour, thin, and boln out like a sail; bracelets about his wrists of willow and sedge, a crown of sedge and reed upon his head, mixed with water-lilies, alluding to Virgil's description of Tiber,

——*Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tiberinus amœno,*
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crineis umbrosa tegebat arundo.[2]

His beard and hair long and overgrown. He leans his arm upon an earthen pot, out of which water, with live fishes, are seen to run forth, and play about him. His word,

FLUMINA SENSERUNT IPSA,

an hemistich of Ovid's; the rest of the verse being,

——*quid esset amor.*[3]

affirming, that rivers themselves, and such inanimate creatures, have heretofore been made sensible of passions and affections; and that he now no less partook the joy of His Majesty's grateful approach to this city than any of those persons to whom he pointed, which were the daughters of the Genius, and six in number, who, in a spreading ascent, upon several grices, help to beautify both the sides. The first,

EUPHROSYNE,

or Gladness, was suited in green, a mantle of divers colours, em-

---

[1] Oct. act. 2. [2] Æn. lib. 8. [3] Amor. 3, el. 5.



broidered with all variety of flowers: on her head a garland of myrtle, in her right hand a crystal cruse filled with wine, in the left a cup of gold; at her feet a timbrel, harp, and other instruments, all ensigns of gladness,

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis, &c.[1]

And in another place,

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus, &c.[2]

Her word,

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES,[3]

as if this were the first hour of her life, and the minute wherein she began to be; beholding so long coveted and looked for a presence. The second,

SEBASIS,

or Veneration, was varied in an ash-coloured suit, and dark mantle, a veil over her head of ash-colour: her hands crossed before her, and her eyes half closed. Her word,

MIHI SEMPER DEUS,[4]

implying both her office of reverence, and the dignity of her object, who being as god on earth, should never be less in her thought. The third,

PROTHYMIA,

or Promptitude, was attired in a short-tucked garment of flame-colour, wings at her back: her hair bright, and bound up with ribands; her breast open, virago-like; her buskins so ribanded. She was crowned with a chaplet of tri-foly, to express readiness and openness every way. In her right hand she held a squirrel, as being the creature most full of life and quickness; in the left a close round censer, with the perfume suddenly to be vented forth at the sides. Her word—

QUA DATA PORTA,[5]

taken from another place in Virgil, where Æolus, at the command of Juno, lets forth the wind—

---

[1] Hor. car. i. ode 27. [2] Ode 37. [3] Stat. Syl. 4. Ep. Domit. [4] Virg. Ecl. 1. [5] Æn. 1.

——Ac venti velut agmine facto
Quâ data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perflant;[1]

and showed that she was no less prepared with promptitude and alacrity than the winds were, upon the least gate that shall be opened to his high command. The fourth,

AGRYPNIA,

or Vigilance, in yellow, a sable mantle, seeded with waking eyes, and silver fringe: her chaplet of Heliotropium, or turnsole. In her one hand a lamp, or cresset; in her other a bell. The lamp signified search and sight, the bell warning; the Heliotropium care, and respecting her object. Her word,

SPECULAMUR IN OMNEIS,

alluding to that of Ovid, where he describes the office of Argus—

——Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen
Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis;[2]

and implying the like duty of care and vigilance in herself. The fifth,

AGAPE,

or Loving Affection, in crimson fringed with gold, a mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white roses. In her hand, a flaming heart. The flame expressed zeal; the red and white roses, a mixture of simplicity with love; her robes freshness and fervency. Her word,

NON SIC EXCUBIÆ,

out of Claudian, in following

——Nec circumstantia pila
Quàm tutatur amor,[3]

inferring that though her sister before had protested watchfulness and circumspection, yet no watch or guard could be so safe to the estate or person of a prince as the love and natural affections of his subjects, which she in the city's behalf promised. The sixth,

OMOTHYMIA,

or Unanimity, in blue, her robe blue, and buskins. A chaplet of

[1] Æn. I. [2] Met. I. [3] De 4, cons. Hon. paneg.



blue lilies, showing one truth and entireness of mind. In her lap lies a sheath of arrows bound together, and she herself sits weaving certain small silver twists. Her word,

FIRMA CONCENSUS FACIT,

Auxilia humilia firma, &c.,[1]

intimating that even the smallest and weakest aids, by consent, are made strong: herself personating the unanimity, or consent of soul, in all inhabitants of the city to his service.

These are all the personages, or live figures, whereof only two were speakers (Genius and Tamesis), the rest were mutes. Other dumb complements there were, as the arms of the kingdom on the one side, with this inscription,

HIS VIREAS,

With these mayest thou flourish.

On the other side, the arms of the city, with

HIS VINCAS,

With these mayest thou conquer.

In the centre, or midst of the pegme, there was an aback or square, wherein this elogy was written:

MAXIMUS HIC REX EST ET LUCE SERENIOR IPSA
PRINCIPE QUÆ TALEM CERNIT IN URBE DUCEM;
CUJUS FORTUNAM SUPERAT SIC UNICA VIRTUS,
UNUS UT IS RELIQUOS VINCIT UTRAQUE VIROS.
PRÆCEPTIS ALII POPULOS, MULTAQUE FATIGANT
LEGE; SED EXEMPLO NOS RAPIT ILLE SUO.
CUIQUE FRUI TOTA FAS EST UXORE MARITO,
ET SUA FAS SIMILI PIGNORA NOSSE PATRI.
ECCE UBI PIGNORIBUS CIRCUMSTIPATA CORUSCIS
IT COMES, ET TANTO VIX MINOR *ANNA* VIRO.
HAUD METUS EST, REGEM POSTHAC NE PROXIMUS HÆRES,
NEU SUCCESSOREM NON AMET ILLE SUUM.

This, and the whole frame, was covered with a curtain of silk, painted like a thick cloud, and at the approach of the King was instantly to be drawn. The allegory being, that those clouds were gathered upon the face of the city, through their long want

[1] Pub. Syr.

of his most wished sight; but now, as at the rising of the sun, all mists were dispersed and fled. When suddenly, upon silence made to the music, a voice was heard to utter this verse,

Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim,[1]

signifying that he was now really objected to their eyes who before had been only, but still, present in their minds.

Thus far the complemental part of the first; wherein was not only laboured the expression of state and magnificence (as proper to a triumphal arch), but the very site, fabric, strength, policy, dignity, and affections of the city were all laid down to life: the nature and property of these devices being, to present always some one entire body or figure, consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing itself in its own active sphere, yet all with that general harmony so connexed and disposed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole: where also is to be noted, that the symbols used are not, neither ought to be, simply hieroglyphics, emblems, or impreses, but a mixed character, partaking somewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent inventions: wherein the garments and ensigns deliver the nature of the person, and the word the present office. Neither was it becoming, nor could it stand with the dignity of these shows (after the most miserable and desperate shift of the puppets), to require a truchman, or, with the ignorant painter, one to write, This is a dog; *or,* This is a hare: *but so to be presented, as upon the view, they might, without cloud or obscurity, declare themselves to the sharp and learned: and for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgments did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.*

THE SPEECHES OF GRATULATION.

Genius.

Time, Fate, and Fortune have at length conspired,
To give our age the day so much desired.
What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months, and years,
That hang in file upon these silver hairs,
Could not produce, beneath the Britain stroke,[2]
Th^ Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke,[3]

---

[1] Claud. de Laud. Stil. lib. 3.

[2] As being the first free and natural government of this island, after it came to civility.

[3] In respect they were all conquests, and the obedience of the subject more enforced.



This point of time hath done. Now, London, rear
Thy forehead high, and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest gems; teach thy steep towers to rise
Higher with people: set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windows; and in every street,
Let thronging joy, love, and amazement meet.
Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
Strike through as long and universally
As thunder; for thou now art blessed to see
That sight, for which thou didst begin to be,
When Brutus'[1] plough first gave thee infant bounds,
And I, thy Genius, walked auspicious rounds
In every furrow;[2] then did I forelook,
And saw this day[3] marked white in Clotho's[4] book.
The several circles,[5] both of change and sway,

---

[1] Rather than the city should want a founder, we chose to follow the received story of Brute, whether fabulous or true, and not altogether unwarranted in poetry: since it is a favour of antiquity to few cities, to let them know their first authors. Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his, Con. Tam. et Isis, celebrating London, hath this verse of her: Æmula maternæ tollens sua lumina Trojæ. Here is also an ancient rite alluded to in the building of cities, which was to give them their bounds with a plough, according to Virg. Æn. lib. 10, Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro. And Isidore, lib. 15, cap. 2, Urbs vocata ab orbe, quod antiquæ civitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab urbo parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud, Optavitque locum regno et concludere sulco.

[2] Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condendâ novâ urbe, tauro et vaccâ designationis causâ imprimitur; hitherto respects that of Camd. Brit. 368, speaking of this city, Quicunque autem condiderit, vitali genio constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit.

[3] For so all happy days were, Plin. cap. 40, lib. 7, Nat. Hist. To which Horace alludes, lib. 1, ode 36, Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ. And the other, Plin. epist. 11, lib. 6, O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo. With many other in many places. Mart. lib. 8, ep. 45; lib. 9, ep. 53; lib. 10, ep. 38; lib. 11, ep. 37. Stat. lib. 4, sy. 6. Pers. sat. 2. Catull. epig. 69, &c.

[4] The Parcæ, or Fates, Martianus calls them scirbas ac librarias superûm; whereof Clotho is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latin Evocatio.

[5] Those beforementioned of the Britain, Roman, Saxon, &c., and to this register of the Fates allude those verses of Ovid, Met. 15—

Cernes illic molimine vasto,
Ex ære, et solido rerum tabularia ferro:
Quæ neque concussum cœli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas
Invenies illis incisa adamante perenni
Fata, &c.

Within this isle, there also figured lay:
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happiness we taste.—
Why keep you silence, daughters? what dull peace
Is this inhabits you? Shall office cease
Upon the aspect of him, to whom you owe
More than you are, or can be? Shall Time know
That article, wherein your flame stood still,
And not aspired? now heaven avert an ill
Of that black look! Ere pause possess your breasts,
I wish you more of plagues: zeal when it rests
Leaves to be zeal. Up, thou tame River, wake;
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake:
Thou drown'st thyself in inofficious sleep;
And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
Rather than flow. Up, rise, and swell with pride
Above thy banks: now is not every tide.

TAMESIS.

To what vain end should I contend to show
My weaker powers, when seas of pomp o'erflow
The city's face, and cover all the shore
With sands more rich than Tagus'[1] wealthy ore?
When in the flood of joys that comes with him,
He drowns the world, yet makes it live and swim,
And spring with gladness: not my fishes here,
Though they be dumb, but do express the cheer
Of those bright streams: no less may these and I[2]
Boast our delights, albeit we silent lie.

GENIUS.

Indeed true gladness doth not always speak:
Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.
Yet (lest the fervour of so pure a flame

[1] A river dividing Spain and Portugal, and by the consent of Poets styled *Aurifer.*
[2] Understanding Euphrosyne, Sebasis, Prothymia, &c.



As this my city bears, might lose the name
Without the apt eventing of her heat)
Know, greatest JAMES, and no less good than great,
In the behalf of all my virtuous sons,
Whereof my eldest there thy pomp foreruns,[1]
(A man without my flattering, or his pride,
As worthy as he's blest[2] to be thy guide)
In his grave name, and all his brethren's right,
Who thirst to drink the nectar of thy sight,
The council, commoners, and multitude;
Glad that this day, so long denied, is viewed,
I tender thee the heartiest welcome, yet,
That ever king had to his empire's seat:[3]
Never came man more longed for, more desired;
And being come, more reverenced, loved, admired:
Hear and record it: In a prince it is
No little virtue, to know who are his.
  With like devotions,[4] do I stoop to embrace
This springing glory of thy godlike race;[5]
His country's wonder, hope, love, joy, and pride:
How well doth he become the royal side
Of this erected and broad-spreading tree,
Under whose shade may Britain ever be!
And from this branch may thousand branches more
Shoot o'er the main, and knit with every shore
In bonds of marriage, kindred and increase;
And style this land the navel of their peace;[6]

---

1 The Lord Mayor, who for his year hath senior place of the rest, and for this day was chief serjeant to the king.

2 Above the blessing of his present office, the word had some particular allusion to his name, which is Bennet, and hath no doubt in time been the contraction of Benedict. [Sir Thomas Bennet was now Lord Mayor.]

3 The city, which title is touched before.

4 To the Prince.

5 An attribute given to great persons, fitly above other humanity, and in frequent use with all the Greek poets, especially Homer, Iliad *α.*—*διος* 'Αχιλλευς. And in the same book—*και αντιθεον* Πολυφημον.

6 As Luctatius calls Parnassus, umbilicum terræ.

This is your servant's wish, your city's vow,
Which still shall propagate itself, with you;
And free from spurs of hope that slow minds move:
He seeks no hire, that owes his life to love.
  And here she comes that is no less a part [1]
In this day's greatness, than in my glad heart.
Glory of queens, and glory of your name,[2]
Whose graces do as far outspeak your fame
As fame doth silence, when her trumpet rings
You daughter, sister, wife of several kings: [3]
Besides alliance, and the style of mother,
In which one title you drown all your other.
Instance, be that fair shoot, is gone before,[4]
Your eldest joy, and top of all your store,
With those,[5] whose sight to us is yet denied,
But not our zeal to them, or aught beside
The city can to you: for whose estate
She hopes you will be still good advocate
To her best lord. So, whilst you mortal are,
No taste of sour mortality once dare
Approach your house; nor Fortune greet your grace
But coming on, and with a forward face.

AT TEMPLE-BAR.

The Scene carried the frontispiece of a temple, the walls of which and gates were brass, their pillars silver, their capitals and bases gold. In the highest point of all was erected a Janus' head, and over it written,

---

[1] To the Queen.
[2] An emphatical speech, and well reinforcing her greatness, being, by this match, more than either her brother, father, &c.
[3] Daughter to Frederick II., King of Denmark and Norway, sister to Christierne IV., now there reigning, and wife to James our sovereign.
[4] The Prince Henry Frederick.
[5] Charles Duke of Rothsay, and the Lady Elizabeth.

JANO QUADRIFRONTI SACRUM.[1]

Which title of *Quadrifrons* is said to be given him, as he respecteth all climates, and fills all parts of the world with his majesty: which Martial would seem to allude unto in that hendecasyllable,

Et linguâ pariter locutus omni.[2]

Others have thought it by reason of the four elements which brake out of him, being Chaos: for Ovid is not afraid to make Chaos and Janus the same, in these verses,

Ne Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prisca) vocabant,
Adspice, &c.[3]

But we rather follow, and that more particularly, the opinion of the ancients,[4] who have entitled him Quadrifrons in regard of the year, which, under his sway, is divided into four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and ascribe unto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M. Cic.,[5] *Cumque in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima et extrema, principem in sacrificando* Janum *esse voluerunt, quod*[6] *ab eundo nomen est deductum: ex quo transitiones perviæ* Jani, *foresque in liminibus prophanarum ædium, Janua nominatur, &c.* As also the charge and custody of the whole world, by Ovid:

Quicquid ubique vides, cælum, mare, nubila, terras,
Omnia sunt nostra clausa patentque manu.
Me penes est unum vasti custodia mundi,
Et jus vertendi cardinis omne meum est.[7]

About his four heads he hath a wreath of gold, in which was graven this verse,

TOT VULTUS MIHI NEC SATIS PUTAVI.[8]

Signifying, that though he had four faces, yet he thought them not enough to behold the greatness and glory of that day. Beneath, under the head, was written,

---

1 Bassus apud Macrob. l. i. Satur. cap. 9.
2 Lib. 8, ep. 2.
3 Fast. lib. I.
4 Lege Marlianum, lib. 4, cap. 8, Alb. in deorum.
5 De nat. deorum, lib. 2.
6 Quasi Eanus.
7 Fast. ibid.
8 Mart. lib. 8, ep. 2.

ET MODO SACRIFICO CLUSIUS ORE VOCOR.[1]

For being open, he was styled Patulcius, but then upon the coming of His Majesty, being to be shut, he was to be called Clusius. Upon the outmost front of the building was placed the entire arms of the kingdom, with the garter, crown, and supporters, cut forth as fair and great as the life, with an hexastich written underneath, all expressing the dignity and power of him that should close that Temple.

QUI DUDUM ANGUSTIS TANTUM REGNAVIT IN ORIS
PARVOQUE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRÆBUIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (UT NULLA DEESSET
VIRTUTI FORTUNA) SUO FELICITER UNI
JVNCTA SIMUL SENSIT: FAS UT SIT CREDERE VOTIS
NON JAM SANGUINEA FRUITUROS PACE BRITANNOS.

In a great frieze below, that ran quite along the breadth of the building, were written these two verses out of Horace,[2]

JURANDASQUE SUUM PER NOMEN PONIMUS ARAS,
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES.

The first and principal person in the temple was

IRENE,

or Peace. She was placed aloft in a cant, her attire white, semined with stars, her hair loose and large: a wreath of olive on her head, on her shoulder a silver dove. In her left hand she held forth an olive branch, with an handful of ripe ears; in the other a crown of laurel, as notes of victory and plenty. By her stood

PLUTUS,

or Wealth,[3] a little boy, bareheaded, his locks curled and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect, his body almost naked, saving some rich robe cast over him. In his arms a heap of gold ingots to express riches, whereof he is the god. Beneath his feet lay

ENYALIUS,

or Mars, grovelling, his armour scattered upon him in several

[1] Ov. Fast. I.

[2] Lib. 2, epist. I, ad Aug.

[3] So Cephisiodotus hath feigned him. See Paus. in Bœot. et Phil. in Imag. contrary to Aristoph. Theogn. Lucian, and others, who make him blind and deformed.



pieces, and sundry sorts of weapons broken about him. Her word to all was

UNA TRIUMPHIS INNUMERIS.

——pax optima rerum
Quas homini novisse datum est, pax una triumphis
Innumeris potior.[1]

Signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coveted than innumerable triumphs. Besides, upon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a hemicycle was seated

ESYCHIA,

or Quiet, the first handmaid of Peace; a woman of a grave and venerable aspect, attired in black. Upon her head an artificial nest, out of which appeared storks' heads, to manifest a sweet repose. Her feet were placed upon a cube, to show stability, and in her lap she held a perpendicular or level, as the ensign of evenness and rest: on the top of it sat an halcyon, or king's-fisher. She had lying at her feet

TARACHE,

or Tumult, in a garment of divers but dark colours, her hair wild and disordered, a foul and troubled face. About her lay staves, swords, ropes, chains, hammers, stones, and such like, to express turmoil. The word was,

PERAGIT TRANQUILLA POTESTAS.

Quod violenta nequit: mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa quies.[2]

To show the benefit of a calm and facile power, being able to effect in a state that which no violence can. On the other side the second handmaid was

ELEUTHERIA,

or Liberty, her dressing white, and somewhat antique, but loose and free: her hair flowing down her back and shoulders. In her right hand she bare a club, on her left a hat, the characters of freedom and power. At her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting and expressing liberty. She trod on

---

[1] Sil. Ital. [2] Malii Theo. cons. paneg.



DOULOSIS,

or Servitude, a woman in old and worn garments, lean and meagre, bearing fetters on her feet and hands; about her neck a yoke, to insinuate bondage, and the word

NEC UNQUAM GRATIOR,

alluding to that other of Claud.

Nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio.[1]

And intimated that liberty could never appear more graceful and lovely than now under so good a prince. The third handmaid was

SOTERIA,

or Safety, a damsel in carnation, the colour signifying cheer and life. She sat high. Upon her head she wore an antique helm, and in her right hand a spear for defence, and in her left a cup for medicine. At her feet was set a pedestal, upon which a serpent rolled up did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA,

or Danger, a woman despoiled, and almost naked. The little garment she hath left her, of several colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out, and her sword broken (the instrument of her fury), with a net and wolf's-skin (the ensigns of her malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METUS,

borrowed from Mart.,[2] and implying that now all fears have turned their backs, and our safety might become security, danger being so wholly depressed, and unfurnished of all means to hurt. The fourth attendant is

EUDAIMONIA,

or Felicity, varied on the second hand, and apparelled richly in an embroidered robe and mantle: a fair golden tress. In her right hand a Caduceus, the note of peaceful wisdom: in her left, a Cornucopiæ filled only with flowers, as a sign of flourishing blessedness; and crowned with a garland of the same. At her feet,

[1] De Laud. Stil. l. 3.

[2] Lib. 12, ep. 6.



DYSPRAGIA,

or Unhappiness, a woman bareheaded, her neck, arms, breast, and feet naked, her look hollow and pale. She holds a Cornucopiæ turned downward, with all the flowers fallen out and scattered: upon her sits a raven, as the augury of ill fortune: and the soul was

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA,

out of Virgil,[1] to show that now these golden times were returned again, wherein Peace was with us so advanced, Rest received, Liberty restored, Safety assured, and all blessedness appearing in every of these virtues, her particular triumph over her opposite evil. This is the dumb argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of Virgil, written in the under frieze,

NULLA SALUS BELLO:
PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES.[2]

Tne speaking part was performed, as within the temple, where there was erected an altar, to which, at the approach of the king, appears the Flamen

MARTIALIS.[3]

And to him,

GENIUS URBIS.

The Genius we attired before: to the Flamen we appoint this habit. A long crimson robe to witness his nobility, his tippet and sleeves white, as reflecting on purity in his religion, a rich mantle of gold with a train to express the dignity of his function. Upon his head a hat of delicate wool,[4] whose top ended in a cone, and was thence called *apex*, according to that of Lucan, lib. 1,

Attollensque apicem generoso vertice flamen.

---

[1] Eclog. v.

[2] Æn. l. 11.

[3] One of the three Flamines that, as some think, Numa Pompilius first instituted; but we rather, with Varro, take him of Romulus's institution, whereof there were only two, he and Dialis: to whom he was next in dignity. He was always created out of the nobility, and did perform the rites to Mars, who was thought the father of Romulus.

[4] Scaliger in conject. in Var. saith, Totus pileus, vel potius velamenta, flammeum dicebatur, unde flamines dicti.



This apex was covered with a fine net of yarn,[1] which they named apiculum, and was sustained with a bowed twig of pomegranate tree;[2] it was also in the hot time of summer to be bound with ribands, and thrown behind them, as Scaliger[3] teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden censer with perfume, and censing about the altar (having first kindled his fire on the top), is interrupted by the Genius.

GENIUS.

Stay, what art thou, that in this strange attire,
Dar'st kindle stranger and unhallowed fire
Upon this altar?

FLAMEN.

Rather what art thou
That dar'st so rudely interrupt my vow?
My habit speaks my name.

GENIUS.

A Flamen?

FLAMEN.

Yes,
And Martialis called.[4]

GENIUS.

I so did guess
By my short view; but whence didst thou ascend
Hither? or how? or to what mystic end?

FLAMEN.

The noise, and present tumult of this day,
Roused me from sleep, and silence, where I lay
Obscured from light; which when I waked to see,

---

[1] To this looks that other conjecture of Varro, lib. 4, de lingua Latina: Flamines quod licio in capite velati erant semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, flamines dicti.

[2] Which in their attire was called Stroppus, in their wives' Inarculum.

[3] Scal. ibid. in con. Ponè enim regerebant apicem, ne gravis esset summis æstatis caloribus. Amentis enim, quæ offendices dicebantur sub mentum abductis, religabant; ut cum vellent, regererent, et ponè pandere permitterent.

[4] Of Mars, whose rites (as we have touched before) this Flamen did specially celebrate.

I wondering thought what this great pomp might be.
When, looking in my kalendar, I found
The Ides of March [1] were entered, and I bound
With these, to celebrate the genial feast
Of Anna styled Perenna,[2] Mars's guest,[3]
Who, in this month of his, is yearly called
To banquet at his altars, and installed
A goddess with him,[4] since she fills the year
And knits [5] the oblique scarf that girts the sphere,
Whilst four-faced Janus turns his vernal look [6]
Upon their meeting hours, as if he took
High pride and pleasure.

GENIUS.

Sure thou still dost dream,
And both thy tongue and thought rides on the stream
Of phantasy: behold, here he nor she
Have any altar, fane, or deity.
Stoop; read but this inscription: [7] and then view
To whom the place is consecrate. 'Tis true

---

[1] With us the fifteenth of March, which was the present day of this triumph; and on which the great feast of Anna Perenna (among the Romans) was yearly and with such solemnity remembered, Ovid. Fast. 3,

> Idibus est, Annæ festum geniale Perennæ,
> Haud procul a ripis, &c.

[2] Who this Anna should be (with the Romans themselves) hath been no trifling controversy. Some have thought her fabulously the sister of Dido, some a nymph of Numicius, some Io, some Themis. Others an old woman of Bovilla, that fed the seditious multitude in Monte Scaro with wafers and fine cakes in time of their penury: to whom afterwards (in memory of the benefit), their peace being made with the nobles, they ordained this feast. Yet they that have thought nearest, have missed all these, and directly imagined her the moon; and that she was called ANNA, Quia mensibus impleat annum, Ovid. ib. To which the vow that they used in her rites somewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, ut Annare, et Perennare commode liceret. Macr. Sat. lib. 1, cap. 12.

[3] So Ovid, ibid. Fast. makes Mars speaking to her,

> Mense meo coleris, junxi mea tempora tecum.

[4] Nuper erat dea facta, &c. Ibid.

[5] Where is understood the meeting of the zodiac in March, the month wherein she is celebrated.

[6] That face wherewith he beholds the spring.

[7] Written upon the altar, for which we refer you to page 398.



That this is Janus' temple, and that now
He turns upon the year his freshest brow;
That this is Mars's month; and these the Ides,
Wherein his Anne was honoured; both the tides,
Titles, and place, we know: but these dead rites
Are long since buried; and new power excites
More high and hearty flames. Lo, there is he,
Who brings with him a greater Anne than she:[1]
Whose strong and potent virtues have defaced[2]
Stern Mars's statues, and upon them placed
His,[3] and the world's best blessing: this hath brought
Sweet peace to sit in that bright state she ought,
Unbloody, or untroubled; hath forced hence
All tumults, fears, or other dark portents
That might invade weak minds; hath made men see
Once more the face of welcome liberty:
And doth in all his present acts restore
That first pure world, made of the better ore.
Now innocence shall cease to be the spoil
Of ravenous greatness, or to steep the soil
Of raséd peasantry with tears and blood;
No more shall rich men, for their little good,
Suspect to be made guilty; or vile spies
Enjoy the lust of their so murdering eyes:
Men shall put off their iron minds and hearts;
The time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remain
Of what was thought the former age's stain.
Back, Flamen, with thy superstitious fumes,
And cense not here; thy ignorance presumes

---

[1] The queen: to which in our inscription we spake to the king MARTE MAJORI.

[2] The temple of Janus we apprehend to be both the house of war and peace; of war, when it is open; of peace, when it is shut: and that there, each over the other is interchangeably placed, to the vicissitude of times.

[3] Which are peace, rest, liberty, safety, &c., and were his actively, but the world's passively.

Too much in acting any ethnic rite
In this translated temple: here no wight
To sacrifice, save my devotion, comes,
That brings, instead of those thy masculine gums,[1]
My city's heart; which shall for ever burn
Upon this altar, and no time shall turn
The same to ashes: here I fix it fast,
Flame bright, flame high, and may it ever last.
Whilst I, before the figure of thy peace,
Still tend the fire; and give it quick increase
With prayers, wishes, vows; whereof be these
The least, and weakest: that no age may leese
The memory of this so rich a day;
But rather that it henceforth yearly may
Begin our spring, and with our spring the prime
And first account of years, of months,[2] of time;[3]
And may these Ides as fortunate appear
To thee, as they to Cæsar fatal were.[4]

---

[1] Somewhat a strange epithet in our tongue, but proper to the thing: for they were only masculine odours, which were offered to the altars, Virg. Ecl. 8, Verbenasque adole pingueis, et mascula thura. And Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. 12, cap. 14, speaking of these, saith, Quod ex rotunditate guttæ pependit, masculum vocamus, cum alias non ferè mas vocetur, ubi non sit fœmina: religioni tributum ne sexus alter usurparetur. Masculum aliqui putant a specie testium dictum. See him also lib. 34, cap. 11. And Arnob. lib. 7, advers. gent. Non si mille tu pondera masculi thuris incendas, &c.

[2] According to Romulus his institution, who made March the first month, and consecrated it to his father, of whom it was called Martius. Varr. Fest. in frag. Martius mensis initium anni fuit, et in Latio, et post Romam conditam, &c. And Ovid. Fast. 3, A te principium Romano dicimus anno: Primus de patrio nomine mensis erit. Vox rata fit, &c. See Macr. lib. 1, cap. 12, and Solin. in Polyhist. cap. 3, Quod hoc mense mercedes exolverint magistris, quas completas annus deberi fecisse, &c.

[3] Some, to whom we have read this, have taken it for a tautology, thinking Time enough expressed before in years and months. For whose ignorant sakes we must confess to have taken the better part of this travail, in noting a thing not usual, neither affected of us, but where there is necessity, as here, to avoid their dull censures. Where in years and months we alluded to that is observed in our former note: but by Time we understand the present, and that from this instant we should begin to reckon, and make this the first of our time. Which is also to be helped by emphasis.

[4] In which he was slain in the Senate.

Be all thy thoughts born perfect, and thy hopes
In their events still crowned beyond their scopes.
Let not wide heaven that secret blessing know
To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
Blind fortune be thy slave; and may her store,
The less thou seek'st it, follow thee the more.
Much more I would: but see, these brazen gates
Make haste to close, as urgéd by thy fates.
Here ends my city's office, here it breaks:
Yet with my tongue, and this pure heart, she speaks
A short farewell: and lower than thy feet,
With fervent thanks, thy royal pains doth greet.
Pardon, if my abruptness breed disease:
He merits not to offend, that hastes to please.

Over the altar was written this inscription:

D. I. O. M.

BRITANNIARUM. IMP. PACIS. VINDICI. MARTE. MAJORI. P. P. F. S. AUGUSTO. NOVO. GENTIUM CONJUNCTARUM. NUMINI. TUTELARI.

D. A.

CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PERENNÆ. DEABUSQUE. UNIVERSIS. OPTATIORI. SUI. FORTUNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET CONSORTI. PULCHERRIMÆ. AUGUSTISSIMÆ. ET

H. F. P.

FILIO. SUO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. ADVENTUM. AD. URBEM. HANC. SUAM. EXPECTATISSIMUM. GRATISSIMUM. CELEBRATISSIMUM. CUJUS. NON. RADII. SED. SOLES. POTIUS. FUNESTISSIMAM. NUPER. AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARUNT.

S. P. Q. L.
VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.
L. M.
HANC. ARAM
P.

And upon the gate, being shut:

IMP. JACOBUS. MAX.
CÆSAR. AUG. P. P.
PACE POPULO BRITANNICO
TERRA MARIQUE PARTA
JANUM CLUSIT. S. C.

IN THE STRAND.

The invention was a rainbow, the moon, sun, and those seven stars, which antiquity hath styled the Pleiades or Vergiliæ, advanced between two magnificent pyramids of seventy foot in height, on which were drawn His Majesty's several pedigrees Eng. and Scot. To which body (being framed before) we were to apt our soul. And finding that one of these seven lights, Electra, is rarely or not at all to be seen, as Ovid. lib. 4 Fast. affirmeth,

Pleiades incipient humeros relevare paternos;
Quæ septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.

And by-and-by after,

Sive quod Electra Trojæ spectare ruinas
Non tulit; ante oculos opposuitque manum.

And Festus Avien.[1]

Fama vetus septem memorat genitore creatas
Longævo: sex se rutila inter sidera tantum
Sustollunt, &c.

And beneath,

——Cerni sex solas carmine Mynthes
Asserit: Electram cælo abscessisse profundo, &c.

We ventured to follow this authority, and made her the speaker: presenting her hanging in the air, in figure of a comet, according to Anonymus. *Electra non sustinens videre casum pronepotum fugerit; unde et illam dissolutis crinibus propter luctum ire asserunt et propter comas quidam Cometen appellant.*

THE SPEECH.

ELECTRA.

The long laments[2] I spent for ruined Troy,
Are dried; and now mine eyes run tears of joy.
No more shall men suppose Electra dead,
Though from the consort of her sisters fled

---

1 Paraph. in Arat. Phænom.

2 Fest. Avi. paraph. Pars ait Idææ deflentem incendia Trojæ, Et numerosa suæ lugentem funera gentis, Electram tetris mœstum dare nubibus orbem. Besides the reference to antiquity, this speech might be understood by allegory of the town here, that had been so ruined with sickness, &c.

Unto the arctic circle,[1] here to grace,
And gild this day with her serenest face:[2]
And see, my daughter Iris[3] hastes to throw
Her roseate wings, in compass of a bow,
About our state, as sign[4] of my approach:
Attracting to her seat from Mithra's coach[5]
A thousand different and particular hues,
Which she throughout her body doth diffuse.
The sun, as loth to part from this half sphere,
Stands still; and Phœbe labours to appear
In all as bright, if not as rich, as he:
And, for a note of more serenity,
My six[6] fair sisters hither shift their lights
To do this hour the utmost of her rites.
Where lest the captious or profane might doubt
How these clear heavenly bodies come about
All to be seen at once, yet neither's light
Eclipsed or shadowed by the other's sight:
Let ignorance know, great king, this day is thine,
And doth admit no night; but all do shine
As well nocturnal as diurnal fires,
To add unto the flame of our desires,

---

[1] Hyginus. Sed postquam Troja fuit capta, et progenies ejus quæ à Dardano fuit eversa, dolore permotam ab his se removisse, et in circulo qui arcticus dicitur constitisse, &c.

[2] Electra signifies Serenity itself, and is compounded of ἥλιος, which is the sun, and ἄθριος, that signifies serene. She is mentioned to be Anima sphæræ solis, by Proclus. Com. in Hesiod.

[3] She is also feigned to be the mother of the rainbow. Nascitur enim Iris ex aqua et serenitate, à refractione radiorum scilicet. Arist. in meteorol.

[4] Val. Flac. Argonaut. I, makes the rainbow indicem serenitatis.

Emicuit reserata dies cœlumque resolvit
Arcus, et in summos redierunt nubila montes.

[5] A name of the sun, Stat. The. l. I, torquentem cornua Mithran. And Martian. Capel. l. 3, de nup. Mer. et Phil. Te Serapim. Nilus, Memphis veneratur Osirin; Dissona sacra Mithran, &c.

[6] Alcyone, Celæno, Taygete, Asterope, Merope, Maia, which are also said to be the souls of the other spheres, as Electra of the sun Proclus, ibi in com. Alcyone Veneris, Celæno Saturni, Taygete Lunæ, Asterope Jovis, Merope Martis, Maia Mercurii.

Which are, now thou hast closed up Janus' gates,[1]
And given so general peace to all estates,
That no offensive mist or cloudy stain
May mix with splendour of thy golden reign;
But, as thou'st freed thy Chamber from the noise[2]
Of war and tumult; thou wilt pour those joys
Upon this place,[3] which claims to be the seat[4]
Of all the kingly race: the cabinet
To all thy counsels, and the judging chair
To this thy special kingdom. Whose so fair
And wholesome laws, in every court, shall strive
By equity and their first innocence to thrive;
The base and guilty bribes of guiltier men
Shall be thrown back, and justice look as when
She loved the earth and feared not to be sold
For that[5] which worketh all things to it, gold.
   The dam of other evils, Avarice,
Shall here lock down her jaws, and that rude vice
Of ignorant and pitied greatness, Pride,
Decline with shame; Ambition now shall hide
Her face in dust, as dedicate to sleep,
That in great portals wont her watch to keep.
All ills shall fly the light: thy Court be free
No less from envy than from flattery;
All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
That might perturb the music of thy peace:
The querulous nature shall no longer find
Room for his thoughts: one pure consent of mind
Shall flow in every breast, and not the air,
Sun, moon, or stars shine more serenely fair.

---

1 Alluding back to that of our temple.

2 London.

3 His city of Westminster, in whose name, and at whose charge, together with the Duchy of Lancaster, this arch was erected.

4 Since here, they not only sat being crowned, but also first received their crowns.

5 Hor. Car. lib. 4, ode 9, Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.

This from that loud, blest oracle, I sing,
Who here, and first, pronounced thee Britain's king.
Long may'st thou live, and see me thus appear.
As ominous a comet,[1] from my sphere,
Unto thy reign; as that did auspicate[2]
So lasting glory to Augustus' state.

[1] For our more authority to induce her thus, see Fest. Avien. paraph. in Arat. speaking of Electra, Nonnunquam oceani tamen istam surgere ab undis, In convexa poli, sed sede carere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam: Germanosque choros sobolis lacrymare ruinas Diffusamque comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie, &c.

[2] All comets were not fatal, some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we have Pliny's testimony, Nat. Hist. lib. 2, cap. 25, Cometes in uno totius orbis loco colitur in templo Romæ, admodum faustus Divo Augusto judicatus ab ipso: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat Veneri Genetrici, non multo post obitum patris Cæsaris, in collegio ab eo instituto. Namque his verbis id gaudium prodidit. Iis ipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sidus crinitum per septem dies in regione cœli, quæ sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa undecimam horam diei, clarumque et omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. Eo sidere significari vulgus credidit, Cæsaris animam inter Deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis ejus, quod mox in foro consecravimus, adjectum est. Hæc ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum seque in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fatemur, salutare id terris fuit.

A PANEGYRE

ON THE HAPPY ENTRANCE OF JAMES, OUR SOVEREIGN,

TO HIS

FIRST HIGH SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN THIS HIS KINGDOM,

The 19*th of March* 1603.

LICET TOTO NUNC HELICONE FRUI.—MART.

HEAVEN now not strives alone our breasts to fill
With joys; but urgeth his full favours still.
Again, the glory of our western world
Unfolds himself; and from his eyes are hurled
To-day, a thousand radiant lights that stream
To every nook and angle of his realm.
His former rays did only clear the sky;
But these his searching beams are cast, to pry
Into those dark and deep concealéd vaults,
Where men commit black incest with their faults,
And snore supinely in the stall of sin:
Where murther, rapine, lust, do sit within,
Carousing human blood in iron bowls,
And make their den the slaughter-house of souls:
From whose foul reeking caverns first arise
Those damps that so offend all good men's eyes,
And would, if not dispersed, infect the crown,
And in their vapour her bright metal drown.
  To this so clear and sanctified an end,
I saw, when reverend Themis did descend

Upon his state: let down in that rich chain,
That fasteneth heavenly power to earthly reign:
Beside her stooped on either hand a maid,
Fair Dicè and Eunomia, who were said
To be her daughters; and but faintly known
On earth, till now they come to grace his throne.
Her third, Irene, helped to bear his train;
And in her office vowed she would remain
Till foreign malice, or unnatural spite
(Which fates avert) should force her from her right.
With these he passed, and with his people's hearts,
Breathed in his way; and souls, their better parts.
Hasting to follow forth in shouts and cries,
Upon his face all threw their covetous eyes,
As on a wonder: some amazéd stood,
As if they felt, but had not known their good.
Other would fain have shown it in their words;
But, when their speech so poor a help affords
Unto their zeal's expression, they are mute;
And only with red silence him salute.
Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noise
The fittest herald to proclaim true joys;
Others on ground run gazing by his side,
All, as unwearied, as unsatisfied:
And every window grieved it could not move
Along with him, and the same trouble prove.
They that had seen, but four short days before,
His gladding look, now longed to see it more.
And as of late, when he through London went,
The amorous city spared no ornament,
That might her beauties heighten; but so drest,
As our ambitious dames when they make feast,
And would be courted, so this town put on
Her brighest tire and in it equal shone
To her great sister, save that modesty,
Her place, and years, gave her precedency.

The joy of either was alike, and full;
No age, nor sex, so weak, or strongly dull,
That did not bear a part in this consent
Of heart and voices. All the air was rent
As with the murmur of a moving wood;
The ground beneath did seem a moving flood;
Walls, windows, roofs, towers, steeples, all were set
With several eyes, that in this object met.
Old men were glad their fates till now did last;
And infants, that the hours had made such haste
To bring them forth: whilst riper aged, and apt
To understand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the people's love, with which did strive
The nobles' zeal, yet either kept alive
The other's flame, as doth the wick and wax
That, friendly tempered, one pure taper makes.
Meanwhile the reverend Themis draws aside
The king's obeying will, from taking pride
In these vain stirs, and to his mind suggests
How he may triumph in his subjects' breasts,
With better pomp. She tells him first, "That kings
Are here on earth the most conspicuous things:
That they by heaven are placed upon his throne,
To rule like heaven; and have no more their own,
As they are men, than men, that all they do,
Though hid at home, abroad is searched into:
And being once found out, discovered lies
Unto as many envies there, as eyes;
That princes, since they know it is their fate,
Oft-times, to have the secrets of their state
Betrayed to fame, should take more care and fear
In public acts what face and form they bear.
She then remembered to his thought the place
Where he was going; and the upward race
Of kings, preceding him in that high court;
Their laws, their ends; the men she did report:



And all so justly, as his ear was joyed
To hear the truth from spite or flattery void.
She showed him who made wise, who honest acts;
Who both, who neither: all the cunning tracts
And thriving statutes, she could promptly note;
The bloody, base, and barbarous she did quote,
Where laws were made to serve the tyrant's will;
Where sleeping they could save, and waking kill;
Where acts gave license to impetuous lust
To bury churches in forgotten dust,
And with their ruins raise the pander's bowers;
When public justice borrowed all her powers
From private chambers; that could then create
Laws, judges, counsellors, yea, prince and state.
All this she told, and more, with bleeding eyes;
For Right is as compassionate as wise.
Nor did he seem their vices so to love,
As once defend what Themis did reprove.
For though by right and benefit of times
He owned their crowns, he would not so their crimes.
He knew that princes who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name;
And that no wretch was more unblest than he
Whose necessary good 'twas now to be
An evil king: and so must such be still,
Who once have got the habit to do ill.
One wickedness another must defend,
For vice is safe, while she hath vice to friend.
He knew that those who would with love command,
Must with a tender, yet a steadfast, hand
Sustain the reins, and in the check forbear
To offer cause of injury or fear;
That kings by their example more do sway
Than by their power; and men do more obey
When they are led than when they are compelled.
  In all these knowing arts our prince excelled.

And now the dame had dried her drooping eyne,
When, like an April Iris, flew her shine
About the streets, as it would force a spring
From out the stones, to gratulate the king.
She blest the people that in shoals did swim
To hear her speech; which still began in him,
And ceased in them. She told them what a fate
Was gently fallen from heaven upon the state;
How dear a father they did now enjoy,
That came to save what discord would destroy,
And entering with the power of a king,
The temperance of a private man did bring,
That wan affections ere his steps wan ground,
And was not hot, or covetous to be crowned
Before men's hearts had crowned him. Who (unlike
Those greater bodies of the sky, that strike
The lesser fires dim) in his access,
Brighter than all, hath yet made no one less,
Though many greater: and the most, the best.
Wherein his choice was happy with the rest
Of his great actions, first to see and do
What all men's wishes did aspire unto.
  Hereat the people could no longer hold
Their bursting joys; but through the air was rolled
The lengthened shout, as when the artillery
Of heaven is discharged along the sky.
And this confession flew from every voice,
"Never had land more reason to rejoice,
Nor to her bliss could aught now added be,
Save, that she might the same perpetual see."
Which when time, nature, and the fates denied,
With a twice louder shout again they cried,
"Yet let blest Britain ask, without your wrong,
Still to have such a king, and this king long."

Solus rex et poeta non quotannis nascitur.



THE SATYR.

A SATYR, *lodged in a little spinet, by which Her Majesty and the Prince were to come, at the report of certain cornets that were divided in several places of the park, to signify her approach, advanced his head above the top of the wood, wondering, and, with his pipe in his hand, began as followeth:*

HERE! there! and everywhere!
Some solemnities are near,
That these changes strike mine ear.
My pipe and I a part shall bear.

[*After a short strain with his pipe.*

Look, see!—beshrew this tree!
What may all this wonder be?
Pipe it who that list for me:
I'll fly out abroad, and see.

Here he leaped down, and gazed the Queen and the Prince in the face.

That is Cyparissus' face!
And the dame hath Syrinx' grace!
O that Pan were now in place—
Sure they are of heavenly race.

Here he ran into the wood again, and hid himself, whilst to the sound of excellent soft music, that was concealed in the thicket, there came tripping up the lawn a bevy of FAIRIES, *attending on* MAB *their queen, who falling into an artificial ring, began to dance a round, while their mistress spake as followeth:*

Mab. Hail and welcome, worthiest queen!
Joy had never perfect been,
To the nymphs that haunt this green,

Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their feet in figures round;
Marks that will be ever found,
To remember this glad stound.

Sat. [*peeping out of the bush*].
Trust her not, you bonnibell,
She will forty leasings tell;
I do know her pranks right well.

Mab. Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue, it runs too fleet.

Sat. Not so nimbly as your feet
When about the cream-bowls sweet
You and all your elves do meet.

Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himself with the FAIRIES, *skipped in, out, and about their circle, while they made many offers to catch at him.*

This is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can hurt or help the cherning,
As she please, without discerning.

1 *Fai.* Pug, you will anon take warning?

Sat. She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

2 *Fai.* Shall we strip the skipping jester?

Sat. This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Trains forth midwives in their slumber
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows
Home through ponds and water-furrows.

1 *Fai.* Shall not all this mocking stir us?
Sat. She can start our Franklin's daughters
In their sleep with shrieks and laughters;
And on sweet St. Anna's night
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.
1 *Fai.* Satyr, vengeance near you hovers.
Sat. And in hope that you would come here
Yester-eve, the lady Summer[1]
She invited to a banquet—
But (in sooth) I con you thank yet
That you could so well deceive her
Of the pride which gan upheave her!
And, by this, would so have blown her
As no wood-god should have known her.
[*Skips into the wood.*
1 *Fai.* Mistress, this is only spite
For you would not yesternight
Kiss him in the cock-shut light.
Sat. [*returning*].
By Pan, and thou hast hit it right!
Mab. Fairies, pinch him black and blue,
Now you have him, make him rue.
[*They lay hold on him and nip him.*
Sat. O hold, Mab! I sue.
1 *Fai.* Nay, the devil shall have his due.

Here he ran quite away, and left them in a confusion.

Mab. Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common with the sylvan train
That do skip about this plain :—
Elves, apply your gyre again.

[1] For she was expected there on Midsummer-day at night, but came not till the day following.

And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, and some shall sing:
We'll express, in everything,
Oriana's welcoming.[1]

SONG.

This is she, this is she
In whose world of grace
Every season, person, place,
That receive her happy be;
For with no less
Than a kingdom's happiness [2]
Doth she private Lares bless [3]
And ours above the rest
By how much we deserve it least.
Long live Oriana
T' exceed, whom she succeeds, our late Diana.

Mab. Madam, now an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take;
Only for the Fairies' sake,
Who about you still shall wake.

'Tis done only to supply
His suspected courtesy,
Who, since Thamyra did die,
Hath not brooked a lady's eye,

Nor allowed about his place
Any of the female race:
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase.

For which bounty to us lent,
Of him unknowledged or unsent,
We prepared this compliment,
And as far from cheap intent,

[*Gives her a jewel.*

---

1 Quasi Oriens ANNA.
2 Bringing with her the prince, which is the greatest felicity of kingdoms.
3 For households.

In particular to feed
Any hope that should succeed
Or our glory by the deed
As yourself are from the need.

Utter not, we you implore,
Who did give it, nor wherefore:
And whenever you restore
Yourself to us, you shall have more.

Highest, happiest queen, farewell;
But beware you do not tell.

Here the FAIRIES *hopt away in a fantastic dance, when, on a sudden, the* SATYR *discovered himself again.*

Sat. Not tell? ha! ha! I could smile
At this old and toothless wile.
Lady, I have been no sleeper;
She belies the noble keeper.
Say, that here he like the groves,
And pursue no foreign loves:
Is he therefore to be deemed
Rude, or savage? or esteemed
But a sorry entertainer,
'Cause he is no common strainer
After painted nymphs for favours,
Or that in his garb he savours
Little of the nicety
In the sprucer courtiery;
As the rosary of kisses,
With the oath that never misses,
This, "believe me on the breast,"
And then telling some man's jest,
Thinking to prefer his wit
Equal with his suit by it,
I mean his clothes? No, no, no, no;
Here doth no such humour flow
He can neither bribe a grace,

Nor encounter my lord's face
With a pliant smile, and flatter,
Though this lately were some matter
To the making of a courtier.
Now he hopes he shall resort there
Safer, and with more allowance;
Since a hand hath governance
That hath given these customs chace,
And hath brought his own in place.
O that now a wish could bring
The god-like person of a king!
Then should even envy find
Cause of wonder at the mind
Of our woodman: but lo, where
His kingly image doth appear,
And is all this while neglected.
Pardon, lord, you are respected
Deep as is the keeper's heart,
And as dear in every part.
See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heir; who humbly bends

Here the SATYR *fetched out of the wood the Lord Spencer's eldest son, attired and appointed like a huntsman.*

Low as is his father's earth,
To the womb that gave you birth:
So he was directed first,
Next to you, of whom the thirst
Of seeing takes away the use
Of that part should plead excuse
For his boldness, which is less
By his comely shamefacedness.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say;
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were)
To the service of this prince:

And with you these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
Better not Actæon had;
The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn,
By Orion often worn:
The dog of Sparta breed, and good
As can RING within a WOOD;
Thence his name is: you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport, as coursing: we will prove
Which her highness most doth love.—
Satyrs, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crowned
With a brace of bucks to ground.

At that the whole wood and place resounded with the noise of cornets, horns, and other hunting music, and a brace of choice deer put out, and as fortunately killed, as they were meant to be, even in the sight of Her Majesty.

This was the First Night's Show.

The next day being Sunday, the Queen rested, and on Monday till after dinner; where there was a speech suddenly thought on, to induce a morris of the clowns thereabout, who most officiously presented themselves: but by reason of the throng of the country that came in, their speaker could not be heard, who was in the person of NOBODY, *to deliver this following speech, and attired in a pair of breeches which were made to come up to his neck, with his arms out at his pockets, and a cap drowning his face.*

If my outside move your laughter,
Pray Jove, my inside be thereafter.

QUEEN, PRINCE, DUKE, EARLS,
COUNTESSES, you courtly pearls!
(And I hope no mortal sin,

If I put less ladies in)
Fair saluted be you all!
At this time it doth befall,
We are the huisher to a morris,
A kind of masque, whereof good store is
In the country hereabout,
But this, the choice of all the rout,
Who, because that no man sent them,
Have got NOBODY to present them.
These are things have no suspicion
Of their ill-doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the pipe
Shall inspire them, mean to skip:
They come to see, and to be seen,
And though they dance afore the queen,
There's none of these doth hope to come by
Wealth to build another Holmby:
All those dancing days are done,
Men must now have more than one
Grace to build their fortunes on,
Else our soles would sure have gone
All by this time to our feet.—
I not deny where graces meet
In a man, that quality
Is a graceful property:
But when dancing is his best,
Beshrew me, I suspect the rest.
But I am Nobody, and my breath
Soon as it is born hath death.
Come on, clowns, forsake your dumps,
And bestir your hobnailed stumps,
Do your worst, I'll undertake,
Not a jerk you have shall make
Any lady here in love.
Perhaps your fool, or so, may move
Some lady's woman with a trick,

And upon it she may pick
A pair of revelling legs or two
Out of you with much ado.
But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.
Fool, it must be your lot
To supply his want with faces
And some other buffoon graces,
You know how; piper, play,
And let Nobody hence away.

[*Here the morris-dancers entered.*

There was also another parting speech, which was to have been presented in the person of a youth, and accompanied with divers gentlemen's younger sons of the country; but by reason of the multitudinous press, was also hindered. And which we have here adjoined.

And will you then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? not my master's heart,
That pants to lose the comfort of your light
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?
You are a goddess, and your will be done:
Yet this our last hope is, that as the sun
Cheers objects far removed, as well as near,
So, wheresoe'er you shine, you'll sparkle here.
And you, dear lord, on whom my covetous eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy,
O shoot up fast in spirit, as in years;
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixéd as the arctic star:
And when slow time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the strict ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, that grow up here

Against a day when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions better than our words.
Till then, all good event conspire to crown
Your parents' hopes, our zeal, and your renown!
Peace usher now your steps, and where you come,
Be Envy still struck blind, and Flattery dumb!

THE PENATES.

The King and Queen being entered in at the gate, the PENATES, *or household gods, received them, attired after the antique manner, with javelins in their hands, standing on each side of the porch.*

1 *Pen.* Leap, light hearts, in every breast,
Joy is now the fittest passion;
Double majesty hath blest
All the place with that high grace
Exceedeth admiration!
2 *Pen.* Welcome, monarch of this isle,
Europe's envy and her mirror;
Great in each part of thy style;
England's wish, and Scotland's bliss,
Both France and Ireland's terror.
1 *Pen.* Welcome are you; and no less,
Your admiréd queen: the glory
Both of state and comeliness.
Every line of her divine
Form is a beauteous story.
2 *Pen.* High in fortune as in blood,
So are both, and blood renowned
By oft falls that make a flood
In your veins: yet all these strains
Are in your virtues drowned.
1 *Pen.* House, be proud: for of earth's store
These two only are the wonder:
In them she's rich, and is no more.

Zeal is bound their praise to sound
As loud as fame or thunder.
2 *Pen.* Note, but how the air, the spring
Concur in their devotions;
Pairs of turtles sit and sing
On each tree, o'erjoyed to see
In them like love, like motions.
1 *Pen.* Enter, sir, this longing door,
Whose glad lord nought could have blessed
Equally: I'm sure not more
Than this sight, save of your right,
When you were first possessed.
2 *Pen.* That, indeed, transcended this.
Since which hour, wherein you gained it,
For this grace both he and his
Every day have learned to pray,
And now they have obtained it.

Here the PENATES *lead them in, through the house, into the garden, where* MERCURY *received them, walking before them.*

Mer. Retire, you household gods, and leave these excellent creatures to be entertained by a more eminent deity. [*Exeunt* PEN.] Hail, King and Queen of the Islands called truly Fortunate, and by you made so. To tell you who I am, and wear all these notable and speaking ensigns about me, were to challenge you of most impossible ignorance, and accuse myself of as palpable glory: it is enough that you know me here and come with the license of my father Jove, who is the bounty of heaven, to give you early welcome to the bower of my mother Maia, no less the goodness of earth. And may it please you to walk, I will tell you no wonderful story. This place whereon you are now advanced (by the mighty power of poetry, and the help of a faith that can remove mountains) is the Arcadian hill Cyllene, the place where myself was both begot and born, and of which I am frequently called Cyllenius. Under yond' purslane tree stood some time my cradle. Where now behold my mother Maia, sitting in the pride

of their plenty, gladdening the air with her breath, and cheering the spring with her smiles. At her feet, the blushing Aurora, who, with her rosy hand, casteth her honey-dews on those sweeter herbs, accompanied with that gentle wind Favonius, whose subtile spirit, in the breathing forth, Flora makes into flowers, and sticks them in the grass, as if she contended to have the embroidery of the earth richer than the cope of the sky. Here, for her month, the yearly delicate May keeps state; and from this mount takes pleasure to display these valleys, yond lesser hills, those statelier edifices and towers, that seem enamoured so far off, and are reared on end to behold her, as if their utmost object were her beauties. Hither the Dryads of the valley and nymphs of the great river come every morning to taste of her favours; and depart away with laps filled with her bounties. But, see! upon your approach, their pleasures are instantly remitted. The birds are hushed, Zephyr is still, the morn forbears her office, Flora is dumb, and herself amazed, to behold two such marvels, that do more adorn place than she can time: pardon, your majesty, the fault, for it is that hath caused it; and till they can collect their spirits, think silence and wonder the best adoration.

Here AURORA, ZEPHYRUS, *and* FLORA, *began this* SONG *in three parts.*

See, see, O see who here is come a maying!
The Master of the Ocean,
And his beauteous Orian:
Why left we our playing?
To gaze, to gaze,
On them, that gods no less than men amaze.
Up, nightingale, and sing,
Jug, jug, jug, jug, &c.
Raise, lark, thy note and wing,
All birds their music bring,
Sweet robin, linnet, thrush,
Record from every bush
The welcome of the king
And queen:
Whose like were never seen,
For good, for fair;

Nor can be, though fresh May
  Should every day
Invite a several pair,
No, though she should invite a several pair.

Which ended, MAIA, *seated in her bower, with all those personages about her as before described, began to raise herself, and then declining, spake.*

Mai. If all the pleasures were distilled
Of every flower in every field,
And all that Hybla's hives do yield
Were into one broad mazer filled;
If thereto added all the gums
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyr ever blew,
Were put therein, and all the dew
That ever rosy morning knew,
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace
And honour you vouchsafe the place.
But if you please to come again,
We vow, we will not then, with vain
And empty pastimes entertain
Your so desired though grievéd pain.
For we will have the wanton fawns
That frisking skip about the lawns,
The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
Satyrs, and all that multitude,
To dance their wilder rounds about,
And cleave the air with many a shout,
As they would hunt poor Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustic noise. To visit whom

You shall behold whole bevies come
Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
Well-tuned unto the many falls
Of sweet and several sliding rills
That stream from tops of those less hills,
Sound like so many silver quills
When Zephyr them with music fills.
For these, Favonius here shall blow
New flowers, which you shall see to grow,
Of which each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads fresh garlands make,
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An air of several birds shall sound
An Io Pæan, that shall drown
The acclamations at your crown.—

All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
May vows, so you will oft come here a maying.

Mer. And Mercury, her son, shall venture the displeasure of his father, with the whole bench of heaven, that day, but he will do his mother's intents all serviceable assistance. Till then, and ever, live high and happy, you, and your other you; both envied for your fortunes, loved for your graces, and admired for your virtues.

[*This was the morning's entertainment.*

After dinner, the King and Queen coming again into the garden, MERCURY *the second time accosted them.*

Mer. Again, great pair, I salute you; and with leave of all the gods, whose high pleasure it is that Mercury make this your holiday. May all the blessings, both of earth and heaven, concur to thank you: for till this day's sun, I have faintly enjoyed a minute's rest to my creation. Now I do, and acknowledge it your sole, and no less than divine, benefit. If my desire to delight you might not divert to your trouble, I would entreat your eyes to a new and strange spectacle; a certain son of mine, whom the Arcadians call a god, howsoever the rest of the world receive

him: it is the horned Pan, whom in the translated figure of a goat I begot on the fair Spartan Penelope. May, let both your ears and looks forgive it; these are but the lightest escapes of us deities. And it is better in me to prevent his rustic impudence, by my blushing acknowledgment, than anon by his rude, and not insolent claim, be enforced to confess him. Yonder he keeps, and with him the wood nymphs, whose leader he is in rounds and dances, to this sylvan music. The place about which they skip is the fount of laughter, or Bacchus' spring, whose statue is advanced on the top, and from whose pipes, at an observed hour of the day, there flows a lusty liquor that hath a present virtue to expel sadness; and within certain minutes after it is tasted, force all the mirth of the spleen into the face. Of this is Pan the guardian. Lo! the fountain begins to run, but the nymphs at your sight are fled, Pan and his satyrs wildly stand at gaze. I will approach, and question him: vouchsafe your ear, and forgive his behaviour, which even to me, that am his parent, will no doubt be rude enough, though otherwise full of salt, which, except my presence did temper, might turn to be gall and bitterness; but that shall charm him.

Pan. O it is Mercury! hollow them again.
What be all these, father, gods or men?

Mer. All human. Only these two are deities on earth, but such as the greatest powers of heaven may resign to.

Pan. Why did our nymphs run away, can you tell?
Here be sweet beauties love Mercury well;
I see by their looks. How say you, great master?
[*Advances to the King.*
Will you be pleased to hear? shall I be your taster?

Mer. Pan, you are too rude.

Pan. It is but a glass,
By my beard, and my horns, 'tis a health, and shall pass.
Were he a king, and his mistress a queen,
This draught shall make him a petulant spleen.
But trow, is he loose, or costive of laughter?

I'd know to fill him his glass thereafter,
Sure either my skill, or my sight doth mock,
Or this lording's look should not care for the smock;
And yet he should love both a horse and a hound,
And not rest till he saw his game on the ground:
Well, look to him, dame; beshrew me, were I
'Mongst these bonnibells, you should need a good eye.
Here, mistress; all out, since a god is your skinker;
By my hand, I believe you were born a good drinker.
They are things of no spirit, their blood is asleep,
That, when it is offered them, do not drink deep.
  Come, who is next? our liquor here cools.
Ladies, I'm sure, you all have not fools
At home to laugh at. A little of this,
Ta'en down here in private, were not amiss.
  Believe it, she drinks like a wench that had store
Of lord for her laughter, then will you have more?
  What answer you, lordings? will you any or none?
Laugh and be fat, sir, your penance is known.
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.
  The young nymph that's troubled with an old man,
Let her laugh him away as fast as she can.
  Nay, drink, and not pause, as who would say, Must you?
But laugh at the wench that next doth trust you.
  To you, sweet beauty; nay, 'pray you come hither
Ere you sit out, you'll laugh at a feather.
  I'll never fear you, for being too witty,
You sip so like a 'forsooth' of the city.
  Lords, for yourselves, your own cups crown,
The ladies, i'faith, else will laugh you down.
  Go to, little blushet, for this, anan,
You'll steal forth a laugh in the shade of your fan.
  This, and another thing, I can tell ye,
Will breed a laughter as low as your belly.
  Of such sullen pieces, Jove send us not many,

They must be tickled, before they will any.
  What! have we done? they that want let 'em call,
Gallants, of both sides, you see here is all
Pan's entertainment: look for no more;
Only, good faces, I rede you, make store
Of your amorous knights, and 'squires hereafter,
They are excellent sponges, to drink up your laughter.
Farewell, I must seek out my nymphs that you frighted;
Thank Hermes, my father, if aught have delighted. [*Exit.*

Mer. I am sure, thy last rudeness cannot; for it makes me seriously ashamed.—I will not labour his excuse, since I know you more ready to pardon than he to trespass: but for your singular patience, tender you all abundance of thanks; and, mixing with the master of the place in his wishes, make them my divinations: that your loves be ever flourishing as May, and your house as fruitful: that your acts exceed the best, and your years the longest of your predecessors: that no bad fortune touch you, nor good change you. But still, that you triumph in this facility over the ridiculous pride of other princes, and for ever live safe in the love, rather than the fear, of your subjects.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

THE ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

TWO KINGS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK,

At Theobalds, July 24, 1606.

The Kings being entered the Inner Court, above, over the porch, sat the three Hours, upon clouds, as at the ports of heaven, crowned with several flowers: of which one bore a sun-dial; the other, a clock; the third, an hour-glass; signifying as by their names, Law, Justice, and Peace: and for those faculties chosen to gratulate their coming with this speech.

ENTER, O longed-for princes, bless these bowers,
And us, the three, by you made happy, Hours:
We that include all time, yet never knew
Minute like this, or object like to you,
Two kings, the world's prime honours, whose access
Shows either's greatness, yet makes neither less:
Vouchsafe your thousand welcomes in this shewer;
The master vows, not Sybil's leaves were truer.

Expressed to the King of Denmark, thus:

Qui colit has ædeis, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo reges pace coire pares,
Nos tempestivas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quòd bona sub nobis omnia proveniant.
Unum ad lætitiæ cumulum tristatur abesse,
Quòd nequeat signis Lætitiam exprimere.
Sed quia res solùm ingentes hac parte laborant,
Utcunque expressam credidit esse satis.
At, quod non potuit dominus, supplevit abundè
Frondoso tellus munere facta loquax.
Eccos quam grati veniant quos terra salutat!
Verior his foliis nulla Sybilla fuit.

The inscriptions on the walls were,

DATE VENIAM SUBITIS.

DEBENTUR QVÆ SUNT, QUÆQUE FUTURA.

Epigrams hung up.

Ad Reges Serenissimos.

Sæpe Theobaldæ (sortis bonitate beatæ)
Excepere suos sub pia tecta deos;
Haud simul at geminos: sed enim potuisse negabant:
Nec fas est tales posse putare duos.
Fortunata antehac, sed nunc domus undique fœlix,
At dominus quanto (si licet usque) magis!
Et licet, ô Magni, foliis si fiditis istis,
Queis Horæ summam contribuere fidem.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
Cujus ad obsequium non satis annus erat?
Nempe quod adveniant ingentia gaudia rarò,
Et quando adveniant vix datur hora frui.

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
Quas solis famulas Græcia docta vocat?
Talis ab adventu vestro lux fulsit in ædeis,
Ut dominus solem crederet esse novum.

Others, at their departure.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

Hospitio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
Cedere abhinc, nulla concomitante, sinit;
Nempe omneis horas veniendi duxit amicas,
Sed discedendi nulla minuta probat.

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

Te venienti, novo domus hæc frondebat amictu;
Te discessuro, non prout ante viret:
Nempe, sub accessu solis novus incipit annus,
Et, sub discessu squalida sævit hyems.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF KING JAMES AND QUEEN ANNE

AT THEOBALDS

WHEN THE HOUSE WAS DELIVERED UP WITH THE POSSESSION TO THE QUEEN BY THE EARL OF SALISBURY

The 22nd of May 1607

THE PRINCE JANVILE, BROTHER TO THE DUKE OF GUISE, BEING THEN PRESENT.

The King and Queen, with the Princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery, after dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room: which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the Genius of the house held, sadly attired; his Cornucopiæ ready to fall out of his hand, his gyrland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of this pensive posture, after some little pause, he brake and began.

GENIUS.

Let not your glories darken, to behold
  The place, and me, her Genius here, so sad;
Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told,
  That I must change the lovéd lord I had.
And he, now in the twilight of sere age,
  Begin to seek a habitation new;
And all his fortunes and himself engage
  Unto a seat his fathers never knew.
And I, uncertain what I must endure,
  Since all the ends of destiny are obscure.

MERCURY [*from behind the darkness*].

Despair not, Genius, thou shalt know thy fate.

And withal, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious place, figuring the Lararium, or seat of the household gods, where both the Lares and Penates were painted in copper colour; erected with columns and architrave, frieze and cornice, in which were placed divers diaphanal glasses, filled with several waters, that showed like so many stones of orient and transparent hues. Within, as farther off, in landscape, were seen clouds riding, and in one corner, a boy figuring Good Event attired in white, hovering in the air, with wings displayed, having nothing seen to sustain him by, all the time the show lasted. At the other corner, a Mercury descended in a flying posture, with his caduceus in his hand, who spake to the three Parcæ, that sate low in a grate, with an iron roof, the one holding the rock, the other the spindle, and the third the shears, with a book of adamant lying open before them. But first the Genius, surprised by wonder, urged this doubt.

GENIUS [*aside*].

What sight is this, so strange and full of state!
  The son of Maia, making his descent
Unto the Fates, and met with Good Event?—

MERCURY.

Daughters of Night and Secrecy, attend;
  You that draw out the chain of destiny,
Upon whose threads both lives and times depend,
  And all the periods of mortality;
The will of Jove is, that you straight do look
  The change and fate unto this house decreed.
And speaking from your adamantine book,
  Unto the Genius of the place it read;
That he may know, and knowing bless his lot,
  That such a grace beyond his hopes hath got.

CLOTHO [*reads*].

When underneath thy roof is seen
The greatest king, the fairest queen,
With princes an unmatchéd pair,

One, hope of all the earth, their heir;
The other stylèd of Lorrain,
Their blood, and sprung from Charlemaine:
When all these glories jointly shine
And fill thee with a heat divine,
And these reflected do beget
A splendent sun shall never set,
But here shine fixèd, to affright
All after-hopes of following night,
Then, Genius, is thy period come,
To change thy lord: thus fates do doom.

GENIUS.

But is my patron with this lot content
So to forsake his father's monument?
Or is it gain, or else necessity,
Or will to raise a house of better frame,
That makes him shut forth his posterity
Out of his patrimony, with his name?

MERCURY.

Nor gain, nor need; much less a vain desire
To frame new roofs or build his dwelling higher;
He hath with mortar busied been too much
That his affections should continue such.

GENIUS.

Do men take joy in labours not to enjoy?
Or doth their business all their likings spend?
Have they more pleasure in a tedious way
Than to repose them at their journey's end?

MERCURY.

Genius, obey, and not expostulate;
It is your virtue: and such powers as you
Should make religion of offending fate
Whose dooms are just and whose desires are true.

LACHESIS.

The person for whose royal sake
Thou must a change so happy make
Is he that governs with his smile
This lesser world, this greatest isle.
His Lady's servant thou must be,
Whose second would great Nature see,
Or Fortune, after all their pain
They might despair to make again.

ATROPOS.

She is the grace of all that are:
And as Eliza, now a star,
Unto her crown and lasting praise
Thy humbler walls at first did raise
By virtue of her best aspect,
So shall Bel-Anna them protect.
And this is all the Fates can say:
Which first believe, and then obey.

GENIUS.

Mourned I before? Could I commit a sin
So much 'gainst kind and knowledge, to protract
A joy to which I should have ravished been,
And never shall be happy till I act!
Vouchsafe, fair Queen, my patron's zeal in me,
Who fly with fervour, as my fate commands,
To yield these keys; and wish that you could see
My heart as open to you as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—But, O,
My joys, like waves, each other overcome,
And gladness drowns where it begins to flow!
Some greater Powers speak out, for mine are dumb!

At this was the place filled with rare and choice Music, to which was heard the following SONG, *delivered by an excellent voice, and the burden maintained by the whole Quire.*

SONG.

O blessed change,
And no less glad than strange,
When we that lose have won,
And for a beam enjoy a sun!

CHORUS { So little sparks become great fires,
And high rewards crown low desires.

Was never bliss
More full or clear than this!
The present month of May
Ne'er looked so fresh as on this day.

CHORUS { So gentle winds breed happy Springs,
And Duty thrives by breath of Kings.

APPENDIX.

GLOSSARY.

[*The figures after words show pages on which they occur*].

A.

Accited, 43, summoned.
Adonis flower, 333, *Adonis autumnalis.*
Anademe, 46, 82, head-band, fillet.
And, 206, also. "Doth make *and* a gingling sally." "There should have been *and* a dozen."

B.

Bases, 78, skirts, like kilts, hanging from waist to knee.
Baven, 222, brushwood for lighting a quick fire.
Bene bowse, 255, (cant for) good drink.
Bird-bolts, 203, arrows with flat ends, to kill birds by the blow, without piercing them.
Boln, 380, swollen.
Bombards, 189, large drinking cans.
Bouge, 189, allowance of meat or drink to attendants at the Court.
Braggat, 259, an old West-of-England drink of sweet wort, spiced and sugared.
Brawl, 221, French *branle*, a French dance, changing from slow to quick time, in which hands were joined, and there was what Massinger called

> "An apish imitation
> Of what you really perform in battle."

C.

Cant, 390, outer angle of a building.
Chandrie, 169, place where candles were kept.

Cheveron, 37, rafter, stripe; **cheveroned,** 78, striped.
Climate, 41, zone or region.
Cly the jark, 255, (cant for) be whipped.
Core, 101, chosen.
Corn-flag, 333, *Gladiolus.*
Cortine, 79, curtain.
Crown-imperial, 333, *Fritillaria Imperialis.*

D.

Daphne's hair, 333, Daffany, *Daphne Mezereum.*
Degrees, 243, steps.
Doppers, 247, Anabaptists, or Dippers.

E.

Errors, 42, wanderings.

F.

Flower-gentle, 333, *Amaranthus* of any cultivated kind, *hypochondriacus*, *caudatus*, or *tricolor.*

G.

Goldy-locks, 333, *Ranunculus auricomus.* The name is also given to *Polytrichium commune*, and to *Trollius Europæus.*
Goulands, 333, or gowlans. Buttercups of the three common kinds (*Ranunculus acris*, *bulbosus*, and *repens*). Also *Chrysanthemum segetum* and *Trollius Europæus.*
Grices, 380, steps.
Gyre, 410, circle.

H.

Harman beckage, 255, (slang for) constabulary. Harman beck, a constable.
Horrid, 46, bristly, rough.

I.

Induced, 46, brought in.
Inkle, 255, a coarse tape.

K.

Kibes, 189, chilblains.

King-cups, 333, buttercups of the three common species. Also *Caltha palustris*.

King's spear, 333, *Asphodelus lutens*.

L.

Lady smock, 333, *Cardamine pratensis*.

Lavolta, 370, a kind of waltz in which, from time to time, the gentleman helped the lady to spring high.

Libkins, 255, (cant for) lodgings.

M.

Make, 70, mate.

Marchpane, 202, a cake made of sugar and almond.

Mawkin, 222, or Malkin, a rag mop for cleaning flues, or other rough work.

Mazarded, 168, knocked on the head, had brains knocked out.

Mazer, 421, a large bowl.

Meadows' Queen, 333, *Spiræa ulmaria*, called Queen of the Meadows because "in what meadow soever it grows, it is more perspicuous than any of the rest."

Mormal, 189, ulcer, old sore.

N.

Nip a jan, 255, (slang for) filch a small coin.

Noddy, 170, a game like cribbage.

O.

Ox eye, 333, *Adonis vernalis*.

P.

Pagles, 333, oxlips or cowslips, a name in some parts of England limited to oxlips, in others to the double cowslip.

Paul's, lies made in, 243. The middle aisle of old St. Paul's was used as a place of meeting for the hire of men, for business or

idle talk, and pasting up of notices. A proverb said that who goes to Paul's for a man may meet with a knave.

Paunce, 333, pansy.

Peel, 222, a board with a long handle, used by bakers for moving things in the oven.

Pegme, 383, any large fixture made of boards; the wooden machine in a theatre that opened and shut, rose and fell, with the actors on it.

Pickardils, 177, pickadills, stiff collars made as bands.

Polt-footed, 188, lame-footed.

Post-and-Pair, 170, a game played with three cards to each player, in which the players betted on their hands. Three aces were the best hand, next three kings, &c. When there were no threes, pairs counted in like manner.

Provoked, 69, called forth.

Purfle, 37, profile.

Purs, 202, a term in the game of post-and-pair, probably a pair-royal, which was one more than a pair, three of a kind.

R.

Record, 420, sing, applied to singing of birds, whence "recorder" as a name for flageolet or bird-pipe.

S.

Sieges, 327, seats.

Sops-in-wine, 333, *Dianthus plumarius.*

Spinet, 408, a small wood.

State, 37, &c., a raised chair, with canopy.

Stawling ken, 255, or stuling ken, (cant for) a house for receiving stolen goods.

Stound, 409, space of time, hour.

T.

Termes of Satyrs, 372. Terms were pedestals, often in the form of an inverted obelisk, with the bust of a man, woman, or satyr on the top.

Truchman, 384, interpreter.

V.

Vardingales, 177, farthingales, hooped petticoats, worn of a great size by Anne of Denmark and the ladies of her Court. Her Majesty wore an enormous farthingale as Thetis in the Masque on the Creation of Prince Henry of Wales.

Venus Navel, 333, *Cotyledon Umbilicus.*

W.

Warmoll, 207, wardmote.

Watchet, 72, 84, pale blue.

Wretchock, 255, the smallest chick in a hen's brood.

Y.

Yellow-gold, 333, *Chrysanthemum segetum.*